PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

May



GREER GARSON
Photoplay
Gold Medal Winner
By Paul Hesse

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MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
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Endearing! Your

Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just <u>One</u> <u>Cake</u> of Camay!

Mrs. Robert W. Strong
Columbus, Ohio

"Try Camay . . . as I did . . . my very first cake brought a delicate new freshness to my skin."

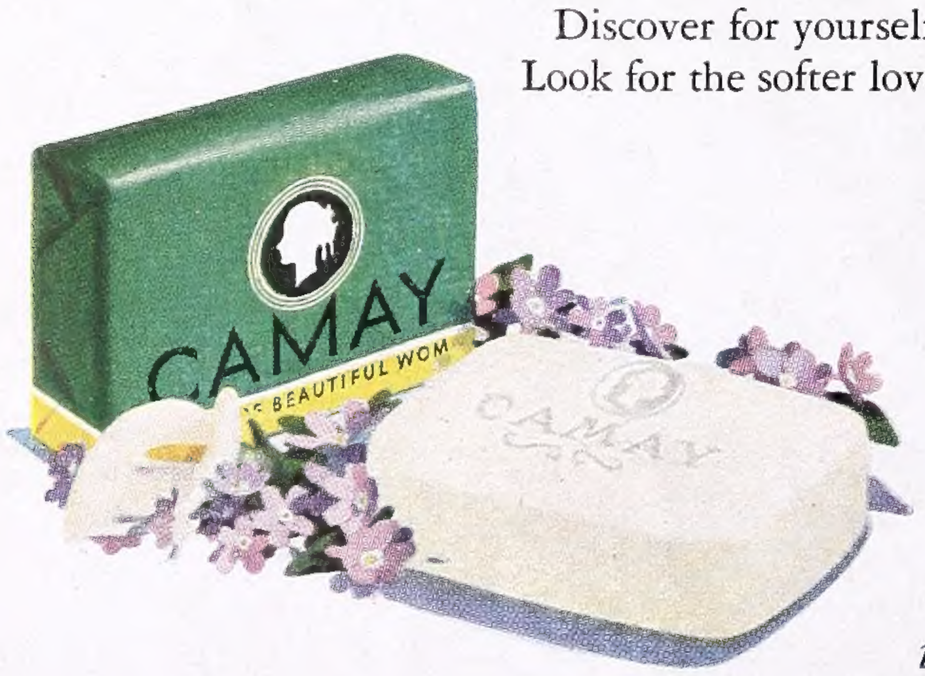
Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this *mild* skin care on over 100 complexions . . . yes, on skin *like yours!* And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher . . . clearer!



. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin. In the doctor's own words—*"Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation."* Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on *your* skin. Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just *one cake* of Camay.



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning. Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting to see how *one cake* of Camay can make your complexion look lovelier . . . softer . . . more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.

"Breaking more dishes than hearts, Honey?"

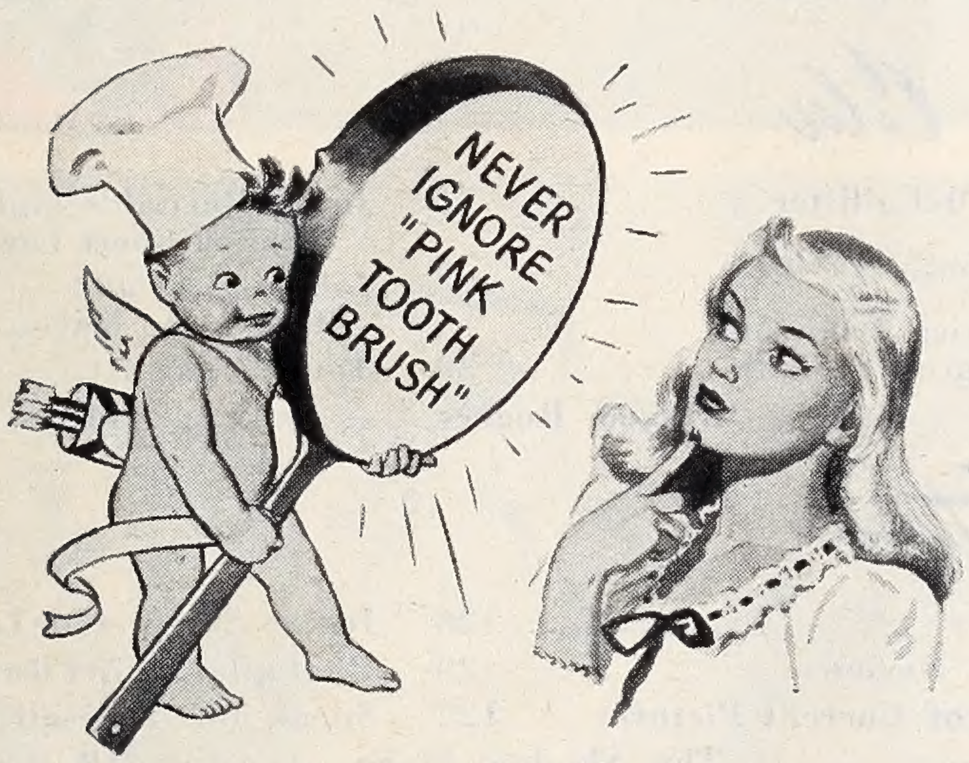


GIRL: Don't know, Cupid. Just seems like some girls are pretty and some girls are dishwashers.

CUPID: Could be, Honey. But you wouldn't be on permanent K.P. around here if you'd smile a little. Sparkle at these boys, Sugar! Go gleam at 'em!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, Baby, with my dull teeth I don't even dare grin! I brush 'em regular as anything, but—no sparkle!

CUPID: Oh? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Yes. But what's "pink" on my tooth brush got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Do? Baby, only a mental midget ignores that tinge of "pink." It's a warning to *see your dentist!* Because he may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may very likely suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage."

GIRL: I *still* want to know, "*what's that got to do with my smile?*"



CUPID: *Please,* Pet! When you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums after you brush your teeth, you're helping your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile with more sparkle! Get it? Now get started on Ipana and massage for a smile that'll help keep you out of the kitchen!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

M-G-M clicks with "The Clock".

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

★ ★ ★ ★

He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.



★ ★ ★ ★

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, the story that's told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy is even better than in her unforgettable "Meet Me In St. Louis". Bob is better than in "Hargrove".

★ ★ ★ ★

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock". It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides Judy and Bob, you'll like James Gleason, Keenan Wynn, and Marshall Thompson. "The Clock" packs a sock.

★ ★ ★ ★

Some pictures that are coming along from the world's leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Ziegfeld Follies" is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Anchors Aweigh", starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love".

★ ★ ★ ★

The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet".

★ ★ ★ ★

We're all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.



—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

PRESENTS FOR MAY

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Costume designed by Irene, Executive Designer of M-G-M Studios
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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A 48-hour pass..a lonely soldier..and a girl in a million!



Two days were all they had...
to make their first date...
to hold hands in a taxi...
to kiss in the park...
to ride home in the dawn
with the milkman!
It's a story as gay as Spring
and as exciting
as love itself!











Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS" JUDY GARLAND and "HARGROVE" ROBERT WALKER

They CLICK in **The CLOCK**

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Before their second separation—the Cary Grants at the Village Theater



Maureen O'Hara listens to Xavier Cugat's Latin humor—at the Trocadero

Van—This Month: Local high schools had been bombarding M-G-M so long with requests for interviews on Van Johnson for their school papers, the studio decided to do something about it.

So they sat down (Leo sits as well as roars) and telephoned each school that on a certain afternoon at four a representative from all the local highs could have a mass interview on Johnson.

They came, scrubbed to the eyebrows, all girls, and all prepared with their list of questions carefully written out. The questions had been taken from a poll handed in by students at each school.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," piped up one sixteen-year-old cutie, "the *men* and *women* at Fairfax High"—Van gulped, ran a finger inside his collar and tried not to be taken off with apoplexy—"want to know; first, how you got this way; secondly, what kind of girl you prefer."

Van took hold of the chair with a firm grip. "How I got this way? You mean—er—well-known?"

"I mean popular with women," she replied seriously.

Van turned geranium pink and looked at the studio publicists for aid. He got none.

"Well, I—I say my prayers at night and just keep on hoping you'll like me. I mean I hope it doesn't stop, but I don't know how it started.

"And girls I prefer? Well, I—er—" He studied her fresh and healthy young face for a clue. "Well, I like open-air girls. Tennis, that's it. Girls who play outdoor sports."

The reaction was perfect. He had hit the nail on the head and couldn't have been more relieved.

Later Rags Ragland ran into Bob Walker and Peter Lawford reading the script of "If I Were King."

"What would you do if you were a king?" Peter asked Bob.

"The first thing you should do," Rags suggested, "is to slip Van Johnson a Mickey Finn and then maybe you'd have a chance with the girls."

The script just missed Rags's head as he ducked out the door.

Sister Notes: Joan Fontaine is right proud of herself—and for good reason. In the living room of her home hangs a rather small Florentine painting—beautifully (*Continued on page* 6)

Who Will Be The Next

TO FACE THE SOUL-STIRRING TERROR OF "THE UNSEEN"?...



GAIL RUSSELL

——Fascinated by a love she dare not trust — facing a menace more deadly than in "The Uninvited"——or

JOEL McCREA

——Handsome widower who shudders at the very word 'police'—as "THE UNSEEN" brings long hidden evil to the light of day——or

HERBERT MARSHALL

—wielder of a strange fascination for this lovely girl—but he, too, has something that must be left hidden!



Screen Play by Hagar Wilde and Raymond Chandler • Adaptation by Hagar Wilde and Ken Englund from the novel by Ethel Lina White

PARAMOUNT, producers of "Double Indemnity," present another thrilling masterpiece of suspense—

"The Unseen"

with

PHYLLIS BROOKS • ISOBEL ELSOM • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
TOM TULLY and NONA GRIFFITH • RICHARD LYON

Directed by LEWIS ALLEN

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



Her presence is dynamic . . . her attraction undeniable . . . her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant." They've made her very *very* . . .

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
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PARFUMS *Nonchalant*
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

Follow Me
The Perfume That Lasts and Lasts



VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

PMM

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Louella Parsons's Crillon guests—Col. Tom Lewis and Loretta Young



Photoplay's "What Should I Do" adviser, Claudette Colbert chats with Macfadden Vice-President Carroll Rheinstrom

Writer-hostess Louella Parsons gives Herb Drake of Photoplay some Hollywood pointers at her party at the Crillon

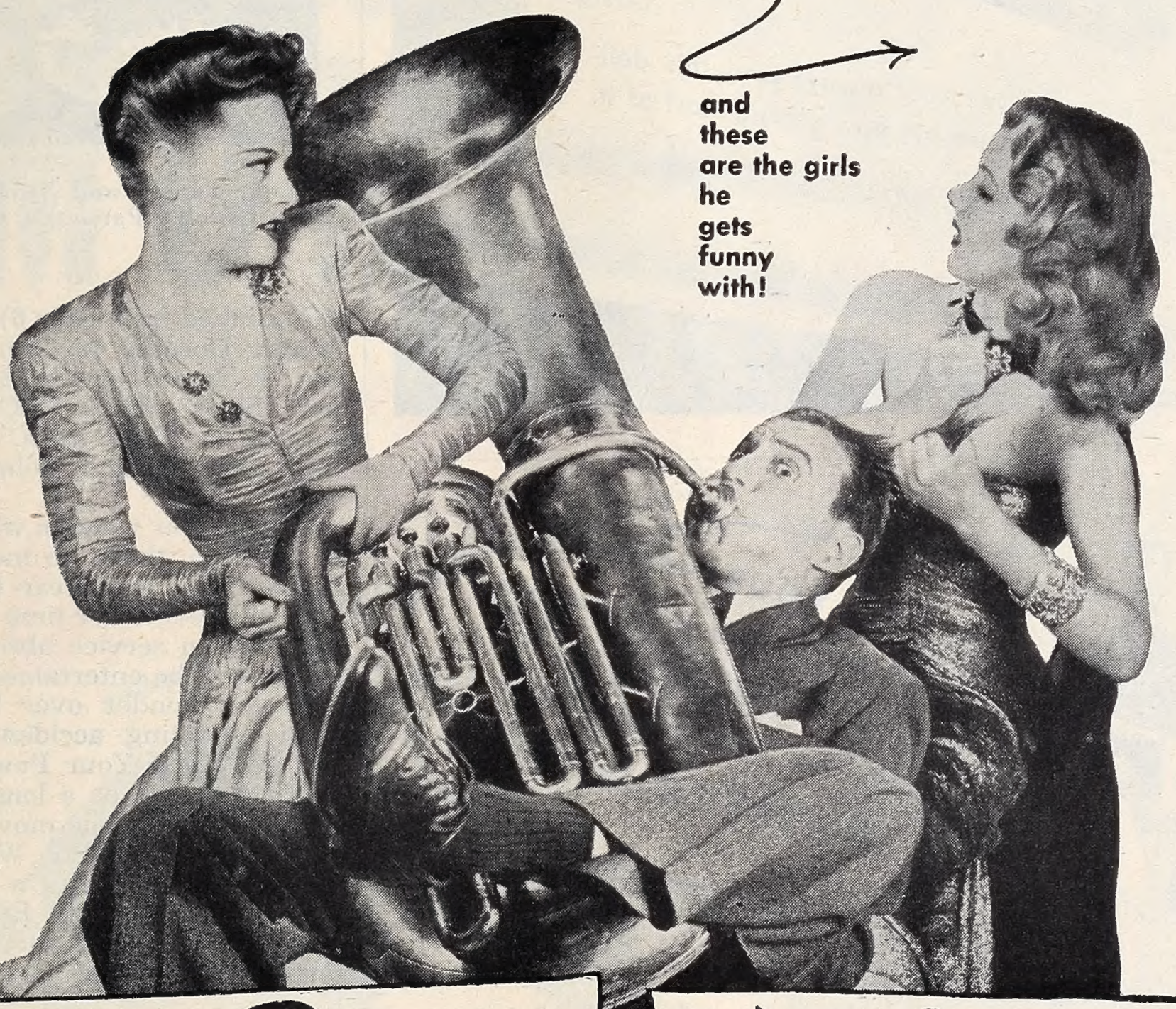


(*Continued from page* 4) framed. But it wasn't framed at all when Joan purchased it at an auction for very little money. It appealed to her—and she really knows quite a bit about paintings. Well, after she'd had it a while, she called in an art dealer to appraise it for her and discovered that the canvas is worth several thousand dollars! And oh boy—is she happy that sister Olivia de Havilland has won her long contract fight with Warner Brothers! Because the decision handed down to Olivia means that Joan, too, will be a "free woman" in about a year—instead of a much longer period for which she feared she might be tied up with David Selznick. Joan gets a fantastically small salary from Selznick—considering her star and prestige status in movieland. But now she'll soon have the opportunity to step out on her own and make some real money. Speaking of Livvie—she's doing a picture for Paramount now. It's "The Well-Groomed Bride," in which she is starred with Ray Milland and Sonny Tufts. And the dialogue is fast and furious and with that cast, it should ring the bell.

Last Minute Thoughts: Remember Cal's warning that the reconciliation between Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant wouldn't last? Fact is, it ended sooner than anybody thought. Hope the moody Mr. Grant doesn't take it so darned hard this time . . . That baby girl adopted by the Bill Bendixes (they have a thirteen-year-old daughter of their own) has been christened Stephanie. Bill actually got incoherent telling Cal all about its cuteness. That's Bendix for you.

"State Fair" Grounds: We rode the merry-go-round the other day on the "State Fair" set at 20th Century-Fox and were spotted on the brown horse by Dana Andrews who kidded the daylights out of us. Came up and offered us a spun candy cone . . . Vincent Price all done up in his "Dragonwyck" attire took us through the magnificent gardens of that set and never have we seen such beauty until Vincent explained how easy it was to poison someone with an oleander leaf. Didn't like the look in Vincent's eyes as he fingered those leaves, so we bowed out and came home. About time, too. (*Continued on page* 8)

Very FUNNY!!



and these are the girls he gets funny with!

Jack (HOT LIPS) Benny

Alexis (KISSABLE LIPS) Smith

in "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT"

(..and the laughs last all day!)

with
DOLORES MORAN · ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER
GUY KIBBEE · JOHN ALEXANDER · Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Screen Play by Sam Hellman & James V. Kern • Based on an Idea by Aubrey Wisberg • Music by Franz Waxman

WARNER!OT!



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Lana Turner and Turhan Bey also at Louella Parsons's Crillon party

(*Continued from page* 6) **If You Wonder:** Where Dorothy McGuire is after you see "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," don't ask. She's with a USO unit overseas playing in "Dear Ruth." Hopes to run into her husband John Swope over there.

And if you wonder what's happened to Dietrich, think no more of it. She's followed her love, Jean Gabin, to Paris and will devote her time to entertaining the boys in service abroad. Of course Gabin will be entertained, too, probably.

If you ponder over Susan Peters's tragic shooting accident after seeing her in "Keep Your Powder Dry," remember it will be a long hard pull for little Susie with the movie colony right behind her. Saw Bob Walker and Van Johnson shopping for a bed jacket for her, and Lieut. (j.g.) Bob Taylor telephones concerning her every week. Susie played with Bob in "Song Of Russia."

Town Chatter: Judy Garland's engagement ring from Vincente Minnelli is so unusual. He designed it himself—and while you may not go for it—you'll have to admit, it's different. It's a big pinkish pearl, set in a modern, heavy design of gold, inlaid with onyx. The two of them were at The Crillon, stunning new restaurant, the night it opened and Judy was gayer than she's been for a long, long time. She wore a huge-brimmed hat of black feathers that becomingly framed her face which is filling out nicely these days. And when she turned around, there was no crown in the hat at all! Just the brim—which fitted snugly to her own crown . . . Betty Grable and Harry James are kept pretty busy denying (1) that they're separating (*Continued on page* 10)



Does the soft touch of your hands bring a warm glow to his eyes? Sofskin Creme is a dependable beauty aid for keeping your hands the way he loves them—soft, white and lovely. Sofskin smooths wrists, elbows, and ankles, too. Try a jar today—you'll be delighted with the new beauty of your skin—and so will he!



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for lovely hands and skin

*In the Black and Gold jars—35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00 sizes**
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You will never live a more sinister drama...nor a more exciting one!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Paul MUNI

in

COUNTER-ATTACK

(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

Thrilling with tenseness!
Towering with bigness!
Startling with suspense!



with

MARGUERITE LARRY
CHAPMAN · PARKS

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson
Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

"Problem" HAIR

made lovely again

See how much more you can *do with* your hair,
how much more your hair can *do for* you . . .
after an Admiracion shampoo. Be through with



your hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap
film float away . . . and there is all your hair's natural,
shining softness! When it looks and feels like that,
your hair is so quick and easy to fix that it's *fun* . . .
and your hair's more fun to show off too!
Admiracion Shampoo, at home or at your hairdresser's
. . . red carton for the no-lather type,
green carton for the foamy type.

ADMIRACIÓN Shampoo

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 8) and (2) that they're going to be Ma and Pa again. The first rumor, if you ask Cal, is positively ridiculous. The second—well, it's all over Hollywood again . . . Big doings at Ciro's after the launching of Eddie Bracken's new radio show which really got off to a wonderful start. Bonita Granville, who usually goes places with Fred de Cordova these nights, was there with Phillip Reed, back from the Pacific and out of the Navy now. Betty Hutton was there with her new crush who also happens to be the director of her latest picture, John Berry. The Danny Kayes (who are going crazy because Ida Lupino just bought the house they've been renting from Chester Morris—and where can they find another one?), Diana Lynn, with a feller who looked just like Sinatra—only he was taller and skinnier, Ann Rutherford, Eddie Cantor, Lela Rogers, who will soon be producing daughter Ginger's movies—were in the crowd who helped celebrate. . . .

Bing Crosby, Photoplay's Gold Medal winner, swears that he hasn't yet seen "Going My Way"—but nobody believes him. When you stop and think though, how positively unhammy Bing is about everything—wouldn't surprise Cal if he hadn't seen any of his own pictures. When someone asked Bing if it's true that he and Dixie are adopting a baby, he said, "Oh, no! We're loaded now!"

Greer's Greatest Pride: Greer Garson will show you those snapshots of her husband, Ensign Dick Ney, at the drop of an eyelash. She carries them around in her handbag—stacks of 'em. Even one of just the ship to which he's assigned. And she's so proud of the fact that he's been all through the Philippine campaign. There are snaps of Dick all done up in his dress uniform; snaps of Dick, unshaven and sprawled on the sand—and when Greer gets to these she says, "I like the rugged ones the best, don't you?" When she exhibits the snap of the destroyer, she beams, "Isn't she beautiful?" Yes, she is—and so is Greer. Especially when she's flouncing around in her garden wearing that new big picture hat—the pale green one with the pink roses. Looks gorgeous on Greer's red tresses.

Straight from the Shoulder: Monty Woolley, who doesn't mind being a movie star so long as he doesn't have to be bored with fans, got the comeuppance of his life when he refused autographs in a Chicago railway station. Know who told him off? Susanna Foster, who speaks her mind whenever the occasion calls for it. On the other hand, Dinah Shore called back the fans police had shoved away from her broadcasting station and signed every single book. (*Continued on page* 12)

Back in that strange world called "Home"

A pilot finds his dreams are shattered . . . a girl despairs of ever being adored . . . 'til they meet by a miracle of love and keep a rendezvous with rapture!



The story of a hero, facing his greatest crisis when he comes home to love again!



Dorothy McGuire · Robert Young

the Lovers of "Claudia"

Herbert Marshall

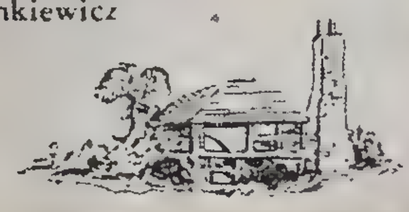
"the Enchanted Cottage"

Mildred Natwick · Spring Byington · Hillary Brooke · Richard Gaines.

Directed by John Cromwell · *Produced by* Harriet Parsons

Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero



RKO RADIO PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

Help Yourself—



to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops . . . It's easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a *Stronger Grip*, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl . . . When you're dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They're made for wear and tear and *your* social security . . .

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Gold Medal Lady, Greer Garson with Macfadden Vice President Rheinstrom at Ruth Waterbury's Gold Medal party

(*Continued from page* 10)

Newcomer Favorite: Among the men we nominate as a soon-to-be favorite Michael Francis Dunne, who plays *Uncle Willis* in "Junior Miss." Cal lunched with Mike, along with Dick Crane and Charles Russell, both wearing beards and applied sun blisters for the raft sequences of "Captain Eddie," and we liked him. He enthusiastically led us all over the set just as if Cal had never clapped eyes on one before. Dunne was a radio announcer and actor in New York before coming to Hollywood. Our hunch is—he's a comer!

Sooo Personal: Betty Hutton's hair sweeps back so thinly from her nice face she should never brush it backwards . . . You would be surprised at the mother of the young movie star (male) who is about to plunge her famous son into a scandal of her own making . . . One of the homeliest women in town is one of the most arresting looking women on the screen but don't ask us who, please . . . People tried not to laugh when Mischa Auer chased a burglar and broke a leg, but the way Mischa took on because it would inter-

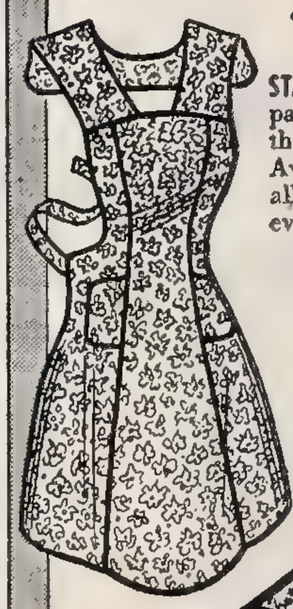
The comedian and the executive's lady—Joe E. Brown and Mrs. Carroll Rheinstrom at the same party





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STARCROSS APRONS Smart design, gay print patterns, plus sound workmanship make these aprons real down-to-earth values. Available in extra size and medium coveralls, bibs and band styles—an apron for everybody at a price everybody can afford.

STARCROSS POTHOLDERS More than just ornaments—these potholders really hold hot pots . . . ! Cotton filled, quilted, securely tape bound, centers finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. Three popular styles—in three popular price ranges.



STARCROSS SHOEBAGS Beauty's more than skin deep here—! Cheerful floral patterns, clean design—yet sturdily constructed of long-wear fabric to meet the test of heavy use. 12-pocket size in a variety of color combinations.

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starcross INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y. GREENVILLE, S. C.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



No shortage (of talent) at the Waterbury party—Dick Crane gives Dana Andrews a light and gets all set for scuttlebutt

fere with his campaign for Mayor of Encino was a riot . . . Chuckles filled the air when Dixie Crosby put her foot down on the four boys' appearing in any more pictures, declaring one actor in a family was enough. The three oldest boys squabbled and fought because Lenny, the youngest, got more lines to say in "Duffy's Tavern" than they did.

Bogie Again: Just before Humphrey Bogart and Lauren "Baby" Bacall went to New York, they were cheek-to-cheeking at Mocambo to music from "To Have And Have Not." So far as Bogie's concerned, it's "to have" from now on. He was so outspoken in his interviews in the newspapers that even people in Cinematown were shocked. But when Lauren hit the big town, she was far more discreet—she "wasn't talking" about whether Bogie was to have or not to have her. And anyway, the first thing "to have," if the two are going to get together for keeps, is a divorce from Mayo Bogart—and she "ain't talkin'" either.

Colorful: Vivian Blaine, who has finally been able to get rid of that awful pink-red hair dye job she was bur-

There too—Louise Allbritton in a listening mood — with Photoplay's Editorial Director, Fred R. Sammis



ALL OF REPUBLIC'S WESTERN STARS IN A SUPER-MUSICAL WESTERN!

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

WILD BILL ELLIOTT

ROBERT LIVINGSTON

SUNSET CARSON

ALLAN LANE

DONALD BARRY

ROY ROGERS ★ TRIGGER

• KING OF THE COWBOYS • SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

BELLS OF ROSARITA

featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES and DALE EVANS with ADELE MARA · GRANT WITHERS and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS and REPUBLIC GUEST STARS—WILD BILL ELLIOTT, ALLAN LANE, DONALD BARRY, ROBERT LIVINGSTON, SUNSET CARSON

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Cal York's



Phil Reed, back from war, hits Ciro's for a gay eve with Bonita Granville

dened with in "Greenwich Village," is back to her more natural light brown tresses. The "pink" photographed beautifully in Technicolor—but it sure looked punk in the daylight. Vivian remembered that she once did a lot of posing for a certain shoe company's ads and that they had promised her a dozen pairs of shoes—which she had never received. Vivian up and optimistically wrote to the company a few weeks ago requesting the shoes. When their answer came back it said merely, "Are you kidding?"

Another gal who's glad her hair isn't pink any more is Lucille Ball—she's been trying to get rid of the carrot top for ages—and got a little tired of being called "Technicolor Tessie." Now most of the red is out of it and you'd almost call her a blonde. And here's a twist! It was Lucille who persuaded Van Johnson to stay in Hollywood when he was about to give up and go back to New York. Well, the other day these two were making the first scenes for "Early To Wed"—and the first thing Lucille was supposed to do for camera purposes, was to punch Van in the nose!

Let's Face It: When Frank Sinatra was recalled by his draft board in New Jersey for re-examination and possible induction into the U. S. Armed Forces, Cal couldn't help thinking that one look at Frank's frail frame should be enough to keep him out of the Army.

But now seems as good a time as any to bring into honest discussion the letters Cal receives from boys overseas demanding to know why certain seemingly strong and healthy young men capable of all sorts of physical feats on the screen are exempt.

It's our honest opinion that no young man on the screen today is there because of pull or phony finagling. There is some legitimate reason for his not being in the fight, but Hollywood is only brewing itself a mess of trouble by not explaining more clearly the situation to the movie public.

INSIDE STUFF



Beryl Wallace and Mrs. Roosevelt (Faye Emerson) hit two high-fashion notes

May we suggest that each studio compile a list of its eligible actors with the reasons for their exemption clearly set forth? The actors know all about this feeling of growing bitterness and feel as unhappy about it as the fighting lads. So why not make this list available to any or all who care to see it for fairness' sake?

And don't give us any of that gluck that it's nobody's business. It's the affair of every lad fighting, dying or coming home maimed or blinded, and it's the only fair way to settle this "Why aren't you fighting?" broadside aimed at the actors.

Did You Know: Richard Jaeckel's mother Millicent has opened in the play "Let's Marry" at the Playtime Theater in Hollywood. Son Richard, now at sea with the Merchant Marine, wrote his mother to keep it going until he got home again.

Andy Russell, the new rave singer, (it's his listeners who rave, not Andy) was born Andrew Rabago in Los Angeles' east side. His late father was a Mexican-born cowboy and played extras in movies. Andy went from drummer in Tommy Dorsey's band, among others, to singing in Newark, and then on to the Paramount Theater in New York and finally to Hollywood for the picture "Stork Club." He's twenty-four, single, a member of a Frank Sinatra fan club and adores Crosby. Well!

Glenn Ford received his discharge from the Marine Corps in time to step into the most tense twenty-four hours of his life. His wife, Eleanor Powell, was taken to the hospital to await the birth of her baby with papa-to-be Ford pacing the corridors growing wilder as the long hours dragged on. They had to give the poor bedraggled ex-Marine Sergeant a knock-out pill when it was all over and his husky baby boy was safely here.

Party Note: Alan Curtis took Andrea King (look for her to be a star at War-

Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake! Yet just half a minute would prevent it!



PRIVATE

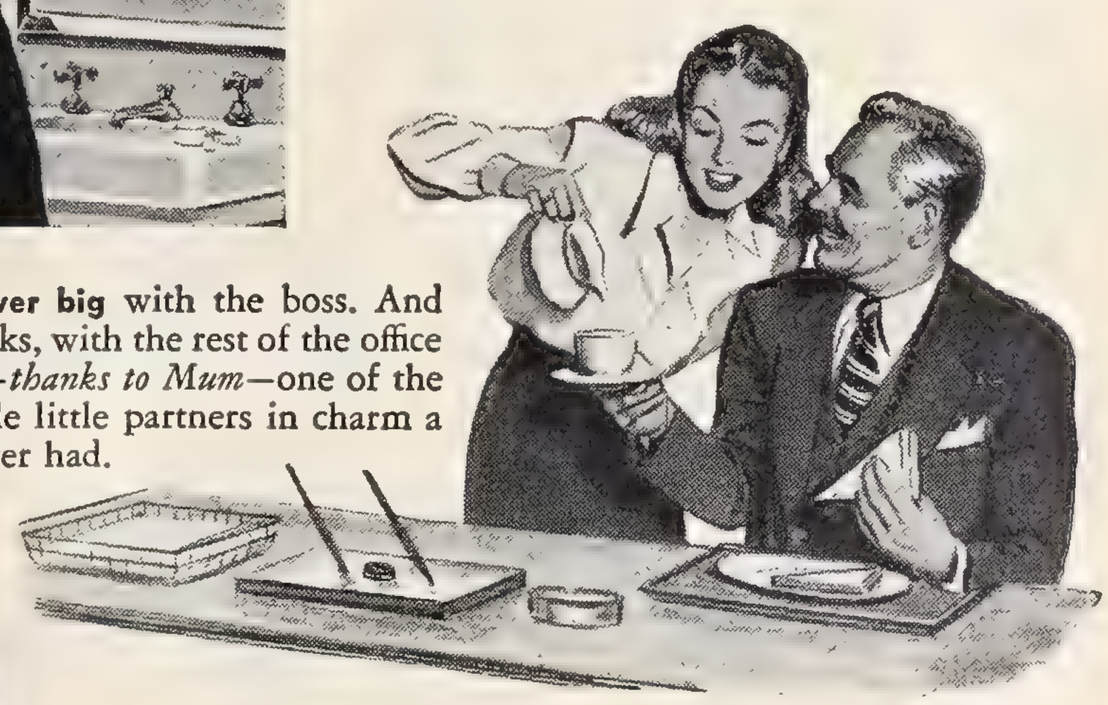
Something's wrong all right—and it's *you*, Sugar! But don't expect your *boss* to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to *you* to avoid offending. So step on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.





Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.

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Mum's Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*



Cal York's



Shirley Temple is delighted when Danny Kaye cuts capers over the cakes at Ciro's

ners before the year is out) to the party that Paul Brook gave at his house, but Alan's best gal is still the young society miss, Betty Newling, who has just made some very successful screen tests and will have a movie career of her own with Hunt Stromberg. The Bob Huttons (Natalie is on that new radio show with Eddie Bracken), Yvonne De Carlo with Fred de Cordova, the young director who has been taking up most of Bonita Granville's time lately, were there too. And, of course, Jeanne Crain on account of she and Brook are still going steady.

Cinema Chatter: Maybe you read about how Merle Oberon is expected to wed cameraman Lucien Ballard when she gets her divorce from Sir Alexander Korda. Maybe. But Cal has a hunch that there's another interest in Merle's life—a famous singer. Not yet free himself . . . Virginia Weidler has turned herself into a ravishing blonde . . . For the first time in all the years she's been in pictures, somebody has realized that dignified Geraldine Fitzgerald really has beautiful legs so—you guessed it—the studio is now doing a lot of leg-art pictures of her . . . Bill Lundigan has been doing a wonderful job in the Philippines and was one of the first ashore in the Peleliu campaign. He's with a photographic unit. Don't be surprised if on his first furlough back to the States, he and Rena Morgan (daughter of the famous Helen) get married . . . Vincent Price, who had to get fat and flabby for "Laura" is shelving fifteen pounds for "Dragonwyck."

Gals and Guys: Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, seen about together sometimes—but no chance of a reconciliation here. In fact, Ann and Arturo de Cordova are shaping up into just about the hottest romance in town . . . Lynn Bari strolled into the Brown Derby one

INSIDE STUFF



Quick on the trigger, Roy Rogers keeps Mrs. R. amused on a Ciro dinner date

noontime in a flesh-colored sweater over a short black skirt—and strong men swooned . . . Garbo certainly behaves like two other people when she's away from Hollywood. Been flitting all over New York cafes and public places just like anybody else—and not pulling that "vahnt to be ahlone" stuff. What's more, there is actually make-up all over the usually unadorned Garbo pan. 'Tis said her boy friend, Gaylord Hauser, is about to go into the cosmetic business, and it would be sort of silly if Garbo didn't help things along.

Around Town: Lynn Bari and Fred MacMurray keep a running gin rummy game going on the "Captain Eddie" set that's a dilly . . . Chester Morris will do a play in New York . . . Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward have sold their Brentwood home and have purchased one in Connecticut which means the actress, her agent husband and their three children will make the East their future home . . . June Haver, who is giving Betty Grable plenty of competition in "The Dolly Sisters" (Betty has put on too much weight), is another home buyer—her first house, too, an eight-room Colonial near the studio. Incidentally, June reports sailor Farley Granger has grown two inches taller since he's joined the Navy . . . Deanna Durbin, too, too plump, consuming plates of kidneys at The Players and in the bright sunlight, too—gosh, steaming kidneys for lunch yet.

Love as Cal Sees It: Cal has finally made up his mind about the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak romance, after due consideration and having carefully observed them together, and here's what we conclude: They'll never marry. Of course at this point the two will probably take off for Las Vegas leaving Cal with his bare face hanging out, but we'll take our (*Continued on page* 111)

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The *Shadow* Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good: two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ The Enchanted Cottage (RKO)

IN a world of ugliness lives beauty if we but hold the magic key that unlocks the door of hope. That key is love—not of self but for another in which self is forgotten. So comes this ray of hope called "Enchanted Cottage," remade at our own government's request due to the timeliness of its problem. The picture is exquisitely produced and executed by Harriet Parsons.

About the old cottage there has always lingered a sort of enchantment due, perhaps, to the fact that for several hundred years honeymooners have made it their cottage. In like tradition, Robert Young engages it for his honeymoon but a call to flying duty prevents and later he returns alone, hopelessly disfigured about the face through accident.

Despair fills his heart and soul as his fiancee Hillary Brooke turns from him in weakness. Only the honest love of the homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire saves his balance and gradually he finds himself clinging to it even to suggesting marriage. It's only after the wedding that he realizes how such a marriage must hurt her and then the enchantment comes—they find themselves in love and through love, healed of disfigurement and ugliness.

Both are wonderful. There's a reaching out from Young, a youthful wonderfulness about him that's appealing. More technical, but still terrific, is the performance of Dorothy. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. Spring Byington and Richard Gaines are just right as the misunderstanding parents, and Miss Brooke a delight in her quiet perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful story, beautifully told.



Enchantment: Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young in "The Enchanted Cottage"

✓✓ It's A Pleasure (International)

NOTHING new has been added to an overly-used plot—the wife who clings to the husband who drinks until the final reel (no pun meant at all)—or to Sonja Henie's brilliant skating achievements either, but for all that there's a nice little charm about the picture and some of the loveliest Technicolor imaginable. Especially the finale with rippling blue ice and little blonde Henie skimming o'er its surface like an elf and what's got into us with all this pixie talk anyway?

Michael O'Shea is believable as the man Sonja loves and marries, but isn't he a little on the hefty side for an athlete, or are we quibbling again? Anyway, we liked him better in this film than most. Seemed less Jack Londonish and more O'Sheaish for a change.

The scenery, the costumes, the color are first class all the way, but someone permitted Marie McDonald to be cast as a heavy. It didn't ring true somehow. Frankly we can't make up our mind about Bill Johnson who played Marie's jilted husband and manager of the ice show. Why Cheryl Walker has been relegated to a bit we'll never know. And we could do without that up-se-daisy dancing of Don Loper's as Sonja's dancing partner. It's her first screen dance, by the way, and not bad either.

But enough of that. It's a cozily beautiful, restful show and our decision is—you'll be satisfied.

Your Reviewer Says: Relax and enjoy the beauty around you.



Technicolor gaiety: Michael O'Shea and Sonja Henie in "It's A Pleasure"

✓✓ It's In The Bag (Jack Skirball—U.A.)

THE funniest thing about this trek down Allen's Alley with the one and only Fred is his unique announcement before the picture's beginning concerning the cast and picture credits, to wit: "The associate producer is so called because he's the only one who would associate with the producer." And why they didn't announce the producer as Screwball instead of Skirball we'll never know.

The comedy for the most part is labored and come to think of it the form is more radio's than movie's. But on the whole, it's amusingly silly and wholly irresponsible so why not forget the weak spots and latch on to the swell Jack Benny episode, with Jack made up like a spring daffodil for some reason, and the really funny sequence in which Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee and Victor Moore take part. Like a customer at a Paris sidewalk cafe, one has the feeling if he just sits there long enough, everyone he knows will pass by and, by George, everyone does, too.

Bill Bendix, John Carradine, Robert Benchley, Jerry Colonna, Gloria Hope, William Terry and Sidney Toler slide in and out with amazing ease. We liked Dickie Tyler as Fred's precocious son and Binnie Barnes as Fred's wife hits just the right note—a high brassy ping. And the plot—well, it gets in the way every so often, as plots have a way of doing, and concerns itself with Fred's amazing legacy from a murdered uncle.

We feel that men, more than women, will enjoy the outlandish goings-on, but even so we honestly wish there were more like it.

Your Reviewer Says: The title is right—it's really in the bag.



Strictly madhouse: Fred Allen and William Bendix in "It's In The Bag"

(*Continued on page* 116)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 117

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 127

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

By Sara Hamilton



The "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

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If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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Optical illusion: Joan Fontaine, Dennis O'Keefe in "The Affairs Of Susan"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓*BELLE OF THE YUKON*—International: Despite the cast, Randy Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn't really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tries very, very hard. Dinah Shore sings several numbers with her usual appeal. (Feb.)

✓*BETWEEN TWO WOMEN*—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the *Dr. Kildare* series as *Dr. Red Adams,* and is very likable in the role of the young medico who solves the case of why night club entertainer Gloria De Haven can't eat. Marilyn Maxwell, who tries to annex Van, Keenan Wynn as a night club master of ceremonies and of course Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* are all present. (Mar.)

BIG BONANZA, THE—Republic: Richard Arlen, a disgraced Union officer, goes west, but instead of joining his boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, saloon proprietor, he helps the miners fight for their rights. Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother, Jane Frazee sings and Lynne Roberts teaches Sunday school. (Apr.)

BIG SHOW-OFF, THE—Republic: Arthur Lake is a meek little pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation and Dale Evans is the supposed victim of this unfunny deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go around for a couple of whirls. The harder it tries to be funny, the worse it gets. (Apr.)

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: Mary Astor doesn't mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with his blonde employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstake. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

✓*BRING ON THE GIRLS*—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a millionaire who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny Tufts goes along as his chaperone and Eddie gets mixed up with Sonny's ex-girl, Veronica Lake, until Marjorie Reynolds, night club singer, comes along. It's pretty silly in spots, but you'll get a few laughs. (Apr.)

✓✓*CAN'T HELP SINGING*—Universal: Deanna Durbin's new picture is a Technicolor musical with Jerome Kern's tunes, gorgeous scenery and romance, but it's structurally weak. Robert Paige is unconvincing as the romantic hero, Deanna sings beautifully, Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky attempt comedy but rarely achieve it and Andrew Tombes, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez are also in the cast. (Mar.)

DANGEROUS PASSAGE — Paramount: Robert Lowery gets in more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you'd think they'd have a nervous breakdown at least. (Mar.)

✓✓*DARK WATERS*—Bogeaus-United Artists: A top-notch psychological mystery peopled with interesting characters. Merle Oberon survives the torpedoing of a ship and goes to live with her aunt and uncle in the bayous of Louisiana, where weird things begin to happen. Franchot Tone is a young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of her relatives, Fay Bainter and John Qualen and Elisha Cook Jr. the overseer. (Feb.)

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Shadow Stage

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Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- ☐ *Colorless nail polish*
- ☐ *Ammonia and water*
- ☐ *Elbow grease*

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal *daintiness.*

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Which part of a suit must fit perfectly?

- ☐ *The collar*
- ☐ *The waistline*
- ☐ *The shoulders*

A drape shape demands 20-20 tailoring. Each answer is correct, for your suit should be trim-shouldered . . . the collar nestling close to your neck. And the waistline should jibe with your own (not hit you above the belt). Wrong lines ruin your rating. Especially those "certain" lines that may bulge through when you choose the wrong napkin. So choose *Kotex*—for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't cause revealing lines.



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

- ☐ *Wedded to flat heeled shoes*
- ☐ *A frilly dilly*
- ☐ *Posture-perfect*

Are you a glamazon? Be *proud* of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're *posture-perfect.* Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days—with Kotex. That special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection because it keeps moisture from the sides of Kotex. You can feel both regal and reassured, day in—day out.

If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- ☐ *Should you just stand there*
- ☐ *Walk slowly on*
- ☐ *Feel offended*

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring *real* comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Without bunching, without roping. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing!*





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☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c for packing and postage.

✓*DESTINY*—Universal: A strange and very entertaining film about an ex-convict, Alan Curtis, who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him into hiding. He takes refuge on the farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Gloria Jean, who befriend him unquestioningly. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell. (Mar.)

✓*DOUBLE EXPOSURE*—Paramount: Photographer Nancy Kelly joins the staff of a weekly magazine, of which Chester Morris is the editor, and outmaneuvers him professionally and romantically until she finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery and needs his help. Phillip Terry is Nancy's beau from the same small town, who follows her to New York to see no harm befalls her. (Mar.)

✓*ENTER ARSENE LUPIN* — Universal: Newcomer Charles Korvin is the news of this picture. What a lad! As the jewel thief who takes great pleasure in out-crooking other crooks, and finds himself all entangled with a precious gem, a beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comic detective, J. Carrol Naish, he turns in a charming, polished performance. (Feb.)

✓*EXPERIMENT PERILOUS*—RKO: This is an absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Hedy Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of terror that centers around her husband, Paul Lukas, and her small son. George Brent is the doctor and amateur detective who falls in love with Hedy and finally solves the reason for her terror. With Albert Dekker and Margaret Wycherly. (Mar.)

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: The *Falcon* (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time in Hollywood, where he's gone on vacation. Taxi driver Veda Ann Borg edges him into the case of the murdered leading man, and one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until Conway finally solves the case. Barbara Hale, Frank Jenks and John Abbott are in it too. (Feb.)

✓*GENTLE ANNIE*—M-G-M: *Annie*, as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character and provides some really good moments of entertainment. Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton; and the other half arrives with James Craig, who's really a government detective. Barton MacLane is the sheriff. (Mar.)

✓*GIRL RUSH, THE*—RKO: Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the thin story has to do with a stranded show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally Brown and Alan Carney to get them back to civilization. Frances Langford sings several numbers beautifully, Vera Vague's clowning keeps you laughing and Wally and Alan try very hard. (Jan.)

✓*GUEST IN THE HOUSE*—Stromberg-U.A.: An exciting story of a devoted couple, artist Ralph Bellamy and his wife, Ruth Warrick, who invite an ill, neurotic girl to be their house guest. Whereupon the neurotic, Anne Baxter, causes no end of unhappiness and destruction. Marie McDonald is Bellamy's model who fills Anne's heart with fearful jealousy and Scott McKay is the doctor in love with Anne. (Mar.)

✓✓*HANGOVER SQUARE*—20th Century-Fox: An outstanding and gripping thriller, due to the expert job of picture craftsmanship, the logical reason that revolves the man Laird Cregar into a monster upon occasion, and the quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. Linda Darnell plays the girl who brings on her own undoing; and the late Cregar's last performance is a superb one. (Apr.)

HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME—RKO: George Murphy and Carole Landis are newlyweds who are so devoted to Pat O'Brien that they take him along on their honeymoon to a resort hotel. There they get all mixed up in murder and mystery and bodies disappearing and appearing all over the place. In fact, the mystery is so mysterious that we still can't figure it out. (Apr.)

HER LUCKY NIGHT—Universal: Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. get all involved in a story that deals with a fortuneteller and George Barbier testing Noah's ability for a job. The Andrews Sisters shine in the singing and crooning departments, but it won't be the luckiest night you ever spent in front of the flicker screen. (Apr.)

✓*HERE COME THE CO-EDS*—Universal: Abbott and Costello are caretakers at a girls school under the strict supervision of Lon Chaney and to complicate their lives even more, Martha O'Driscoll, a night-club show girl, wins a scholarship to the school and headmaster Donald Cook falls in love with her. The boys are back in their stride and it's a very funny film in lots of spots. (Apr.)

✓✓*HERE COME THE WAVES*—Paramount: A happy-as-a-lark story about the girls of the Navy, with Bing Crosby as a crooner who's the idol of the bobby-soxers, Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two Huttons in one film) and Sonny Tufts, who even sings with Bing. Betty's cute, the show's cute and you'll just naturally want to see it. (Mar.)

✓✓*HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN*—Warners: A great big star-studded musical, with the story telling the adventures of two soldiers, Bob Hutton and Dane Clark, who visit the Hollywood Canteen. Bob meets and falls in love with star Joan Leslie, and Dane

falls for Janis Paige. The conglomeration of stars includes Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and many others. (Mar.)

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal: Boris Karloff is the mad scientist, Lon Chaney the Wolf Man, and John Carradine the deformed Monster, and they engage in all kinds of repulsive goings-on. Anne Gwynne is the girl in love with the Wolf Man; and Elena Verdugo, Sig Ruman and Lionel Atwill have the misfortune to know all these unattractive people. (Mar.)

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are rich, doting and heavy-drinking parents who neglect their son Robert Lowell. So Lowell meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up by driving a hold-up car and finally gets mixed up with murder and stands trial for it. But why waste your time? (Jan.)

✓✓*I'LL BE SEEING YOU*—Selznick International-UA: Ginger Rogers possesses a new sincerity as the girl "on furlough" from prison who visits her relatives for Christmas and meets Joseph Cotten, a war-shocked soldier on furlough from a hospital. Shirley Temple plays Ginger's cousin and Tom Tully and Spring Byington are her parents. It's a different, appealing picture. (Mar.)

✓✓*IRISH EYES ARE SMILING*—20th Century-Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Ball, a ballad writer of the nineties, and June Haver the girl he's in love with. Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)

✓✓*KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Powerfully moving and tenderly touching is A. J. Cronin's story of the humble and seemingly misfit priest who accepts a post in China and endures through plague and revolution with strength and humility. Gregory Peck gives a splendid characterization as the priest and Vincent Price, Thomas Mitchell, Rosa Stradner and Edmund Gwenn turn in fine performances. (Mar.)

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Dale Evans rodeo is fast going on the rocks, even though it's managed by Gabby Hayes. So Roy Rogers and Richard Powers, both likely lads, are interested in Dale and her rodeo, and the net result is lots of singing, dancing, trick riding and everything but worry over the problem at hand. (Feb.)

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: A short punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against the crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. Selena Royle is the head of a family of such criminals until police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracks down on the gang. With Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn, Audrey Totter and Tom Trout. (Feb.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old, but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the purpose. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nils' loyal fiancee Helen Walker discovers his little secret. With Paul Cavanaugh and Edmund Breon. (Jan.)

✓*MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE*—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money, but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janis Carter, John Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

✓✓*MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS*—M-G-M: The *Smiths* of St. Louis in the nineties are the nicest people you'll ever meet. The story of how they don't want to move to New York is replete with charm, color and romance. The family consists of Judy Garland in love with Tom Drake, Margaret O'Brien, Lucille Bremer, and Joan Carroll as her sisters, and Mary Astor and Leon Ames her parents. The music is delightful. (Feb.)

✓*MINISTRY OF FEAR*—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it has its points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing, only to get embroiled with Nazi spies hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Austrian girl. Carl Esmond her brother and Dan Duryea a villain. (Jan.)

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel reopen a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams disappears for good. Grace McDonald, Betty Kean and June Preisser sing and dance right through it all. (Feb.)

MY GAL LOVES MUSIC—Universal: Bob Crosby is a crooner-band leader who puts on a local kid contest over a national hook-up to find a child prodigy. So Gracie McDonald poses as a child and wins the contest, only to fall in love with Crosby. Betty Kean warbles away, Freddie Mercer sings too, and Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other all over the place. (Feb.)

(*Continued on page* 124)

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Lewis Stone and Estelle Taylor turn on the heat in "A Fool There Was"... an early Fox Release



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A ROYAL SCANDAL
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WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!

(Here are just a few!)

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A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
★
Betty Grable • Dick Haymes
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DIAMOND HORSESHOE
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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
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George Raft • Joan Bennett
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When you see this sign... IT'S A 20th CENTURY-FOX 30th ANNIVERSARY PICTURE *see the picture!*

The Truth about the Academy Awards

"Many are called but few are chosen"—and thereby hang the headaches and heartaches behind Hollywood's most exciting yearly event

BY Fearless

THE truth about the Academy Awards is that they are fearful, wonderful and slightly goof-nuts. They are given for every achievement that has to do with movies, from new inventions in sound technique to the best performances of the year. Yet, despite the enthusiasm and excitement each professional group feels in the awarding of an Oscar to one of its members, the whole lot of them—cameramen, technicians, sound engineers, musicians—sit tense and wait, even as you and I, to see just which actor and actress will take home that faceless, sexless statuette. For even to the industry itself, those are the two outstanding awards.

So here Fearless will tell you merely of the stars, male and female, who have little Oscars in their homes, and some of the hidden yarns of how the Oscars came to live there.

The complete name of the Academy is The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. It was founded as a non-profit organization on May 4, 1927, by a top-ranking group of executives, producers, writers, directors and actors. Such personalities as Douglas Fairbanks, Cecil B. De Mille, the Warner brothers, Jesse Lasky, Irving Thalberg, Mary Pickford and numerous others were its original sponsors. Its avowed purpose was that it was established "to the end that the arts and sciences of the industry and the dignity and honor of the profession may be advanced to their rightful standing among the creative institutions of mankind."

To the eternal credit of the Academy, they have tried to keep the Awards all fair and clean. But the Academy is like the political boss who must find a good man to nominate but who hasn't the time to know every little ward heeler. He—like the Academy—must accept the recommendations of busy lieutenants who, in turn, have accepted the recommendations of somebody lower down the scale—and right down there is where the monkeyshines go on, come Washington, Hollywood or Helena!



Academy Award—better known as Oscar

In its attempt to keep everything above-board and honor all votes, the Academy this year has surpassed itself in getting things snafu, and all with such good intentions.

To prove the goof-nuts angle, consider the Academy's allowing Barry Fitzgerald to be nominated both as the best male featured player and as the best male star. No one can, in the same picture, be both—any more than a man in uniform can simultaneously be a lieutenant and a corporal—but the Academy achieved the impossible.

Then, having automatically promoted Barry (regarding whose superb performance in "Going My Way" there never was any argument), it just as automatically demoted Jennifer Jones, who won last year's Academy Oscar for the best starring performance in "The Song Of Bernadette," and made her a featured player in "Since You Went Away," in which she was definitely a star, one of the seven stars in that film.

The exact technical difference between being starred and being featured is that when a player's name precedes the title as, for example, Bing Crosby in "Going My Way" with Barry Fitzgerald, that makes Bing the star and Barry the featured player. Though these distinctions may seem petty to you, they are fully as much a matter of pride and honor to Hollywood as the distinctions in the number of stripes on a GI's sleeves are to the service.

The Academy knows about Hollywood's distinctions, and knows how sensitive the acting profession feels about them. Yet the very fact that it could get itself into this state of wacky confusion is typical of the snarls it has found itself in ever since it presented its first Award way back in 1928.

It was an excited, idealistic, stimulating occasion that year but right away the politics started. Janet Gaynor got the statuette then—the "Oscar" tag didn't come into usage until 1935—for her lyric performance in "Seventh Heaven" and Emil Jannings carried home the male honors for "The Way Of All Flesh." Was everybody happy? Certainly not. Charles Farrell's friends, in particular, and Charlie, personally, were miserable. They felt their boy had been pushed around. Come another year, they said, and they'd see that such things didn't happen to their candidate.

But next year sound came to pictures in a really big way and so dominated things that the political pot couldn't really boil. Mary Pickford won for her first talkie role, "Coquette," and Warner Baxter scored for introducing a character called the *Cisco Kid* in "In Old Arizona."

But by 1931 sound could be taken with a normal (*Cont'd on page* 100)



Winning Women: Greer Garson, M-G-M star chosen as 1944's most popular film actress in a national poll of moviegoers conducted by Dr. George Gallup for Photoplay

Gold Medal Lady



Photoplay presents America's most popular film actress in a warm and vibrant story by a favorite friend

BY ELSA MAXWELL

GREER GARSON, Photoplay's Gold Medal Lady, reminds me of a duchess. Not that she looks like one. More often than not duchesses aren't at all regal like Greer but are women with bad figures and terrible clothes. I think of Greer as a duchess because usually only someone as sure of herself as a duchess is as much fun, as gay, as amusing and daring.

At a party I gave recently Greer, Artur Rubinstein, the pianist, and Lauritz Melchior, the Metropolitan tenor, pretended to orchestrate Wagner. Greer was a trombonist. It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen. Greer's hair became rumpled and her gown was awry. But, devoid of any pretensions of elegance, she isn't given to worrying about such unimportant things. Consequently, she's more fun than most women I know.

Back in 1940—before Greer was well established in Hollywood—we worked together in the theater. A group of us—Doug Fairbanks Jr., Roland Young, Ida Lupino, C. Aubrey Smith (now Sir Aubrey), John Loder, Rita Hayworth, Brian Aherne, Joan Fontaine, Edmund Gwenn and Constance Bennett—got together to give our services in Noel Coward's series of little plays collectively known as "Tonight At Eight-Thirty." We were not in the war at this time but felt very keenly about Great Britain and, through our six-weeks engagement at El Capitan Theater, finally contributed over twenty-five thousand dollars to the British War Relief.

Greer and Brian and I played in "Ways And Means." Greer was an adventuress. Brian was her husband. The entire action took place in a bedroom of a Mediterranean villa with Greer and Brian reclining in twin beds. I was the hostess.

During rehearsals Greer was kind enough to make little suggestions that helped my performance immeasurably. For instance, she said: "Elsa, when you stoop to pick up anything from the floor why don't you turn your back to the audience?" Since my figure is one that always is very much in evidence this proved an excellent bit of business which brought howls from the audience throughout our run.

It is not by fortunate chance that Greer Garson is one of Hollywood's first ladies today or that the American public, through the Photoplay poll, directed by Dr. Gallup, has voted her the most popular actress of 1944. Greer worked hard for her high place. Only a long apprenticeship, I think, makes it possible for any actress to give such charmingly convincing portrayals as those which have marked her in pictures like "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Blossoms In The Dust," "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest" and "Mrs. Parkington."

In England, far from being a great star, Greer was a member of a touring company. She played in industrial cities like Manchester and Liverpool and in smaller cities and towns in Ireland and Scotland. Members of such touring companies live simply and are hard put to it to make ends meet. When they get into a town they are quartered in lodgings which cost about one pound (less than five dollars) a week. These lodgings are described literally enough as "bed and breakfast." The quality of both bed and breakfast seldom varies. It is poor.

However, had Greer not grown up professionally in this hard way she might never have impressed Louis B. Mayer that night in London when he dropped in to see a mediocre play, spied her in a small role and was instantly convinced she might become a great star.

Not that the race was won for Greer that night by any means. When she appeared as *Mrs. Chips* in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" the critics penned good (*Continued on page* 121)

Courage is a

When you read this beautiful story you, too, will wish that the miracle Susan Peters hopes for, but is prepared to do without, will reward her shining courage

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



When Susan married Richard Quine life was gay and full of promise

"YOU needn't be afraid to talk frankly. I know I probably will never walk again. The Navy doctor told me in San Diego. I've had some little encouragement since I came back to Los Angeles. But I am prepared for what lies before me."

The girl in the hospital bed barely made an outline under the covers, she was so slight. She was as delicate as Dresden—for since the terrible, shocking accident that paralyzed her from the waist down, Susan Peters weighs but a mere eighty pounds.

Yet there was courage there that blazed in every fibre of those eighty precious pounds. It's the same type of unconquerable courage I've seen in those boys invalided back from the battle fronts. It lies like an armor on Susan, shining out of her big, wide gray eyes, in her completely feminine frilly bed jacket, in the little girl pigtails in which her hair is braided.

"I want to live," she said in her steady, throbbing young voice. "There are so many things I can do. That's why I am not giving up the fight. I mean, giving up *inside!"*

If I had thought, when I went down to the hospital—the first person outside her husband, Lieut. Richard Quine, her mother and Lana Turner, to see Susie—that I would have trouble controlling my emotions, I knew better now. I would have been ashamed to feel anything that even verged on pity for this girl who doesn't know the meaning of it for herself. And she doesn't want any of you who knew her on the screen and wrote her letters because you liked her work to weep for her.

"I've thought it all out," she went on. "Things don't happen just *accidentally!* There is a plan and a purpose behind everything. If at first I was bitter because I thought my career was over—just as it was starting—that is all past. There is much I can do, that I *should* do.

"For one thing—when the boys start coming back from overseas, some of them crippled just as I am, many of them will be afraid to face life, their loved ones—or to go home. I can talk to them—perhaps help them get jobs. I can help them find courage in the philosophies that have helped me. Maybe if they see and talk with a girl who has the same trouble they have, those boys won't be afraid to face the world!"

I could have put my arms around her then and held her to my heart—but that is the thing Susan doesn't want right now. So, I matched my mood with hers and said, "Thanks for letting me be the first to talk to you for an interview, Susie."

"I wanted to see you," she smiled. "Do you remember the first interview we had?" I laughed with her. She had come into my living room all dressed in red and with some new shoes she had bought. They were red, too, and they hurt her feet. I saw her making faces and trying not to show that the new shoes were making her wince. "Take them off," I said. And take them off she did. From that time on, Susie and I were never on formal terms again.

She had just played that remarkable part in "Random Harvest" and was being hailed as the coming young dramatic star. A young Norma Shearer, they called her. She made a couple of other pictures, including "Song Of Russia" and then she met and married a boy she loved very much, Richard Quine.

It was a sweet church wedding with all the sentiment and laughter-behind-the-tears that accompanies the union of two young people, unspoiled, deeply in love, two who have saved themselves for one another. Everyone said there was nothing but bright happiness ahead for Susie and Dick, for his career was on the upgrade, too.

Who could have suspected that even then the grim clouds were gathering?

THE first blow was the loss of their expected baby. Susan had guarded the secret so closely and was so sensitive about it that even her studio did not know for weeks following an emergency operation, which almost cost her life, that she had lost her baby. There ensued months of recuperation, away from her work, while she tried to regain her strength.

Dick, meanwhile, had gone into the Coast Guard—but they felt lucky that he was stationed nearby in San Diego so they could be together on his brief leaves. The story of what happened that one fateful week end is too well known for me to repeat in detail. It was one of those freak accidents. Susan and Dick had planned a hunting trip. She picked up a gun, held it the wrong way and a bullet shot through her lung and abdomen, lodging in the spine.

"From the moment it happened," Susan told me. "I have thought more of Dick than I have of myself. It is so terribly hard on him—he is so young. And so sweet. He is the most wonderful husband in the world. Do you wonder that I cannot feel myself unlucky (*Continued on page* 107)

girl named *Susan*



Gallant little fighter: Susan Peters whose latest picture is "Keep Your Powder Dry"

WITH A SONG IN HIS

BY FATHER VICTOR FOLLEN

No one knows better how to judge a man than a wise priest. Here Father Follen paints a picture of Bing Crosby the world has never seen





Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby, the two priests in Paramount's Award picture, "Going My Way."

TAKING a line from the picture, "Going My Way," I feel sure that the right things to say about Bing will occur to me after this has already gone to press.

It's hard to make a production on paper of the things you know about Bing. So we'll just go ahead and put them down. And in the end they'll add up to a picture of a fellow who has a song in his heart, and who is doing a lot to make American hearts happier right now.

I feel proud that a cross-section of mothers, sweethearts, fathers and young sons and daughters in the United States as polled by Dr. Gallup has chosen a man with the simplicity, modesty and humility that is Bing's as the one to have contributed most to their enjoyment during this crucial war year.

I've known him since 1930 when he was a fairly undistinguished member of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys," singing an engagement at the Ambassador Hotel.

Ours is just a friendly relationship that first started on the greens of Lakeside Golf Club. And in fifteen years the only changes I've noticed in him are that his voice is a little lower, his golf game a little better and that he's discarded the wild "blazers" he wore then for the wilder things he affectionately calls sweat shirts now.

Though I have on occasion played golf with him, I'm better at kibitzing than I am at playing right now. I'm a little like Barry Fitzgerald in the picture: I can look at that hedge but I can't jump it any more.

A priest usually sees people under two conditions. When they're very, very good and when they're equally bad. But out on a golf course men are just boys in short pants, perfectly natural, and you can get to the core of them.

One thing I can tell you—in no golf game does Bing ever throw anything as he would have for Barry in that picture. He plays a serious game . . . all business. He has a low handicap and has always had to give me a few strokes.

"Well, Father . . . since you can't swear . . . every nine holes we'll let you throw a club just as far as you can," he'd say.

Knowing Bing, the qualities that stand out most about him are his simplicity and lack of pretense or affectation of any kind. He is so natural. Just doesn't put on a show for anything.

It was this part of his nature that came through so true to life in "Going My Way." I've talked with many priests who've seen the picture and have noticed always how surprised they've looked when I asked them what they thought of Bing's "acting" as a priest. They'd never even thought of it as acting. And they would be the ones most ready to criticize him. Yet to all of them he was only very natural in the part. Just being Bing.

In real life he has no affectations even where small matters are concerned. This applies even to a telephone message from him. Where other celebrities and others who have achieved a certain measure of success in various fields may have their secretaries call you and say very business-like, "Father . . . this is So-and-So's secretary. Mr. So-and-So is calling and would like to speak to you" . . . there's none of that secretary business with him. Whenever Bing wants to talk to you, it's simply, "This is Bing, Father." Or—if messages are left for you—"Just tell him Bing called."

You respect him for a humility that no amount of wealth or fame have ever been able to change. Getting anything out of Bing about Bing is tougher than paying the new mortgage off on the church. He talks about like Calvin Coolidge. Or less.

And he'll take none of the credit for "Going My Way," telling you only that whatever appeal the picture possesses is entirely to Director Leo McCarey's credit.

"It was conceived by him and the rest of us just did what we were told

HEART



Bing gives cheer to eager refugee children on his recent overseas trip

to do by him. He pulled the strings and I jumped," he says. "Working in the picture was fun and I'm glad the public seemed to like it as well as they do. It makes a fellow feel pretty good. An actor only gets a chance like that once in a lifetime and I'm grateful that such a chance was given to me."

To those who congratulated him on portraying a priest and asked how he felt about doing it, Bing always laughed and said that he did approach it with no little fear. "But I haven't been excommunicated yet. So I guess I got by."

Knowing how he feels about any conspicuous attention, his friends like to tease Bing about the time when he attended a small neighborhood church outside his own parish. When the church was so crowded that he had to go stand in the choir loft where the little girls of bobby-socks age were singing, they got so excited they couldn't sing a note. Bing was so embarrassed.

He's a man of few words, but makes them all good. And for a person who has everything, he's always appreciative of the thoughtfulness of others or any little things they do in his behalf.

For many years at Christmastime I've gotten joy out of reading an old book called, "His First And Last Appearance." (*Continued on page* 103)



Bing Crosby . . . winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for the most popular actor of 1944, chosen by a nation-wide [illegible] poll under the direction of Dr. George Gallup

A LETTER TO *My Mother*



This is straight-from-the-heart dreaming by a typical GI — of a special girl on her special day

Pan McCallister

Dear Mother:

Our troop is on the move again. For the moment the train is stopped in some small, nameless station. And from the car window I can see several son-less war mothers giving sandwiches and cakes to the soldiers. And, no matter where or when I see them, I cannot help but wonder if there is that same lonely look in your eyes, too.

Eight months have passed since we said good-by at the station in Los Angeles. Remember how I made you and Grandma leave the depot before our train departed? I still hate to say good-by.

Are Grandma's lemon meringue pies still so wonderful, or have my dreams placed them on the proverbial GI pedestal? And do you still make the most wonderful Waldorf salad in the world? Or have I, like every other fellow away from home, romanticized that pre-war room of kettles and recipes?

Last night I lay awake most of the night planning our tomorrow. The new paint for the house and the walks up the beach and the weekly family outing. And surf fishing with that RKO grandfather of mine—remind me to make him quit his job and become a fisherman. He looks a bit like one of Picasso's characters, anyway. And buying that hideaway on the desert where I used to take Mac as a pup. Do you think he'll remember me? Still carry his picture with yours, of course!

So many people have come to me on this tour thanking me for "Home In Indiana," particularly fellows in the service. I tell them, naturally, I had nothing to do with the success of the picture; it was my good fortune to appear in the production. Many parents have said how happy "Winged Victory" made them. I cannot deny how proud I feel when people have good words for those films. People even remember *California* in "Stage Door Canteen." After this war pictures will have such an important part in the world. And I am so happy to be a part of them. Many of us have our own ideals that must be nurtured and given life when we are actors and directors and writers again. My roommate, Martin Ritt, for instance, and I have already planned several pictures for that tomorrow we know is so near.

Idealism in motion pictures, as usual, is criticized and joked about terribly. And yet when a film like "None But The Lonely Heart" comes out of Hollywood, Hollywood is the first industry to recognize its qualities. With all of our faults in Hollywood, so greatly publicized, we are improving and progressing. And being even a small part of my home town's future is exciting in itself.

Received a letter from Jeanne Crain yesterday. She is so excited about her role in "State Fair." It sounds comparable to "Indiana." We have both decided to do another film together as soon as possible. That, alone, is worth coming home to!

Mother, does the sun still shine as brightly in California and is the Pacific still so blue and the air so clear? Can you still sit on the edge (*Continued on page* 80)

Pfc. Lon McCallister of the Air Force and its unforgettable epic, "Winged Victory" Kornman

Velvet Girl

She's Elizabeth Taylor who speaks the language of the animal kingdom—and adds postscripts to her prayers

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Velvet and King who met in a picture and have since been bosom friends

LITTLE Elizabeth Taylor of the inner spiritual radiance and the world's most amazing pair of dark blue eyes can credit her success to a deep sincerity, a great faith in everything and everybody and the belief that if you want things that are right for you, they're honest-injun bound to come true.

To her, life is very simple. Things happen because it's right for them to. And because, when it is right, God pitches in on your side.

That's why she thinks there's nothing funny about getting her first screen role at an air raid wardens' meeting or growing three inches in three months to fit *Velvet*. It was just right.

Anything she wants very badly becomes a postscript on her prayers. The role of *Velvet* was a special P.S. that went out from her bedside every night. Her hope of getting King, the horse she rode in that picture, is the newest one tacked on now.

She is in truth a living *Velvet*—this beautiful little girl whose faith in a horse won her the Grand National in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "National Velvet" and gave Elizabeth herself a winning number in the Hollywood handicap. The same faith, warm sympathetic nature and gentleness that is Elizabeth should see her over all the jumps that may lie ahead.

There's another postscript that's going out now and that is—"if it's right"—for her to play the role of *Peter Pan*.

This, too, is the dream of Clarence Brown, who directed her in her first big success. In the role that made Maude Adams famous, little Elizabeth, whose spiritual quality often causes her to be compared with Miss Adams, could step right out of the pages of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan." But she probably won't because Walt Disney owns the rights to it and no fairy wands the studio waves in his direction can get it.

Elizabeth loves the role of *Peter*, the youth who didn't want to ever grow up, who played on his pipes, dressed in autumn leaves and cob webs and lived among the fairies and animals in the Never Never Land.

All of which sounds pretty wonderful to her. For like *Peter Pan* she has her own Never Never Land where all things are good and beautiful, where she lives with the animals she loves so much—horses, dogs, cats, chipmunks and more horses. Unlike him, she hasn't any pipe, but manages to attract so many animals anyway that her parents can hardly get into their backyard for the growing zoo.

She has a *Peter Pan*-ish quality about her face—an elusive, dreamy, intangible something that you can't catch hold of long enough to describe. Something that goes along with that Never Never Land and flying over tree tops on the back of the wind. She resembles a dryad, with her even sensitive features, luxuriant blackish-brown hair, long black lashes and level brows that frame her eyes. Those eyes concerning which Clarence Brown says, "There's something behind them that you can't quite fathom—something Garbo had." And Director Freddie Wilcox telling about interviewing her for her first picture, "Lassie Comes Home," says that when she walked into his office, "We all took one look at those eyes and she was in. There's something behind them. I don't know. . . ."

Whatever Elizabeth is wearing whenever you see her, she's also wearing a long string that's definitely not a part of any ensemble. It dangles down the whole length of her dress and means that her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, is attached to the other end of it somewhere. Probably on the back of her neck under her thick long hair. The string may dangle from her pocket, inside



Gentle is the word for Elizabeth Taylor, star of "Hold High The Torch"

Apger

Return favor—this time Elizabeth combs her mother's hair





Nibbles, the chipmunk, takes trick-direction from Elizabeth

of which Nibbles is serenely sitting and holding a sprig of red berries in his paws as he has chow. Elizabeth fairly worships the little chipmunk, which she captured while on location with "Hold High The Torch." The long string is for the purpose of making sure that the tiny creature won't get lost in the big house or that her black cat, Jeepers Creepers, won't mistake him for a glamorized rat.

The more you try to talk to her about Elizabeth, the more you find out about Nibbles, about her three dogs, Monty (an English golden retriever), Spot (a spaniel), Twinkle (cocker), Prince Charming (her horse), Sweetheart (her brother's horse), the other eight chipmunks she had and gave away and King Charles, the beautiful thoroughbred of "National Velvet."

"They were afraid for me to ride him," she'll tell you gravely. "But he loves me. He wouldn't hurt me. You don't have to worry about King when you get on his back. You just leave everything up to him. I think he likes to know that I leave it to him. That he's the boss and I trust him. You see horses are just like people. You've got to love them and trust them."

She is very serious about her work, about the people she portrays. And often, though the director may be satisfied with a take on a picture, Elizabeth will beg, "Can't we just try it one more time? I know I can do it better. I sort of feel it welling up inside me now."

On the way home from the preview of "National Velvet" her mother asked her what she thought of it. "I've always loved *Velvet,* Mummy," she said reverently. As though *Velvet* did it all.

GENTLE is the word for Elizabeth. Just as she "gentled" the high-spirited horse she rode in that picture, so does she "gentle" everything and everyone with whom she comes in contact.

Her Hollywood beginning was different from that of most cinema children. Thirteen-year-old Elizabeth was born in London, England, the daughter of Francis Taylor, art dealer, and the former Sara Sothern, a pretty American actress who had been on the New York and London stages. She's always loved horses and first learned to ride at the age of four when they were spending a summer vacation in Kent at the lodge estate of her godfather, Col. Victor Cazalet, since reported missing in action.

When she was seven and war seemed too near, her father sent the family to the States to stay with Mrs. Taylor's father in Pasadena. Later he joined them, established an art gallery in Beverly Hills and they moved to the pretty Spanish-style stucco home where they live now.

Elizabeth loves story books, but her own story tops anything she could ever read. Although her parents had been approached by agents and others who thought she should be in pictures, they'd never considered it seriously.

Strangely enough it was her lovely coloratura voice (which hasn't been used yet) that decided it. Elizabeth wanted to learn to sing "high—like a bird." So she began taking singing lessons and soon could go within five notes of the end of the keyboard. She attended the same dancing school as the children of John Considine, M-G-M producer, and one day was overheard practicing by Mrs. Considine, who was so impressed that she called Louis B. Mayer and said, "You should hear her. She sounds just like a bird!"

So the next day there was Elizabeth in her little pinafore standing in the middle of a big office with several executives gathered around. They were enthusiastic and wanted to sign her. And Elizabeth, in turn, was very impressed by the big studio and the fascinating people with the make-believe faces (make-up). It looked like a real Never Never Land to her.

But since her parents had told Universal that they would give them first chance if she ever went into pictures, she signed there, instead, for a year. Nothing happened. And when the contract was up she signed with Metro with no more fanfare.

Sam Marx, M-G-M producer, who was then looking for a little English girl to play in "Lassie Come Home," didn't even know they'd signed a little girl with big luminous blue eyes who would love to play in a picture

with a dog, especially an enchanting dog like *Lassie.*

It all happened three days later when Elizabeth's daddy, who's an air raid warden, went to an air raid wardens' meeting and bumped into Sam Marx, warden in another block near them.

During the meeting somebody asked Marx how his picture was coming along.

"It's almost finished," he said, "but the girl is too tall for Roddy McDowall. We're going to have to get a smaller child."

"Have you seen Taylor's little girl?" suggested somebody.

He said he hadn't and told Warden Taylor to bring her over. Thus the next Sunday afternoon after church the Taylors dropped by the Marx home and the producer looked at Elizabeth and said, "Why haven't I seen you before?"

She was visiting her grandparents in Pasadena when they got the wire to report to the studio that same afternoon for a test. They rushed over, but the tests were all finished and the crew was packing up their equipment when they dashed in. Director Freddie Wilcox told them to start rolling again.

After the test the cameraman and grips congratulated Elizabeth and told her, "You've got it, honey. You're in."

So, since anybody's word is honest-truth to her, she told her mother, "Mummy, I've got the part."

"No, darling. They haven't seen the test," her mother explained.

"They said I did," said Elizabeth simply.

And, as it developed, she did.

She'd always loved *Velvet,* the little girl who shared her own love for horses. And when she finished "Lassie Come Home" and knew the studio was going to make the other one, she started wishing and praying a little ahead of time.

As a matter of fact, the studio had been going to make "National Velvet" for some twelve years but had never found the girl for *Velvet.* They tested Elizabeth and liked her very much, but as Pandro Berman, studio executive told her, "We'd love you for the part, Elizabeth, but you're just too little."

Sitting over in the corner with her heart in her eyes, Elizabeth said shyly, "Well—I'll grow."

"Honey, if you can grow I'll wait for you," the executive smiled. "I'll wait three months—and you grow."

"Don't wait too long, Mr. Berman," Mrs. Taylor broke in hurriedly. She had a lot of faith in her child—not without excellent reason—but this was certainly pushing it too far. "She hasn't grown a quarter of an inch in three years!"

"But I will," said Elizabeth. And did.

She ate more than she'd ever eaten in her life and added two hours of sleep each night. She began to ride and jump her red sorrel horse over the five-foot jumps at West Los Angeles Riviera Country Club several hours a day, training arduously for the jumps she'd have to take in the film. She went roller skating and learned to ride a bicycle. "Took a lot of falls too—that always helps," she smiles now.

In three months she'd grown three inches. Until one day the producer took a startled look at her and said, "We'd better make this thing before you grow right on *out* of it."

ASK Elizabeth how she thinks it really happened now and she says solemnly, "Well, I always prayed to God that if it was right for me to play *Velvet* that I would. I guess He thought it was okay."

Somebody else who definitely thought it was okay was Producer-Director Clarence Brown, who considers Elizabeth a great little artist. "I really hate to call her an actress," he says, wincing a little at the word. "She's much too natural for that." Which is highest praise from this star-maker, who has piloted Mickey Rooney, Jackie "Butch" Jenkins and others into fame.

He loves children and always fears a "star complex." Thus, because of his great feeling for Elizabeth, he fairly exploded her first day on the set when he arrived early and saw a gold star on her dressing room door, a red carpet lushing from it and the words "Miss Taylor" impressively flourishing thereon.

He couldn't stand to see her start out with two strikes against her.

So when she came he had a very serious heart-to-heart talk with her in which he explained that the red carpet must go, also the gold star and the "Miss Taylor." Then he had an inspiration. "Why not change it to *Velvet?*" he said.

That night at home Elizabeth cried a little and sat down and wrote him a note that was so sweet and sincere he carried it around in his pocket for weeks. "I was so proud of it," he says. In it she said that she knew what he was talking about and not to (*Continued on page* 90)



With love for King—Elizabeth turns to her painting hobby

A make-believe ride on one of her collection of saddles





Army Consolidation: Bride Joyce Reynolds and Robert Lewis combining marital law with martial



International Merger: Veronica Lake, now officially Mrs. Andre De Toth, and her Hungarian husband

COLOR CANDIDS BY HYMIE FINK

Honeymoon Specials



All-American Union: John Payne and Gloria De Haven, home-front honeymooners

Love Song

for

Judy



Time for director Vincente Minnelli to talk to his star

Judy Garland in casual attire and a serious mood



THERE is one thing about Judy Garland—maybe because she has music all the way through her: She is literally like a haunting melody. After you've been with her for any length of time, you remember her for days. You find yourself smiling and thinking of some little thing she did, of her enormous youthful gravity when she is serious about anything, of her rich chuckle when she is amused, of the impression of littleness and fragility she gives.

"I've put on ten pounds," Judy told me. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"I thought maybe you had that modern idea of being so terribly thin," I said.

"Me?" said Judy, and chuckled. "Of course when I was a kid I was chunky as anything. So then I was always trying to take off weight. It was awful! I had an appetite and I guess I was growing and I was always hungry—so I just couldn't diet. So I used to exercise. But it never did any good—I stayed chunky. Then all of a sudden I got thin. And I was too thin. So then I had to start trying to get fat. Now I've put on ten pounds—and I think that's about right."

The day Judy invited me over to have lunch with her and Vincente Minnelli, she was late. She's nearly always a few minutes late for everything; she's even late on the set.

"Where's the baby?" somebody will say. (She is still M-G-M's "baby.")

"She'll be along," somebody else says.

"The point is," says Miss Garland in explanation, "there's only one of me. I have to be in so many different places at the same time."

The truth is that she is interested in so many things—music first and foremost, the young American composers, the great conductors, the political significance of Wagner's unquestioned genius. She is interested in every detail in the war, in sports and the nickel World Series in St. Louis,

It will be a wedding march—the scene will be the altar—the girl, Judy Garland, will meet the man, Vincente Minnelli—and both will say "I do!"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Judy on the set of her latest picture, M-G-M's "The Clock"

in collecting china, in the writers who have been produced by the war and the books they've written. She's interested in everything that takes place in Washington. I don't mean just surface patter—I don't mean that she's an intellectual. She's just vitally *interested* in everything that's going on in the world, which, of course, makes for richness of personality.

The first time we had talked about the possibility of her marrying Vincente Minnelli was just before Christmas and her engagement to him had not yet been announced.

"I made one mistake," Judy said then. When she looks at you seriously like that her eyes get darker and darker, shadowed by the intensity of her inner thoughts, by her all-out integrity about herself. "I don't want to make another.

"I love my work. I know there are girls who can give up their work and get married and just live at home. I don't believe I could. I don't believe I'd be happy. You see—"

SOMEBODY came in with some papers for her to sign, the wardrobe wanted to know if she'd be ready for a fitting at three, her secretary handed her a list and Judy said, "These are the nobody-can-do-them-but-me things. You know about those."

After a while she went on, "You see—my father and I were very close. He loved music and the theater and everything about it. He sort of planted it in me and when I was little and they found out I could sing—he began to train me. I wasn't more than a foot high, I guess. My mother thought I could do something long before anybody else did—she thought I could maybe even act someday. We always belonged in the theater. I know that lots of stars say they'd like to retire and I know some girls who really can occupy their lives other ways—but—I've been singing and dancing and acting since I was two—ten years in vaudeville and ten (*Continued on page* 97)

"The Clock" inspired this milkmaid shot of Judy



Tom Drake

 Skyrocketeer: Tom Drake of "This Man's Navy" shoots ahead to win the May color poll

Carpente

He married his first love

Tom Drake did it—kissed a girl nine years ago—and remembered.

P.S. It took an elopement in the desert to catch up with his dream

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER



The happy ending for a patient torch bearer—Tom Drake and his Chris

TOM DRAKE waited nine long years to marry his "Chris." And when it finally happened it was in one of the dizziest, most hurried, most hectic whirls you've ever heard of! They both think that if they live to be a hundred they will still feel a bit breathless when they recall that trip to Las Vegas to be married.

"That's one little trouble with a motion picture career," Tom grins. "It so often doesn't give you enough time for the niceties of life . . . like weddings."

Actually, though, they loved every moment of it and the memories will always be very dear—if they can ever get them really sorted out.

Maybe we'd better go back to the beginning. The first time Tom ever kissed Chris, when he had known her only a few days, his lower lip caught in the braces on her teeth! That was when he was seventeen and she was fourteen and they were both having a fling at acting in summer stock at Poughkeepsie. The kiss was a stage kiss, all in the interests of their mutual art, but Tom found that he had enjoyed it very much, despite the braces on her teeth and the rehearsal audience which laughed unfeelingly when he emerged from the embrace with a bloody mouth.

After that there was never any other girl for Tom, although life and fate and other cosmic forces seemed determined to keep them apart. He had pretty rough sledding, trying to get a start in the theater, and marriage for him at that age and with the sparse dollars he managed to earn at his chosen profession, was simply out of the question. The pretty little girl—oh, yes!—her name was Christopher Curtis—went on to swifter successes than Tom's, appearing as actress and singer in seven or eight Broadway shows, some of them very successful. Tom kept on plodding at his acting.

Along about the time when he began to be making some real progress in his own career, he learned that Chris had married another actor—Michael Ames. That, you might have thought, was that. But somehow Tom never really believed it. So when he learned, eight months or so ago, that Chris was in Hollywood with her three-year-old daughter and that she had been divorced, he wasn't really very much surprised. By this time his stage success in "Janie" was well behind him, he had a fine Hollywood contract and was busily piling up outstanding performances in such pictures as "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Mrs. Parkington" and "Meet Me In St. Louis."

His feeling for Chris hadn't changed a bit. He lost no time in convincing her of this and persuading her that the logical—indeed the only—thing to do was to take up their lives where they had left off and start over, together.

But it was one thing for the two of them to agree to do this and quite another thing to arrange practical details. They were as sentimental about it as they had every right to be and they wanted a quiet, leisurely wedding with a little time for a proper honeymoon. Five different times they made their plans . . . *five.* And each time something arose to compel them to postpone it . . . "just for a little while." Tom was called for retakes (*Continued on page* 65)

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44 *Evening in Spring: Ginger Rogers soon to appear in M-G-M's "Weekend At The Waldorf"*

Wartime wife

A surprise story about the Ginger Rogers of today and the pattern she has figured out for her war-waiting

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

IT was a night of glamour in Hollywood—glamour and drama. The Jack Bennys were giving a party at practically the highest peak of the war. Stars and more stars literally thronged to the white Roxbury Drive mansion. They filled the canvas-covered garden setting where a bountiful board was spread and charcoal braziers afforded warmth in California's "winter time."

In the midst of it all was Ginger Rogers, very joyous, very much in the spirit of things. She was taking the evening off—a rarity for her these days. The star of "I'll Be Seeing You" arrived with a woman. For the moment Ginger was throwing herself into the camaraderie of the occasion, camaraderie born of the end of one year and the beginning of a new one—especially this significant year of 1945.

Just then a woman whom she knew passed by with her son, a lieutenant in the infantry who was home for the holiday. Ginger looked up, recognized her, saw the young officer with her and suddenly her face came aglow with tenderness and emotion.

"Oh, honey, are you happy! Are you lucky—having your soldier home with you! Don't I wish I had *mine* here tonight!"

And with that one touch of sentiment, Ginger closed the door on the emotion she had briefly shown and became again light and gay. But the emotion had registered for the one or two people who had observed it, and on the woman to whom the comment had been made.

That's the way it is with Ginger as a wartime wife. She has the bars up for any public investigation of her inner sentiments and feelings. Only if you catch her off guard, which is rare indeed, can you learn what her reactions are to the present phase of her life apart from her career. It is considerably more than a year ago that she said good-by to her husband of a comparatively few weeks, Sergeant Jack Briggs of the Marine Corps, for he has been in foreign service ever since then.

But Ginger will not discuss what it all means to her more than to say, "I guess the one thing common to all of us who have loved ones in the service is hope and prayer. There used to be an adage, 'While men fight, women wait and weep.' In this war it's, 'While men fight, women work and pray.' Intensive work, intensive prayer are great sustaining forces."

Ginger has set her star on a bright, particular goal. She will not capitalize on her marriage for publicity purposes. Her silence on the subject has been almost inviolable, yet it is known that she was with Jack constantly prior to his departure. If she did not appear depressed by the shortness of the days she had with him as (*Continued on page* 77)



When they were bride and groom—Ginger and Jack Briggs

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Lillian and Fred in the doorway of their early American home—in a "Frederick" and "Lilly" mood



The setter is Jack, the master is Fred, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Captain Eddie," the place is the tennis court back of the MacMurray manse

ABOUT two years ago, Bob Taylor gave Snow White to Fred MacMurray. She wasn't Walt Disney's Snow White. This Snow White was a Persian kitten. But Fred's relationship to Snow White is so illustrative of his general attitude toward life that her saga belongs in this chronicle.

Fattened and given lavish affection by Susie, Fred's little daughter, the kitten grew beautiful. Everyone was happy until the night that Snow White announced at the top of her voice that she craved a personal life.

Fred and his chic and beautiful wife Lillian went into a huddle. It was Fred's decision that any cat was entitled to her emotions, whereupon they scurried around, found a Persian of as noble blood but the opposite sex, and presently there was a litter of kittens, eight to be exact. Without too much struggle, the MacMurrays found them all good homes.

Thus later on they never gave a thought to Snow White's barging out on a free-lance job until one morning when they saw more kittens wobbling around their garden.

The MacMurrays went in for some frantic telephoning, but most of their friends weren't having any more kittens. It was weeks before the new eight were placed into happy homes. Then Fred issued an ultimatum.

"Sixteen is enough for her," he said. "Let's have no more of this." So Snow White went for a visit to the vet and has been as demure as anything ever since.

In everything he does, Fred MacMurray is live-and-let-live, but he believes in reticence and moderation. These latter qualities get in the way when you ask him to talk about himself. It isn't that Fred doesn't wish to be cooperative, but he simply is incapable of talking about anything that is important to him. He can talk on for hours about hunting or fishing, but he can't even tell his wife he loves her.

He has, however, his own way of saying "I love you" to Lillian, as she has for him. He calls her "Lilly." Lillian's name stood by her in that way all through her stage and modeling days—her family and friends

The saga of *Frederick and Lilly*

It's based on good sense and magic—this amazing MacMurray marriage



Family fun and contentment — Fred and little son Robert, daughter Susan — and Lillian

call her Lillian. But to Fred she is always "Lilly." She doesn't like the name, except when Fred speaks it. And she in turn calls him "Frederick." It is not his name—was never his name. He was christened just Fred. The funny part of it is, he doesn't like "Frederick," either! But he loves it when spoken by his wife. He knows it's her way of saying "Darling."

Recently a woman friend came to Lilly MacMurray and explained that she could no longer endure her marriage because her husband simply refused to murmur sweet flattery to her.

Lilly shakes her head when she tells this. "Why, if I waited for Frederick to tell me he loved me, I'd wait forever," she says. "I know that he does, but I'll never learn it from him in words." She insists she doesn't recall Fred's telling her he loved her when he proposed that they be married, more than nine years ago. To this day, he is still uncertain of just when her birthday falls. He has never yet remembered one of their anniversaries, and he has yet to have the faintest idea of what to give her for Christmas.

"Some of that is my fault," Lilly says. "I don't care for jewelry and I make most of my own clothes and hats. I've got everything in the house any woman could possibly want, so there never is anything I really do need. But if I don't tell Fred specifically what to buy for me, he frets and worries and usually turns up with a bag, which I don't want, either." She smiles as she says this, the serene and happy smile of a wife in love.

Fred says it was love at first sight for him. "The first thing that got me was her beauty," he admits frankly. Then he grins. "Now, after ten years, that's not so important, but I'm glad it's still there."

He's pleased that she doesn't want to act, either. Once Lilly took a screen test. "I thought she was excellent," Fred says, "but she thought she was terrible. I was thankful for that."

He talks off-screen much as he does on, one short sentence and then a lull. Off-screen he seems to be genuinely afraid he may get over his depth conversationally, just as he is forever worried he'll get beyond his depth artistically.

Straight from "The Gilded Lily," his first picture, in which he played Claudette Colbert's leading man and got $200 a week, up to his present two-a-year contract plus the right to do one outside picture with Twentieth Century-Fox—all three films at many times that original fee—his career has been solid triumph. He just happened to "hit" comedy at Paramount with that first picture, and after that he felt it was all he could do. He made forty pictures there, working incessantly, learning the art that both he and Lilly regard merely as a job, yet he was in jitters over doing "Double Indemnity," his first straight dramatic part. Every critic proclaimed that it was the finest performance he had ever given, but all Fred says is, "I wouldn't be so scared now."

He left Paramount last fall because they refused him the clause Twentieth granted him, the right to an outside (*Continued on page* 80)



Thirty years ago a factory of dreams came into being—Fox Films, the oldest of its kind operating today. They gave us the first screen "vampire," Theda Bara, the greatest cowboy star, Tom Mix, the greatest child star, Shirley Temple. Today, as Twentieth Century-Fox, this studio, under the leadership of Spyros Skouras, Joseph Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck, sweeps onward, producing giants like "Wilson" and heart-warmers like "Home In Indiana"

Jeanne is the girl from "Home In Indiana"—a "beautiful dreamer" who believes in practical dreaming. Her next is "State Fair"

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF JEANNE CRAIN

AUBURN-HAIRED, green-eyed Jeanne Crain has a quiet and vital personality, a belief that "wishing will make it so"—but that wishing must be backed by hard work and planning.

She started early in her plans to reach Hollywood and perfection was her aim in everything, even in her studies at school. But there were disappointments, of course.

The part of *Lucy* in "The Magnificent Ambersons" was a role she wanted desperately. She was tested for it but didn't get it because she was too young. And there was the role of *Bernadette* in "The Song Of Bernadette." She didn't get that one either—once again because of her youth.

Later, when the disappointment had lost its bitter taste, Jeanne was glad that the role hadn't been awarded to her. She might not have been mature enough to play it as it needed to be played. After all, her background in the world of the theater was still pretty new and shiny.

BY LYNN PERKINS

She learned young that audiences are critical. Even at thirteen Jeanne had already had a long career in back-yard productions. The kids n her block were the toughest audience she ever faced. And when they started to applaud her, Jeanne was really encouraged

There was no small detail she forgot. At fourteen, Jeanne spent hours every day going up and down the stairs without looking at the steps. All the time she was working in little theater plays, studying dramatics at school, preparing for Hollywood stardom



Cameras are nothing new to Jeanne. Just sixteen, she was named Miss Long Beach in the Miss America contest. Then one evening she was in the audience at the Max Rheinhardt Playhouse and Ivan Kahn, Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout, saw her and presto!




5

Kahn arranged for a screen test for her. When Casting Director Bob Palmer saw the tests, he said, "She's IT!" Ivan Kahn shows an incredulous Jeanne the memo from Darryl Zanuck assigning her the leading role in "Home In Indiana"


6

Jeanne went on with her education, attending the University of California at Los Angeles. She studied art and languages. She was very popular—just as she had been at Inglewood High School when her fellow students voted her grid queen for 1941

Three times a week Jeanne goes to the movies. She likes to pay her way in—go the way everyone else does; likes to feel a real audience around her, instead of having the pictures run off for her in a deserted studio projection room

There was a time in her life when her ambition was to be a painter. Though acting crowded it out, she didn't forget it. Now painting is her favorite hobby. Jeanne does pastels and oils and she specializes in portraits. Her sister Rita often poses for her



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Jeanne was a favorite on the set of "Home In Indiana" too, especially with her co-star Lon McCallister, now in the Army. She had to learn to ride bareback—something she knew nothing about. She learned—but it took persistence and painful tumbles. So the "beautiful dreamer" gritted her teeth and took her bruises and her courage right back to conquer the horse

Every Sunday Jeanne goes to church—to crystallize her dreams. Her home life is very important to her and she gives sole credit for her success to her mother for the splendid advice and philosophy she instilled in her from the time she was a child

Jeanne likes flannel pajamas, two showers a day. She always sleeps with the windows open. The star of the forthcoming "State Fair" dreams every night—practical dreams about "things I can't do. Then when I'm awake I go right ahead and do them."





Lee Bowman, *Homesteader*

The man wanted the girl, the girl wanted a home. So Cupid sat in as agent —and the Bowmans bought a house

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Suave firesider: Lee Bowman of "Tonight And Every Night"

ONE Sunday afternoon a year or so ago Lee Bowman, late of "The Impatient Years," and his wife drove up before a rambling old house in Santa Monica and parked. Lee had been informed by his mother, who had the news from the fine print in the local paper, that the house was available for purchase—an astounding opportunity in population-clogged Southern California.

The grass was brown and neglected; the walk was root-bulged and weed-grown; the roof was constructed of shake (thick redwood shingles laid in pattern to create a handsome shadow line), but it needed several coats of paint.

The Bowmans exchanged glances. "Hmm—I don't know about that," gloomed Lee.

Helene shook her head. "But while we're here we might as well go inside and have a quick look around," she suggested.

So they made use of the key that the real estate agent had supplied and promptly got the surprise of their lives. The floors were redwood, doweled and grooved, and in some rooms laid parquet. The library was paneled with oak, rubbed to a dull glow by many long years of hand polishing. The beams, the mouldings, the stairway were impressive with the proud, timeless dignity that craftsmen put into construction thirty years ago. Even the invisible necessities of the house were of the best: All pipe was copper.

The Bowman footsteps echoed to the high ceilings as they strolled through the spacious rooms and regarded the views to be had from successive windows. "We could enclose that end of the porch and have a wonderful den," Lee said tentatively.

"It would take two solid months of painting, scrubbing, polishing and redecorating to put this house into condition —but when that was done, we'd really have something," said Helene.

They took another final look through the four upstairs bedrooms, each with its private bath; they strolled through the library with its ample shelves and its great fireplace, through the dining room and the commodious kitchen.

"I guess this is it," said the man about to buy a house, and laughed a little.

"Let's go talk terms," suggested his wife, running a proprietary hand over the satin balustrades down which her children would sometimes slide in disregard of parental order. And so the deal was closed.

There is something about buying or building a house that, no matter how smooth and well-planned the action may be, is highly dramatic. It is a special kind of thrill—high adventure. A home is always a milestone in a marriage. This was particularly the case with the Bowman family. To explain this remark, let us go back to the year 1938. At that time Lee Bowman's picture career might not have been making Halley's comet look like a wet firecracker by comparison, but he was plugging along, using the reliable slow and steady method.

At that time, Lee was an alumnus of the University of Cincinnati and of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He had worked on Broadway in "Berkeley Square" in which he enacted his favorite role to date, that of *Peter Standish*, and he had appeared with the celebrated Kate Mayhew in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

He had been sent by Oscar Serlin to Hollywood and had worked in "I Met Him In Paris" with Claudette Colbert and Franchot Tone, as well as in (*Continued on page* 108)

Dick Arlen, *Sky Rider*

For all his fun and friendliness he lives his life apart, because he's learned to walk alone in the clouds

BY RAY LeSTRANGE

IT was the day before Christmas and the young man wandering down Hollywood Boulevard was broke, jobless and blue.

Suddenly before him something gleamed white on the sidewalk. He reached down and picked it up. It was a small white elephant with a piece of chain still attached. Evidently it had dropped from some child's bracelet.

He looked at it a long minute and felt the surge of hope and promise course through him. Here was the sign—he knew he would never be jobless again.

And what's more, Richard Arlen never has been. The day after Christmas Jesse Lasky gave him a job. That was twenty years ago and he's never stopped working since.

It's a funny thing about Arlen, too. All about him beats the hullabaloo of Hollywood, the ballyhoo of newcomers, the hubbub of glamour and success, the dim-out of receding glory. It never touches him. He goes right on making pictures year after year, his work flowing on like the current of a slow lazy river. He lets the others do the galloping off into oblivion.

Forty odd years old, he looks twenty-five. Women turn to gaze after him, attracted by the abundant hair that waves back from a good forehead, the fine figure, the mannish attractiveness. Men like him for the square look in his eyes and the sense of fresh air about him. It may be that he carries with him part of the washed skies in which he's spent so much of his life. For he was a flier long before he was an actor.

His important arrangements, business or social, are always settled with a handshake. He never signs a contract with motion-picture producers. His word is good and they know it.

He's an established success as a man rather than as an actor—a man who has many business interests, one of which is acting, and he does a good job of all of them. Twenty years ago he began in the industry by getting run over while acting as a messenger boy delivering cans of motion-picture film to a laboratory. Fortunately, the man whose car trespassed over Dick's person, fracturing his leg, was a motion-picture producer who in retribution offered Dick a job as a bit player at $75 a week. After six weeks in the hospital, Dick took it.

When the studio asked his name he was so sure he'd be an absolute failure, he didn't want his family to guess, so instead of his right name, Richard Mattemore, he gave the first name he could think of. It was Richard Arlen. And instead of his native city of St. Paul, he placed his birth way down in Charlottesville, Virginia. It was the remotest place he could think of. Not to this day has he been to Charlottesville.

His movie beginning was slow. There were four bit parts before his big chance in "Wings" came along, putting not only Dick on top, but director William Wellman as well.

Dick knew all about those wings, too, for as a kid of seventeen he'd gone to England and joined the R.A.F. He could fly like a Mallard duck. In fact, many years later Dick established a flying school with a chap named Probert, and the Arlen-Probert School of Flying at Van Nuys flourished. He took two years away from the screen for this work and did most of the coaching himself. To him came Jimmie Stewart, a gangling new actor at M-G-M, for his first lessons that have since aided him in his work as Lieut. Col. Stewart (*Continued on page* 94)



Steady climber: Dick Arlen of "The Vampire's Ghost"

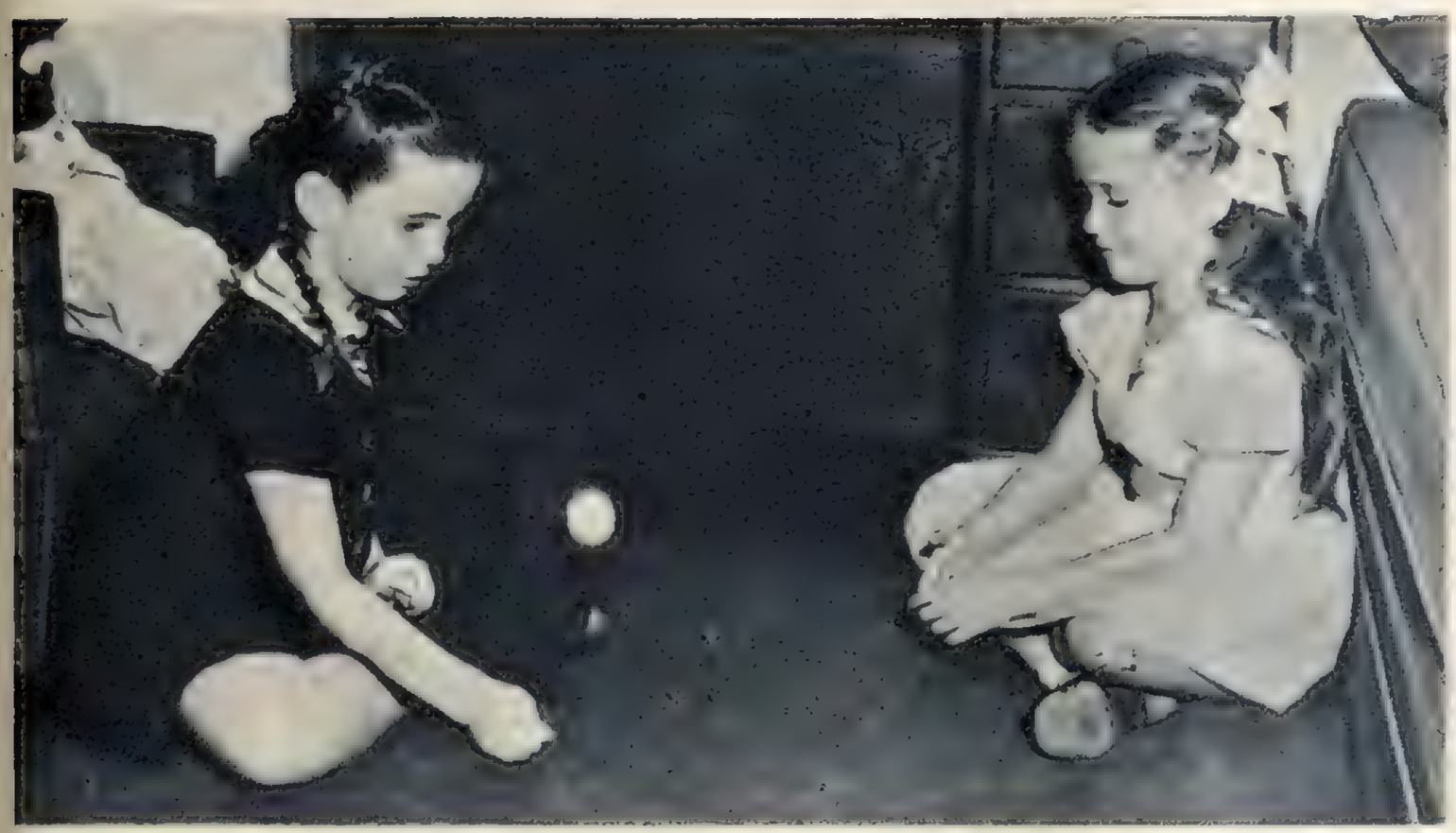
JUNIOR PIN-UP



54 *Little bewitcher: Margaret O'Brien, starred in M-G-M's "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"*

She's a pixie in pigtails—this Margaret O'Brien, who soft-pressures your hand and high-pressures your heart

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Margaret throws the jacks as Linda LeRoy (daughter of the director) watches



Intrigued with her mother's recipe

THE young mother's hair was a black smudge separating her white face from the pillow. Across the room a baby cried.

"She's straight and strong, you're sure?" the mother asked the nurse once more. "Poor little thing . . . with her father dead and a mother like me . . . My life's over. . . ."

"When you aren't so tired," the nurse promised, "you'll feel otherwise."

Tired . . . she tried to remember when she hadn't been tired, how it had been when she had had Larry and, as Gladys Flores, she had utterly forgotten her audience in the joy she knew in the music and her dance. The last six months without Larry had been long. Widowhood had not grown easier with time. Often it seemed as if the weight of her heart was greater than that of the baby lying beneath it. She had kept on dancing, not because there was any joy left in it, but because she needed the dollars it earned. She had held her last class the day before the baby was born. It had been useless for her sister Marissa, also a dancer, to plead with her to give up her classes. "We'll need every last penny I can lay by," Gladys always answered.

The baby was christened Angela Maxine — Angela Maxine O'Brien. She was a pretty baby, largely because of her eyes. In those eyes lay all the innocence of a life yet to be lived, coupled with the wisdom of the ages. She was a good baby too. So seldom did she cry that by the time she was eight months old Gladys O'Brien had the courage to launch upon a bold plan. She moved her little family into the smallest double room available at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was cramped quarters for her and the baby and Marissa. Getting Angela Maxine in unseen was an accomplishment achieved by the benefit of a steamer rug she carried casually over her shoulder and over Angela, lying against her arm.

"You're going to dance right here in the Wedgwood Room," Gladys told Marissa, so much younger that she also was her child in a way. "Be well paid for it too. Living here we'll convince them we can afford to name our own price."

Slowly, as her strength had flowed back, Gladys had started dreaming for Marissa again.

"You have such courage," Marissa told her, a little frightened sometimes by the scope of the dreams.

Gladys laughed. "Courage is a politer word than Larry used. Remember, he always called it darn foolishness." But her tone made the charge an endearment.

The women were bending over the twin bed in which Angela Maxine was propped up with pillows. A chambermaid had brought extra pillows. And instead of objecting to having a baby on her floor, the floor clerk was forever telling Gladys and Marissa she'd be glad to take charge any time they wanted to go out.

Gladys never took advantage of this offer until the night Marissa opened triumphantly in the Wedgwood Room. Upstairs, at the same time, Angela Maxine knew triumph, too, as both chambermaid and floor clerk, supposed to frown on babies in their domain, marched up and down the counterpane the plush animals they had brought her and kept her awake long past her bedtime.

When Marissa finally concluded her engagement at the Waldorf the O'Briens returned to California. In Hollywood it was hoped Marissa would find more glory. It wasn't only for Marissa they wanted success now. Angela Maxine was walking, talking. Sometimes they had to skimp to pay for regular examinations by a (*Continued on page 92*)

My Favorite Possession

Of course you're sentimental about the person you love, about your wedding ring, your baby's first booties—so are the stars. But there are other things—like a scrapbook, or an old pair of shoes. Here these stars tell you about the things they cherish



Alan Ladd says: "What I most cherish is th scrapbook my grandmother made for me when I was five One day as I passed one of those houses with basement win dows that open on the street level a bullying kid, aged abou ten, reached out, grabbed my ankle and threw me so hard that I broke my leg. That meant weeks in bed and, alway having been active, I wasn't a very good patient until Grand ma thought of the scrapbook. She pasted the most wonderfu pictures in it—photos of beautiful girls, views of seagoing yachts and race horses, photos of me and my other small-fry friends. Then we made up stories to go with all the pictures My convalescence passed by magically after that and I kep making up stories around that book throughout my child hood. I still love the scrapbook for the memory of a wonderfu lady who, through it, gave the first wings to my imagination.



Ann Rutherford says: "The monkey thumbing his nose on my right hand led to the white horse with boxing gloves on my left, and thereby hangs my love story. When I was six, I got angry over a silly slight and my grandmother gave me the monkey. 'This is the way you feel,' she said, 'but if you act as you feel, you'll be just as silly as the monkey. Remember, things will get you angry all your life, but if you use anger constructively you can turn the things that go against you into good things.' I've kept that monkey ever since. And I try never to act like him *no matter how I feel.* When David May came along, he sent me the white horse saying, kiddingly, that he was my knight on a white charger. Later, after we were married, he sent me the boxing gloves and whenever we have even the mildest tiff, we put flowers in the boxing gloves and laugh away our troubles."



Brian Donlevy says: "My finest keepsake is a pair of shoes, the first I ever had, as a kid in Ireland. They were hand-made, of the best local leather, with iron-bound tips put on by the blacksmith. And I was told by my mother that if I'd be good in them I'd climb to the heights. They were heavy and clumsy and no modern American kid, including mine, would wear such footwear, but I'm superstitious about them and wouldn't part with them for anything. I'm so silly about them that I personally polish them and shine up their iron tips. I think if I ever lost them, I would lose my luck and where would a Mick be without his luck, I ask you?"



Roddy McDowall says: "One night during the ginning of the blitz on London while my mother, my sister d I were huddling fearfully under the stairs, we heard the t-a-tat-tat of falling shrapnel and saw the glow that meant piece had hit close to us. When the all-clear sounded we ept out, afraid we'd find our house on fire. By a miracle wasn't. The pieces of shrapnel I'm holding had caught onto curtain but somehow had not ignited it. Mother made me ing them to Hollywood as a reminder that the war is not er, and that I must buy Bonds, conserve and in every way all a fellow my age can to help toward bringing peace."



Joan Crawford says: "My daughter Christina, then aged four, gave me a work of art which I love more than any *thing*, though it's hardly art in the sense that she intended it. But I'll always treasure it because it was a gift in which truly it was the thought that counted. I had adopted a baby boy, Christopher, as her companion and after having him nearly a year, his own people wanted him back again. I'd grown to love him so that I was devastated by the blow. 'Tina wanted to stop my tears and so she produced this somewhat amazing water color as her labor of love, bless her."

Will He Want

Mary Astor, appearing in "Blonde Fever"



To Come Home?

This is the question every woman is asking herself today—will her man want to come back to her and the routine of peacetime living? Here a noted star gives the answers after talking to the boys who have returned

by Mary Astor

IT happened over two years ago when I was doing some work for the Civilian Air Patrol in Southern California. A few of us were having a brief rest period in the office. Suddenly one of the girls who had been reading a V-mail letter touched the silver wings pinned over her heart and said in a low voice, "I'm afraid. . . ."

"That he won't come back?" I asked, noting the letter and preparing to offer the obvious reassurances.

"Not so much that he won't come back," she said slowly, "but that he won't *want* to come back."

It was the first time I'd heard that thought put into words as someone's personal problem. It was not to be the last. Everywhere today women are asking variations of that question; the girls who are afraid their sweethearts will have met more exciting girls in foreign lands, the young mothers who fear their husbands will have become so used to adventure that they'll hate the routine of a home and small babies; the older mothers who want to know if their sons will come home gangsters and killers.

I'd like to offer this answer from first-hand experience.

While in New York, recently, I visited four wards in Halloran Hospital. Two of them housed the penicillin and traction cases. They were not pretty.

One of the boys said he hoped "this" would be over "very soon." He told me, "My wife is working in a defense plant, helping support our three kids. And doing all her own housework, too. Piloting a Wellington bomber over enemy territory was a big bang, sure, but I can't wait until I get back home and can take care of her again."

Another lad showed me a picture of his fifteen-months-old son. He said, his eyes shadowed by two kinds of pain, "I've never seen the little beggar. I wish I had. I've missed all the fun and excitement of his first tooth, first step, first word . . . What? Oh, sure, I was at Guadalcanal. But missing fifteen months of that kid, gee—"

Still another boy had fallen on a bomb somewhere in the South Pacific fourteen months before I saw him. It had exploded under his chest. "I was in as many pieces as Humpty Dumpty," he told me, grinning. "But the medicos picked up the pieces and put them together again. They're good at jigsaw puzzles. So now I'm okay except that, once in awhile, I still cough up pieces of my old shirt. So now I'm out of the show. I'm sorry to be out while the other fellows are still in there doing the job. But gosh, when I think that pretty soon now *I'll be with the missus again!*"

Farther down the ward there was a kid whose heart stopped a bullet. A big one. The surgeons had removed his heart, extracted the bullet, put the heart back and started it ticking again. He said, "Smart guys, what? For although I can't take a crack at another Zero I can, in time, push the old lawnmower and shake down the furnace back home."

And finally there was carrot-topped young Jim's story: "We were in Burma. There was a swell little girl there. Name of Leli. In a kind of a—well, strange way, she reminded me of my girl Anne back home. Same way of laughing with you when you feel like laughing; keeping quiet when you don't. Well, I mentioned Leli in a letter to Anne. And it's made a terrible row. Anne can't seem to get it through that bird-brain of hers that little Leli was just part of the—well, of the escape from war. Sort of like the candy bars and movies and cigarettes and stuff that keep us going between missions. And I don't mean that as any disparagement of Leli, either. Because," said Jim, his blue eyes suddenly grave, "we need the candy bars and movies and girls like Leli as much as we need the planes we fly or the bombs we drop. But we're not going to bring the bombs home with us and I don't think the Lelis would come even if they were asked."

There are millions of such boys. I pin my faith on them.

In the hospital, all these boys have the pictures of their wives, mothers, sweethearts, kids, on tables where they can see them. They show them to you, first thing. Not their bars, stripes, decorations. Nor picture of some mademoiselle from Armentières. Nor even pictures of their favorite pin-up girl. No, pictures of the home folks. They're interested in picture people, glad to see us. But I don't think they care much about our giving out with the glamour. (That's been my experience, at any rate—with Betty Grable, it could be different!) The way I figure it, Hollywood, to most of them, is awfully remote. And they've had their fill of remote places. And they've been near enough to the eternal stars to make glamour as such seem pretty ersatz. What it all adds up to is that, by comparison, nothing really matters to them except their homes and their families. Certainly, it's not until we start asking them questions about their families, become merely sympathetically listening ears for their tales of the homes they love, that their eyes brighten, their tight mouths relax—and they're off!

Nor is it only the wounded men—of whom skeptics may ask, "Where else can they go but home?"—whose sole aim it is to get home, as often as possible and, duty permitting, for as long as possible.

One husky young G.I. Joe of my acquaintance applied for a furlough in order to go home and attend the burial of his aged grandmother. He got it, too, the rascal. But he did not attend the burial of his aged grandmother, that sacred rite having been duly attended to when, three years before Pearl Harbor, the old lady had died.

"What made you think up such a story?" I asked him.

"Homesickness," he said.

Another stalwart wrote the girl with whom he had been "keeping company" for five (extremely exasperating to her, no doubt) years that, if he could get a leave, he would come home and marry her. "Nothing," he said, with what would have been unforgivable cruelty if it hadn't been so naively desperate, "nothing is too much to do for a glimpse of the old home town."

There was a P.S. It said, "Oh course I love you."

There was a P.P.S. It consisted (*Continued on page* 67)

WHAT should I do?



YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-one and very much in love with a sailor. I knew him about six months before he went overseas. We were going to be married before he left, but decided it would be wiser to wait until he returned.

He came back about two months ago and though he had written that he would call or wire the instant he hit the States, he went direct to his home town where he renewed acquaintance with a high-school friend and got her into trouble. So he married the girl.

He wrote me saying he was heartsick that all this happened and he asked me to come up to see him. I went because I am so crazy about him. While I was there he tried to get a divorce but this girl refused, at least until she has her baby.

The other day I got another letter from him saying that he was out of his mind with worry. He and this girl can't get along at all. He is going to ship out again soon, and he said he wanted me to write to him as often as possible, and when the war is over he will get a divorce and we will get married.

Now, Miss Colbert, I really love him, but I have a funny feeling that it isn't fair to his wife or to me for him to want me to write to him while he is married. Am I being old-fashioned or do you agree with me?

Gaza K.

Dear Miss K:

Your friend is really in difficulties—and all of his own creating. Although he now says he is "out of his mind with worry" and that he is sorry for what happened, the fact remains that he broke a stated promise to you when he failed either to call or wire you the instant he returned, and he broke an implied promise of fidelity to you when, even though he was engaged, he made love to another girl.

He would seem to me to be most undependable. Suppose that he were able to secure his divorce and marry you when the war is over—think into what an embroiled situation you would be entering as a bride. In time to come he may want to see this child, may want to have it with him. That would pose a problem for you.

It seems to me that you would be far better off to discontinue your correspondence with him. You are quite right: It isn't fair for you to write to him under the circumstance. Not fair to him, nor to his wife, nor certainly to you.

You are young. You will meet someone else, one who can bring you an uncompromised future.

Claudette Colbert.

(Continued on page 83)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

War times are turbulent times. A service man discovers his wife has been unfaithful...A girl sees her parents breaking up...A man promises one girl and marries another...

Everywhere the cry is, "What should I do?" To the best of my ability I have answered these earnest questions. If you have a problem and you think I could help, write me in care of Photoplay (8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California) and if it strikes me as being a general one, I'll reply in these pages. All names of persons and places will be changed.

Sincerely
Claudette Colbert





HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—*very* feminine, *very* lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" *Pond's* complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the *grandest* cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

Charming *HELEN RANDALL*—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.



AT THE BLOOD DONOR CENTER—Helen assists in making hemoglobin tests. Ever since the war began she has worked loyally as a Nurse's Aide. There are many Nurse's Aide duties needing volunteer workers. Ask your local chapter how *you* can best serve.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—*of Philadelphia's Main Line*
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—*of the Spreckels of California*
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—*internationally famous beauty*
MISS CONSTANCE McCORMICK—*of the Chicago McCormicks*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—*of the great Wilmington family*



BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big *luxury-size* jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get *your* big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



The Gay Caballero

A romantic idyll inspired by Walt Disney's "The Three Caballeros"



It's spring, the time when lass loves lad,
But Donald Duck is raging mad.
Of dates with Daisy there's a lack.
She claims at love he's just a quack!

Stung to the soul, down South he'll seek
A way to show off his technique—
He'll wing his way straight to Brazil
Where "purty gals" just fill the bill.

In Baia, land of ladies fair,
He samples torrid night club air.
His pal, Joe Carioca, promptly
Presents him to Miss Zaza Zombie.

Such plumage! Donald is entranced,
His heart is Zaza's at first glance.
She looks; he melts. Can it be true?
He hears her whisper, "I love you!"

Time passes, Donald is a goner.
He's ready to obey, love, honor,
Until he overhears his lover
Coyly whispering to another.

What's this she says? It's all too true!
She's just repeating, "I love you."
Alas! The truth is out at last;
It has to do with Zaza's past.

She's just a polly-parrot plain
Who knows naught but that sweet refrain.
This time, by every ruffled feather,
He swears he's through with gals forever.



But Carioca has the cure:
A bit of Mexico's allure.
Panchito, rooster in the know,
Thinks Donald's really very slow.

Because he swears he's off romance
And scarcely deigns to cast a glance
At this masked beauty who's quite taken
With Donald's new sophistication.

But Donald coldly turns a shoulder
Which only makes the lady bolder.
She ups and dares him to advance
And twirl his feathers in a dance.

This challenge Donald cannot stand;
He cuts a rug to beat the band!
As gay fandango sets the pace
The mask slips off the siren's face.

Guess who! By all the stars above,
It's Daisy in a test of love!
And since she's found that Donald's true
She's ready now to say "I do."

What better place for celebrations
Than in our Latin sister nations,
Where laughter, song and joy abound
And friends galore are always found.



VERSE BY
MARIAN QUINN

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET!

A LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE

MARIA MONTEZ.

Lovely star of
Universal's Technicolor Production
"SUDAN"



All the lights come on when the one man whispers, "You're so *sweet*." So protect the charm he loves! "If a girl isn't dainty no other charm counts," Maria Montez says. "A daily Lux Soap bath makes daintiness *sure*." You'll love the way the creamy ACTIVE lather caresses your skin—leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. Delicately perfumed, too!

FIGHT WASTE
Soap uses vital war materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!



"Internal protection? Meds 'safety-well' convinced me!"

A woman doctor perfected Meds "SAFETY-WELL"—to assure the *extra* security, the *extra* comfort, *every* woman wants! The COTTON in Meds is fine, soft, super-absorbent; the disposable APPLICATORS are dainty, easy to use—yet Meds internal protection costs you LESS!

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



• Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more* so much *faster!*

• Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

P
M
M









Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO Mr. and Mrs. and Miss AMERICA
Home Town 1,
U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
Your Government
Washington
D.C.

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Reader:

This is the way to write your man overseas. He'll get those letters he needs from you faster and SURER. Because 6 big mail bags reduced to V-mail can be carried in a 6-inch square packet.

THANK YOU!

Uncle Sam

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V···-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Skelton at the Skillet

WE WERE standing in line outside the mess hall one cold December morning, the moon still up, waiting for breakfast. Suddenly someone called, "There goes Red Skelton!" There went Red indeed, his GI overcoat (which he called his wigwam) flapping around his ankles. It was Red's morning to serve chow and when we finally got in to eat, the bacon tasted better for the Skelton grin behind it. This soldier nearly jumped up on her tray when he leaned over the counter with, "Hop on, honey, let's eat you for breakfast."

Red's affability and spontaneous clowning made life in the Army school more than bearable. He hut-toop-threeped to classes eight hours a day, six days a week, worried about his marks and fooled around in the bean wagon just like the rest of us. The day he raised his hand in formation—after the captain had bawled the company out for untidy quarters—and asked, "Please, sir, where can I find a dustpan? I got me a broom but the debris is collecting—" we were all convinced he was just one of the boys!

Pvt. J. D.
Lexington, Va.

$5.00 PRIZE
Voila, Crawford!

RECENTLY I received a copy of Photoplay from home and later showed it to several Belgian girls who work in an office adjacent to our billets. They were very interested in it and viewed each illustration carefully but their attention focused on one photograph—that of Joan Crawford. *Voila!*

I know very little French and they could speak only a few words of English but from their actions and the spurts of rapid French I could tell that she had their undivided approval. They admired her coiffure, her lovely face, her gown. I managed to catch words like "*très bon*," "beautiful," "*ravissante*," "good."

Such loyalty after four years of nothing but German- and French-made propaganda pictures is worth recording and is a fitting tribute to one of Hollywood's best actresses.

Sgt. W. J. Ferguson,
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 114*)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

He Married His First Love

(*Continued from page* 43) or tests or some of the other myriad things a young actor must attend to, even when he is briefly between pictures.

Chris was wearing the ring which had belonged to Tom's beloved mother, who died when he was sixteen. They waited . . . and waited. They kept their engagement a secret from even their best friends. Somehow, it seemed like something which belonged just to them until they could arrange a wedding.

FINALLY on Monday morning (it was February 18) Tom telephoned Chris. "I have almost a clear week!" he told her with vast excitement. "I mean, there are probably fifteen or twenty things for me to do but for once none of them seems really *vital.* Let's do it now. Let's start for Las Vegas today!" Chris agreed and Tom rushed off to buy a ring and make plane reservations and break the "non-vital" appointments.

He got the reservations all right. Then they were canceled. He managed to get some more . . . and those were canceled. It began to seem to the two of them that fate was being just plain malicious . . . that after waiting nine years they were still to be frustrated about that wedding. Then two very good friends came to their rescue. Peter and Maureen Cookson (Mr. C. is a well-known actor) volunteered to drive them to Las Vegas. They managed to start at ten on Monday evening.

"After we were really on our way," Tom says now, "everything seemed peaceful. It wasn't, really. Lots of things happened to delay us and to put more obstacles in our way. But it didn't seem to matter what happened. We seemed to slide—or float—through them all, the way you do sometimes in dreams."

It took them a good deal longer than they had expected to get to Las Vegas. They didn't arrive there until eight the next morning. But for the life of them, neither of them can recall, to this moment, what caused the delays. It might have been a flat tire or some detours . . . they don't know. A happy haze simply settled over them. They were on their way.

Once arrived, there were details like finding rooms in which to rest and tidy up. There was a wedding corsage to buy and a minister to locate. A license to secure. Chris and Tom still floated . . . it was probably just as well that the kindly Mr. and Mrs. Cookson had gone along, after all; the principals in this drama were so bemused.

They found a wedding chapel called The Wee Kirk o' the Heather and made an appointment to be married there that afternoon. Then they "had lunch somewhere . . ." and went back to the chapel. But there had been another hitch. The chapel was in use and no one knew when the happy pair could be married in it. The minister offered a compromise and invited them to be married in his living room.

Chris pinned her gardenias to her shoulder and Tom nervously located the ring . . . and then they found that two or three other couples had preceded them and that they would have to wait for those marriages to be performed. Meanwhile the minister's wife . . . they guessed that was who it was . . . could be heard bustling to and fro doing something about food for those other couples. Apparently some wedding feasts were to be served right at the parsonage and there were many comings and goings.

Tom and Chris developed fits of giggles. Then suddenly it was there . . . that



"The House will please come to order!"



That's the stuff, Son . . . this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap.

At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.

So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy . . .
That's Fels-Naptha!



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

moment they had been waiting for. The minister was opening his book and beginning to intone the beautiful, ancient, solemn words. Chris looked up at Tom and he slipped the slim gold band on her finger and presently everyone was kissing everyone and all the eyes were as dewy as eyes should be at a wedding and everyone was aware of the scent of the gardenias Tom had crushed when he kissed his bride . . . and it was over.

They were all suddenly very gay and it occurred to them that a wedding calls for a celebration. They had been so intent upon accomplishing the wedding, itself, that they hadn't thought of this before. But they found a spot which was bright and now they discovered that they were hungry and Chris had her very first drink of champagne because you *must* have champagne on a day like that.

Then the Cooksons thought it was time for them to set out for Hollywood . . . and Tom realized that they had no hotel accommodations in Las Vegas. The hotels were full but he found a room in a motel which he swears was called "Ye Wayside Court Ye," although that hardly seems possible, now, does it?

They danced at El Rancho that evening and the next day got reservations on a train for Los Angeles. All the obstacles seemed to be smoothing out neatly.

On their first evening in Hollywood, realizing that not a soul except the Cooksons knew of their marriage, they set out contentedly to see a movie. On the way they encountered Tom's old and very good friend, Henry Willson, and they suddenly simply *had* to tell him. He whisked them off to Mocambo where presently Jim and Verna Brown joined them and all the gaiety was heightened by the fact that they knew what no one else in the glittering room knew . . . about them. Some vestige of caution made Tom think he'd better tell his studio about the step he had taken before he started shouting the news to the world—which was what he suddenly, desperately wanted to do. So no one, except the little circle at their table, knew about it until the next day and so well had Tom and Chris kept the secret of their being in love that the news practically exploded in Hollywood.

Chris is a pretty blonde girl who grew up in Pennsylvania. She worked at a stage career (with a short time out for her first marriage) from the time she was thirteen, and had joined the Poughkeepsie summer stock company. Tom sees no reason why she shouldn't resume that career now.

They are living, for the time being, in the furnished home which Tom rented a year or two ago. Later on they want to own a smallish home with a great deal of ground around it for gardens and lawns and live things . . . "like chickens."

Tom had a great deal of sorrow in his early youth. In addition to that, he had to wait nine long years before he could marry the girl of his dreams. He says he has "come out into the sunshine . . . now."

THE END

"Like a star on your finger"
says glamorous MARIE McDONALD
...in "GUEST IN THE HOUSE", a Hunt Stromberg Production, Released thru United Artists.

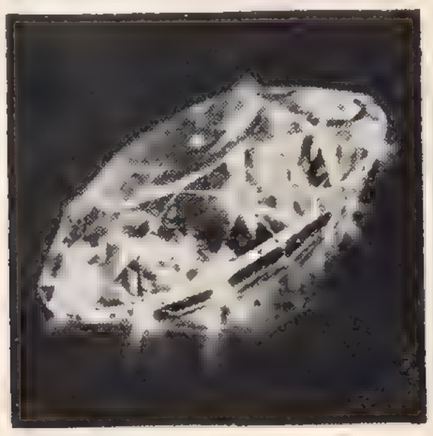


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when his name is
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You'll cheer loud and
long when you
read his story and
see his color portrait
in June Photoplay



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Will He Want To Come Home?

(*Continued from page* 59) of one word: "Madly."

When they get home—or so I've heard from many quarters where furloughs are handled—they pull every wire they can legitimately lay hands on, to stay home as long as possible. Among the most popular appeals for extensions of furlough are: A change in his business which makes the soldier's presence imperative; a new baby expected at any moment; the need to stay at home for a few days (or weeks) after the new baby arrives in order to take care of the older children; threatened operations on Junior, Grandpa, Aunt Min. These are in the majority. For if a reputable doctor will wire a serviceman's C.O.: "———'s son threatened with a mastoid. Advise father's presence;" or "———'s wife liable to have difficult labor. Strongly recommend soldier's presence"—the service man stands a dandy chance of having his furlough lengthened.

While on this subject of home, I have two friends, Mary and Ralph, a married couple who live in a modest little house in Connecticut. A few months before the war began, I spent a week end with them. Proud as any caliph, Ralph showed me around "the place." He said, "We love this little house. Sure, it would be easier for me to live in the city, near my office. Cheaper, too. But see, there's a brook in the back yard, room for a garden and some pets and the country air's good for the kids. So, what the heck, it's worth it."

AT that time, it might be argued, Ralph's case didn't prove anything since we were not at war and Ralph hadn't had his normal tempo of living fiercely upped and accelerated by combat duty.

However, a few months ago, I visited Ralph and Mary again. Ralph was home on furlough (most of which he spent painting the kitchen and bathroom, patching the shingled roof). A veteran of many campaigns, his uniform was decorated with many bars and stripes and further ornamented by the Distinguished Flying Cross. When I spied these rewards of valor and said, "I wish you'd tell me—" he brushed it off, saying, "They were all good shows and good fellows. Some of us rode with Lady Luck." Then proudly he again showed me around "the place." The patch of earth which had been "room for a garden and some pets" was a Victory garden now, guarded by two responsible looking cockers, Pilot and Co-Pilot, commonly known as Pi and Co. The banks of the brook were bright with purple and white iris. "'The flags of home,' Mary calls them," Ralph said.

"It takes every cent we can scrape together now," he went on. "My pay and what Mary earns taking care of some of the defense workers' kids to keep up the payments. But, what the heck, it's worth it!"

Which was, simply and sincerely, a reaffirmation of one of the deepest and oldest of human values—the love of home.

There are millions of Ralphs. I pin my faith on them. And on all their comrades—in the air, on land, on the sea and under it—in the armed forces.

And on their women. On their wives and mothers and sweethearts and sisters and daughters. You bet, on their women, for we are deserving of faith, too.

A few months ago Flight Lieutenant Stephen came home, blinded. He had been a long time in the hospital. When he came out, he was depressed to the point of suicide mania. A writer, he felt that he

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could never work again, he was a discard. A couple of months later, he was studying Braille and back at work, dictating like crazy, his own man again. His wife explained the amazing rehabilitation.

"The first night Steve was home," she told me, "we went for a walk after dinner as had been our habit. It was a temptation to take his arm, guide him. But instinct warned me to let him take mine so that he could feel he was still taking care of me. Believe it or not, Mary, that one seemingly trivial little gesture turned the trick." My friend added, thoughtfully, "We must not lead them. . . ."

We won't.

I have faith in woman's instinct. Faith in its integrity and in its tenderness. Faith that it will find a way to touch the broken bodies and spirits of men with healing fingers.

There seem to be two schools of thought about our fighting men. One, that the men who have invaded Normandy, bombed Tokyo and Berlin, grappled, face to face, with death and danger, known the excitements and adventures of leaves in foreign lands, will not want to settle down to humdrum, routine lives again, at home. The other that, as John Hersey put it in his beautiful, moving book, "A Bell For Adano," "The war aim of most men is to go home."

To my way of thinking, the chap who said to me, "I'm sorry to be out while the other fellows are still in there, doing the job. But gosh, when I think that, pretty soon now, I'll be with the Missus again," answered both "schools." They want to be in there while the fight is on. When the job is done, they'll want to return to the homes they love, have been fighting for and, by golly, *will come back to*—on the double-quick.

There are millions of such boys and such homes. I put my faith in them.

THE END

National Baby Week is April 28 to May 5 . . .

Then comes
Mother's Day . . .

And after that
Father's Day—
or had you forgotten?

We haven't . . .

And we've a happy surprise in store for you . . .

Hollywood Fathers and Their Children

ALL IN COLOR

They'll be in the
June Photoplay

Marie McDonald

currently starring in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest In The House" takes a Ming fling for Spring . . . chooses this Joseph Halpert original with its clean-jutting, side-buttoned mandarin tunic of crisp white cotton and slim tapering black cotton skirt. Daisy chain hat by Sally Victor



PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST RUN FASHIONS

Play on Colors

is the theme of the Florence Gainor sun-fun suit Marie McDonald picks. It's a study in stripes and solids . . . with abbreviated waist and sleeves. High style skirt boasts one important button (instead of a row!). Shorts dovetail into a close-fitting midriff. In Hope Skillman cotton





As worn by *VIRGINIA MAYO* appearing in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy, *"THE WONDER MAN,"* starring Danny Kaye.

SUNSHINE becomes you . . . it goes with your few precious hours off . . . it goes with open-to-the-elements sun togs like our *TRIK-COMBO*. Self-repleating shorts and a halter that clings to body contour like a second skin! Sizes 10-16. About $8.95 at leading stores everywhere.

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Come look, look lovely! See how perfectly these beautiful fashions are made for *you* . . . made to make your summer something special . . . made to make your budget balance, too! *First* (with whip in hand) a crisp-cool button-down-the-fronter with spun-sugar icing that highlights your arms and charms, lights up your face. *Second* (with navy in tow), a sugar dandy with clean-cropped lines, a mammoth fake monogram, to give you a forever-well-groomed look. Both in white, maize, blue, aqua, chartreuse or gray spun rayon. 12-20. Each about $9 at 18 top-notch stores.

For the store nearest you, turn to page 76.

BIG TOP FASHIONS TO PUT YOU IN BIG TIME

(left) Frill thrills (inspired by a bareback rider's skirt), a June Bentley original. It's frothed with white eyelet; stays wrinkle-free because it's tebelized for crease-resistance. In rayon and Aralac suiting in pretty pink, yellow, blue or green. 9-15. About $15 at Frederick Nelson, Seattle.

(center) Circus tent stripes to win you hurrahs! They shine in a blaze of glory on this Joanne, Jr. dress of glazed Charbelle balloon cotton. Yellow and gray, blue and brown, red and white or green and white. 9-15. About $15 at Halle Bros., Cleveland.

(right) Clown-dot coin dots put you in the spotlight. Sleek slacks slim you. Slacks are of cavalry twill rayon in white, maize, aqua, dark green, dark blue, brown, navy. 10-18. About $6. Jaunty rayon jersey blouse in white dotted with navy, red or lime; cherry with black. About $6. Both by Koret of California. *For store nearest you where you can buy these Photoplay* First Run *Fashions, see page 76.*



THREE FOR SHOW... AND LITTLE MONEY



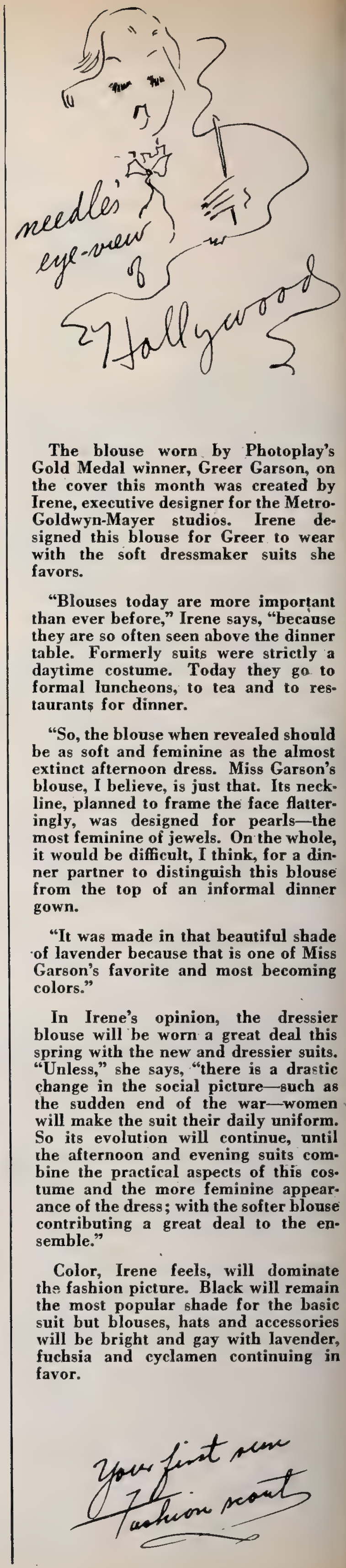
black beauty—

CAREFREE CLOTHES BY COBERT

It's winning strategy to play in this Cobert sunsuit, check-trimmed for added charm. Bright red buttons add a saucy note to the adjustable bra top and fancy pocket flaps. In fine cotton gabardine with cross-dye checked rayon sharkskin. Sizes 12-18. Under $6 at all leading stores.

DESIGNED BY Cobert

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The blouse worn by Photoplay's Gold Medal winner, Greer Garson, on the cover this month was created by Irene, executive designer for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Irene designed this blouse for Greer to wear with the soft dressmaker suits she favors.

"Blouses today are more important than ever before," Irene says, "because they are so often seen above the dinner table. Formerly suits were strictly a daytime costume. Today they go to formal luncheons, to tea and to restaurants for dinner.

"So, the blouse when revealed should be as soft and feminine as the almost extinct afternoon dress. Miss Garson's blouse, I believe, is just that. Its neckline, planned to frame the face flatteringly, was designed for pearls—the most feminine of jewels. On the whole, it would be difficult, I think, for a dinner partner to distinguish this blouse from the top of an informal dinner gown.

"It was made in that beautiful shade of lavender because that is one of Miss Garson's favorite and most becoming colors."

In Irene's opinion, the dressier blouse will be worn a great deal this spring with the new and dressier suits. "Unless," she says, "there is a drastic change in the social picture—such as the sudden end of the war—women will make the suit their daily uniform. So its evolution will continue, until the afternoon and evening suits combine the practical aspects of this costume and the more feminine appearance of the dress; with the softer blouse contributing a great deal to the ensemble."

Color, Irene feels, will dominate the fashion picture. Black will remain the most popular shade for the basic suit but blouses, hats and accessories will be bright and gay with lavender, fuchsia and cyclamen continuing in favor.

Your first view
Fashion scout

an original

Marie Phillips



HALF 'N HALF

Two-tone, two piece and charming.

The jacket in LOLLIPOP CHECKS, *a*

lovely new rayon and

cotton fabric. The skirt in cool

spun rayon. Maize and black

print with black skirt. White

and brown print with

brown skirt. Sizes 9 to 15

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Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale Bros.
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Worcester, Mass—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.

June Bentley "Frill Thrill" Dress

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Manufacturer: Rhea Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Glazed Balloon Cloth Striped Dress

Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Manufacturer: Joanne, Jr., 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Koret of California Slacks and Blouse

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim Collins
San Francisco, Cal.—Emporium
Manufacturer: Koret of California, 611 Mission St., San Francisco, California.

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Vacation Days

Whether you plan to spend your holidays in the mountains; at the seashore, on a city roof-top or in your back yard, there are swim suits, sun suits, crisp cottons and sun-back ginghams to add to your fun. You'll find them—unbelievably modest in price and unbelievably attractive too—in the June Photoplay.

And you'll also find Joan Fontaine — lovely and chic — decorating June's pages. Don't miss her white evening gown, by Bruno, that is reminiscent of Greece. Or her gay cotton sun-back—of black and yellow plaid—designed by Tina Leser who won the American Fashion Critics Award for 1944.



Wonderful, frosty rayon crepe print in cool Summer pastels. Sizes 10 to 18. About $9 at stores.

FREE: "News of New York"—breezy, newsy fashion publication. Write Dept. P.
TOMMIE AUSTIN CASUALS,
1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



Wartime Wife

(*Continued from page* 45) his wife, then it was only because she is and always has been expert at concealing her most personal responses to life's demands.

Ginger has a firm shell around her inner being. She had to acquire it because things worked out that way. She was pushed around considerably in the early days of her career. She has had to fight for all things she has won in the theater and the films.

She has had two unhappy marriages preceding the present one and happiness has been fleeting in this, so she falls back, as usual, on the old "heads up" attitude toward heartache and lets nobody know directly whether she has been hard hit or not. Yet certain facts speak for themselves.

For instance, she went to the Benny party alone, except for the woman friend, and she left it alone. She had a fleeting fling at good fellowship and then retired into her domain of solitude again.

And there is a record that she plays, over and over again, at nighttime when she returns from the studio. It's a recording of a broadcast that she took directly off the air as the program came through from the South Pacific area. The show starred Jack Benny and the master of ceremonies was Sgt. Jack Briggs.

IT is the Ginger Rogers policy of concealment of inner self which has perhaps caused her to be designated as one of Hollywood's "difficult" stars. She does not conform to the gold-fish-bowl standards of living so prevalent in the film city. She has remained pretty much aloof and has never bent over backwards to please either her admirers or detractors. Thus she has remained true to herself.

For those who charge her with uncooperativeness Ginger has this answer: "The work that one does in the studio is the first and most important thing. It requires time and thought, and energy and concentration. A break in the continuity of my work always sets me back. I know some actresses who have the gift of plunging into a scene, completing it, and then turning to something else to occupy their attention. I just happen to be the type that has to give fully to what I am doing, and when I am acting a part it entirely absorbs me and I generally can't think of anything else.

"I've had lots of ups and downs in my life, plenty of rebuffs, but then so does everyone else, and if you can survive them, you will eventually be compensated. It's all part of moving onward. There is no such thing as standing still. And I believe that if you have enough drive the plan of evolution, whatever it may be, will work out for you personally and that this idea can also be applied in a much larger way.

"For instance, however much the war might touch me personally, I don't think I could regard it with anything remotely approaching hysteria. Because, again, it all conforms with the ebb and flow of life as we know it in this world. There are bound to be crises like this arising every so often, as anyone knows who has read history at all. What happens to people because of such events is very important but it can be matched by human experience all along the line.

"People say the men who are going to war will return completely disillusioned. I don't agree with that in most cases, although there is bound to be some disillusionment connected with any sudden and drastic change in one's life. A boy or girl who gets to a big city from a small town and returns, invariably finds the town

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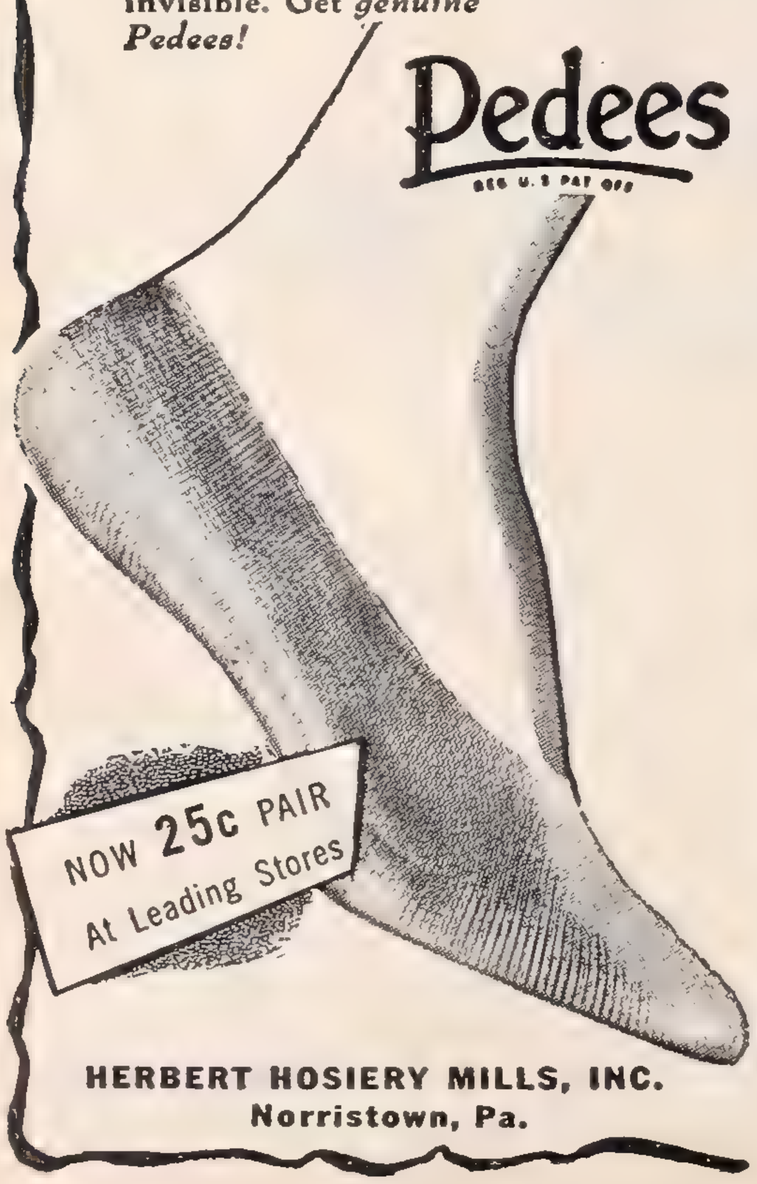
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has shrunk decidedly and that the peopl do not seem the same as they did before.

"So too, the men in the service, especially perhaps the fliers, have expanded their horizon far beyond any they have previously known, and necessarily will need to adjust themselves greatly if they want to take up the life they had formerly known. Many will not be able to make such adjustments and unquestionably there will be dreadful unrest. But, at the same time, who are we to say that this will not spell greater progress for everybody in the long run? Those who remained at home will also have to measure up to the new standards of life and living and fit into the broader ranges that the men in the service have viewed and known.

"All men who have gone to foreign countries, gone through battle, and endured the deprivations that are associated with the ghastliness of war, must necessarily have acquired new strength of character because of all this. And they shouldn't be subjected to influences that tend to confine and limit them in their civic evolution, let's say, after the war is over. They probably have the greatest contribution to make to the life of the future because of what they have been through. We should all be raised to greater heights of living and thinking because of what they endured—their baptism by fire."

FEW people are well acquainted with the thoughtful side of Ginger Gogers. She has a philosophy that is remarkably solid for a young woman, a knack for fitting everything into its pattern sooner or later. And that pattern is very sound because it has been built out of hard knocks and experience.

Ginger knows that work is the thing that carries most weight, day after day, in life. That you can depend on it and that one must be active in some way, even when the studios do not have any roles waiting for you. That's one reason she purchased her ranch up in Oregon which can take a large complement of her time. She also has a reliable outlet for expression of the artistic in her sculpture. One of her best pieces is a head of her mother Lela, who is an associate producer at RKO studios, where Ginger was under contract for over twelve years.

The close association and devotion of Ginger and Lela is one of the great sagas of Hollywood. And the story of Ginger's steady rise to stardom, beginning when she was a little girl with dancing feet that dangled from the top of her mother's desk in a Texas newspaper office, gleams with the fine inspirational theme of maternal love coupled with cautious, astute guidance.

Ever since Ginger's marriage, Lela has lived in a separate apartment and Ginger has remained in the modernistic home that they built a few years ago atop one of Beverly's highest hills which commands a sweeping view of sea, city and valley.

It is there that Ginger spends most of her time, even when she isn't working. She rarely, if ever, entertains on a big scale. When she does have friends in for dinner or supper, all formality is dispensed with and simplicity is the rule. The friends are usually of long standing, people she has known since she first came to Hollywood. Her secretary, Penny, may be the guest of the evening, or again she is apt to have a house guest, who may be a comparative stranger to her, yet with whom she shares some deep bond. Witness the long stay Mrs. Alvin Flanagan had with Ginger when she couldn't find a hotel or house to live in. Mrs. Flanagan is the wife of a Marine who is serving with Ginger's husband in the South Pacific and Jack wrote Ginger about her plight. So Ginger

looked her up, found her and brought her out to her house to live until she could find quarters.

Bridge and a lot of small talk are two of the things that Ginger abhors and ducks away from assiduously. Also big parties.

"I love to meet and talk to people who are interesting and stimulating," she said to me, "whether they have cultivated minds or whether they are simple and untutored, just so long as they have something to say that is worth listening to, or are interesting because of what they do. But I simply cannot stand the bores, no matter what their social or professional rating may be! As for bridge, I have never had time to play it and on those few occasions when I've been very social and tried playing 'at it,' I have secretly vowed never to waste that much time again. Invariably at such times I wish I were home reading some of the books I've been trying to lay my hands on, or playing some good music."

A library of the classics and good books and a very fine collection of records, from symphonies and operas to jazz, take up a goodly space in Ginger's home. Recently, too, she made an album of professional records of "Alice In Wonderland," which has met with considerable popular approval.

She has always loved *Alice,* ever since she was a child, and in some respects there is a quality of both *Alice* and Wonderland about Ginger, despite her business acumen and her logical and meditative mind.

Only if she were to peer through the looking glass, she would not find her world topsy-turvy. She would see things in precise, systematic order, and maybe if she looked extra hard she might be able to glimpse the far road ahead . . . the road where she hopes to meet and join her husband when the war is ended . . . the road where they will stop and talk over plans for forming their own producing company, dedicated to the purpose of making only beautiful pictures and with Lela as a partner, of course!

Ginger has dreams but they're always practically fashioned.

THE END



Should a Wife Try to "Run" Her Husband?

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A Letter to My Mother

(*Continued from page* 32) of Hollywood Bowl and listen to Beethoven and watch the falling stars? And ride along the Sunset Strip with the top down and stop at Nu-Burgers for a midnight snack? And on a "clear day you can really see Catalina Island"?

At the moment it all seems so far away, but it really isn't. Mother's Day, 1945, is not complete nor nearly so full as it will be in 1946. For next year I really believe we will all be on our way home—and, in the meantime, always remember—I miss you, I think of you,

I love you,
Lon.

P.S.—Among other things, this is a day of triumph for you. I can remember the first proverb you taught me so long ago: A good name is rather is be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold. Congratulations on your twenty-second anniversary, Mother! We will be together for your twenty-third Mother's Day. L.

THE END

(*Lon McCallister is now touring America with the original Broadway-Hollywood cast of "Winged Victory"—the AAF's contribution to Army Charities.*)

The Saga of Frederick and Lilly

(*Continued from page* 47) picture. This doesn't mean he wants anything arty. He simply regards that clause as a safeguard against any company's putting him in too many run-of-the-mill products, which Paramount certainly did. He knows that when companies hire a star, not under contract, at the high figure such hiring demands, they do it only with a fine script in hand. He feels that his newest film at Twentieth, "Captain Eddie," based on the life of Eddie Rickenbacker and his fabulous exploits in the last war and this, will combine comedy, adventure and drama, a blend he's never had before.

He has absolutely no fear of the future—Lilly and he having had that planned out all along and having saved accordingly.

"I don't know why, neither of us being from the country, we always wanted a farm and children," Lilly explains, "but we talked of getting both from the time we knew we were in love." They have the farm now, and they call it just that, despite the California tendency to call everything more than half an acre a ranch. There are many acres, situated on the Russian River in the fertile Sonoma Valley near the town of Healdsburg, and already it's completely self-supporting. Besides that, they own a charming estate in Brentwood.

The Brentwood house is the one that Lilly and Fred had planned down to the last antique doorknob before they were married. It is flawlessly early-American, with open fireplaces in all its small pine-paneled rooms, and furnished with a collection of early American pieces that any collector would cherish. Fred bought them all, prowling around antique shops, though each item was the result of Lilly's perfect taste and accurate knowledge of the period.

Fred did the buying because Lilly became very ill immediately after their marriage. Meanwhile the house was building, and every night she and Fred would work over sketches of how they wanted the living room, the den, his bedroom, and hers to look, and just where each chair, lamp and rug was to go. In between his studio chores, Fred would shop and bring his purchases back to show Lilly.

When Lilly was well enough to venture out for the first time, naturally the only place she wanted to go was to their dream home. Fred drove her there and carried her over the threshold. There were the rugs, the carpets, the lamps all lighted and the fires in the hearths. It was home and it was beautiful.

Lilly was so happy that very soon she consented to follow her doctor's orders and allowed Fred to carry her on upstairs and put her to bed. He had to get back to the studio, so fancy her consternation when after his departure she heard workmen rushing around downstairs.

She soon learned why. The doors weren't really up. The floors weren't finished. The windows weren't all set. But Fred had had the whole thing put together, from the doors temporarily on their hinges to the window frames in place, just to give her that first fine look at it.

The house isn't big enough now that their children are there, so they plan someday to add on rooms to accommodate them. They have two children now and they want six. "Why not?" says Fred. "The more the better!"

These first two children are adopted. Susie came first, because first Fred and Lilly wanted a little girl. She is very blonde and blue-eyed and tall for her age and they think she has pronounced musical ability. Not yet five, she has an enormous collection of records, largely classical, which she plays constantly. She memorizes the words of any song she hears and when she doesn't entirely remember a musical phrase, she will stop the record at that point and go back again and again to that one spot until she does.

ROBERT SCOTT MacMURRAY is fourteen months old, and is just as blond and blue-eyed as Susie, but does, by happy accident, look like Fred. There is no reason for his given names except that Lilly liked the name of Robert and Fred liked the name of Scott, so they combined them. "I wouldn't wish any kids into being Junior," Fred murmurs. They've had Robert ever since he was four days old, but they have never talked of him until recently. "Wanted to be sure we had the pink slip on him," is the way Fred puts it. As soon as another girl baby comes along they'll take her. They still very much hope to have children of their own, but regardless, they'll have six, and if they adopt them all, there will be three girls and three boys. "I'm sure I couldn't love my own any more than I do the two we've got," Fred declares.

"I'm glad they are going to be tall," Lilly says, "for we're tall people. I only hope they won't eat as much as Frederick does."

She insists it wasn't love at first sight with her, but when she describes her reactions she makes it sound, at least, like a very good substitute. She says that when she was introduced to him he was one of the worst-looking creatures she had ever seen. "He had on a dripping hat and a dripping overcoat, because he had just come in out of the rain," she explains, "and he'd been working so hard his face was haggard and his eyes were tired. Just the same, I knew I liked him better than anyone I'd ever met."

They began dating immediately, but what threw her was not only his appetite but his genius for cooking. Lilly knew very little about cooking then, but while Fred knew nothing through cook-book learning, instinctively he was a master chef.

"Every time we'd have a date," Lilly says. "I'd dig out the most beautiful recipe and prepare it with such care, and then Frederick would arrive, taste the dish and say, 'It needs just a dash'—and he'd put in the dash of whatever it was, and he'd always be right. But my heavens, there was no filling him up. He's kept



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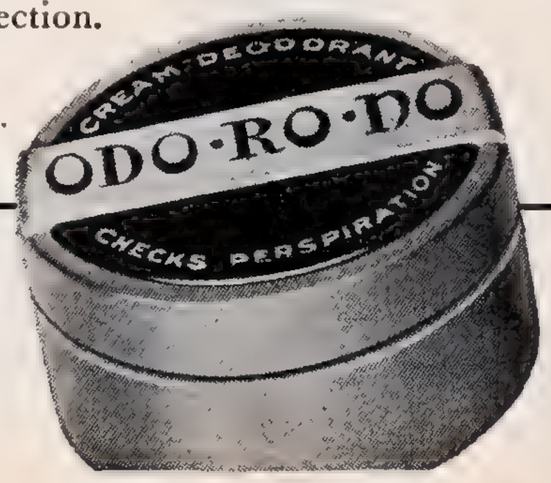
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it up until just recently. Now he's tapering off a bit, but at least I've learned to cook almost as well as he."

All their closest friends love food. Their immediate pals are Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling, Mal and Ray Milland and, before their split-up, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, whom they now see individually.

Besides quiet evenings spent with this set playing parlor games, Fred likes to go off on hunting trips with some men friends from the neighborhood. At least he did before the war, when he had the gas for it. Now he hasn't. Lilly never goes with Fred on these trips—not only because she's no outdoor girl, but also because she recognizes the call of that peculiar male world wherein men like to get bearded and go dirty and live on steaks cooked in the open and sleep on air mattresses thrown on the ground.

"He goes on those trips and comes back looking like a tramp," Lilly says, "but you never saw anyone happier."

FRED may not be demonstrative, but he is one of those husbands who is a wizard around the house. No electricians and no plumbers appear at the MacMurrays for Fred is right there to fix up anything that needs repairs. He has his own workshop, out in back of the house, and there he can even turn table legs or create new bookshelves, if such is needed. However, last Christmas he decided, with a bit of urging on his wife's part, to be even more domestically helpful. The MacMurray Christmas list runs to the colossal amount of three hundred individual presents and Fred told Lilly he would help her with the buying and wrapping.

"Oh, fine," said Lilly. "Why don't you take the men and I'll take the women."

They started off together to shop, Lilly heading off toward one department and Fred the other. Lilly got ten gifts, felt tired and went to the spot in the store where they had agreed to meet. No Fred. Figuring he was really digging into the list, Lilly got slightly ashamed and returned to the ladies' department, got five added gifts and went back to the front of the store once more. Still no Fred. She sat and waited and finally she saw him struggling toward her. In his hands she saw exactly two packages.

"What happened?"

"Autographs," he said hollowly. "Let's get out of here."

Safe in the car he said, "Well, I did get these two gifts, anyhow."

Back home, Lilly opened them up. With stunning originality, Fred had bought one man a tie, the other some handkerchiefs.

She wasn't discouraged about the gift wrapping, however. Together they sat in the middle of their living-room floor, the packages about them. They were doing up gifts for the numerous children Susie and Robert play with. Very carefully Fred wrapped up two of them. Then he raised his head. "Lilly," he said, "I'm afraid I've mixed up these cards. Do you know which kids these packages are for?"

"It doesn't matter, dear. They are both dresses. One's for Barbara Binyon (the writer, Claude Binyon's little girl) and the other's for Julie Payne."

Fred threw her a worried look. "Maybe you'd better be sure."

To please him, Lilly undid the package in which he'd put the card for Barbara. Only it didn't hold a dress. What Fred had put in there was Danny Milland's pants.

Well, maybe he doesn't tell Lilly he loves her, but you gather the idea, don't you, that he's a typical American husband, which means, as every woman knows, the best brand of husband there is.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page 60*)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of sixteen and I have a sister, twenty. Her husband is in the Army in France. They have been married three years and have a lovely baby.

Some time ago my sister met a civilian, who is also married and has a fourteen-year-old son. She has seen this man on the average of four nights a week and she also sees him every day at work.

My mother told him not to come to our house again so my sister now meets him secretly. She told me flippantly one day that, if her husband doesn't come back, she is going to marry this man.

My mother and I are doing everything possible to break this up as we love my brother-in-law as much as we do my sister. He is really a wonderful man.

Can you give us some tips on how we can go on breaking up this episode? We've done everything we can think of and now we need some smart help.

Evelinn L.

Dear Miss L:

I am sorry to say this, but it's true: I am completely losing patience with wives who cannot remain true to husbands who happen to be away at camp, or on the battle fronts. I, too, am the wife of a man in uniform. I get lonely. I get heartsick. But I have women friends who are in the same predicament, so we console one another. I am invited to parties where there are other husbands and wives and, frankly, I sometimes look at the women whose husbands are with them in the sharpest envy.

But, if a woman really loves her husband, no other man quite measures up to him. Absent, he still seems to be the most wonderful person in the world.

True, some of the men forget their obligations, but the majority are just as heart-hungry and lonely as their wives. Even though many of these men are not in actual danger, they are sick of war and yearning for home.

I'm afraid, Evelinn, that there is no "smart" way in which to bring your sister to her senses. Nor do I think nagging will accomplish anything. You might have one final family council. Your sister's obligation to her husband should be mentioned once again, as well as the fact that she is breaking up another woman's home. Your mother should express her disappointment in her daughter. Then you might as well ignore anything your sister does in the future. It is unfortunately true that, if a girl wants to destroy her reputation and her hope for a decent future, no one can stop her.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one years old and, in spite of the question I am going to ask you, I am not a jerk. I am just methodical. When I was a kid, I had my dad teach me to drive a car; I had my older brother teach me to swim. I am the kind of a person who likes to get the right steer, then do a thing—maybe not in expert manner—but as a reasonably good amateur.

I am very much in love with a girl. She is sweet, a church-going girl which is rare these days, and in general is going to make a fine wife for some lucky guy. I would like to be that guy. I am deferred, as I help my father run a farm. I am sure that I am doing a lot more good in my present spot than I would be toting a gun.

I want to propose and I want to do it so well that I run no risk of getting "no" for an answer. Because you are a girl,

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and see how beautiful <u>you</u> can be

and such a nice one, too, would you mind telling me what kind of an approach a girl really likes? How can I prepare the ground so that I'll get the harvest I want?

Martin B.

Dear Mr. B:

I thought your letter quite charming, and I'm sure you will have no difficulty in getting the "yes" answer. The first thing to remember, when seriously courting a girl, is that there is nothing that begets love quite so much as love. Tell a girl you love her, say it with quiet sincerity, and the average girl melts.

Always tell a girl what you like about her, but don't make it fancy. Keep to simple, genuine statements. Don't flatter—that is, don't tell a girl an obvious untruth. But do take infinite pains to notice every good quality she has—her laugh, the way she walks, her voice, the way she combs her hair, her courtesy to older people, her love for her family. And how about a campaign of modest, uncompromising presents—a book, candy or a nice compact? A girl enjoys not only the gift but the thoughtfulness it implies, plus the assurance that if she married you, you wouldn't be averse to spending a little money on her.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I met a boy who was nineteen when I was sixteen. I went with him for three weeks before he entered the service. Then we became engaged.

For quite a while he was stationed nearby and we had many dates. One night he got a pass and came home, but I had gone to the movies with my mother, so he took my girl friend out. When I heard of this I was angry, so I went out with his boy friend. That made my boy friend mad.

Last fall I went down to take care of my grandfather and met a boy who was in the Navy. I was intimate with him and the doctor told me last month that I am going to have this sailor's child.

The sailor is now overseas. I wrote telling him, but he has never answered. I was advised to write to his Commanding Officer and get a statement from this sailor admitting the paternity of my child.

I'm writing to my first boy friend again. He says he loves me and I know I love him. I want to marry him when he comes home but I'm afraid when he finds I have a

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child, he won't want to marry me.
My doctor tells me I should give my child up for adoption. If I do that, I will be able to marry my boy friend without him knowing, but I'm afraid I'll be sorry all the days of my life.

Betty W.

Dear Miss W:

Your headlong romance is going to alter your entire future, so you must prepare yourself spiritually for that fact. If it is at all possible, you should keep your baby. If, for financial reasons, this is not feasible, you should give it up without even seeing it. All your life you will wonder where your youngster is.

Furthermore I think you should write to your boy friend and tell him the truth. Don't simply tell him you are to have mother's child. The bald fact alone would be revelation in a needlessly cruel manner. Start at the beginning. Remind him of the quarrel. Tell him something of your responsibility of taking care of your grandfather. Describe the way you lived, tell him how you met this boy and what led to your tragic surrender. Tell him that you love him and that you think you have grown up enough to be a more worth-while person in the future.

But be prepared to take it like a woman if he writes you a scathing letter, or if you never hear from him again.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

The turning point of my life is about to occur. My parents are separating, and my mother is moving into an apartment. There are five of us children; my two older brothers are in the service, so my mother will have three of us with her.

Until now I have been attending a fine private school for girls that I really love, but Mother says that—under the new set-up—she won't be able to continue my education. I am seventeen and should graduate in a year. I have been planning to finish school, then to attend some nice art school, after that a school of designing.

In short, I have to go to work. It all seems so unjust and awful that I simply can't face it. Can you suggest anything?

Jasona B.

Dear Miss B:

I agree that you are facing a very real tragedy, but it lies not so much in the necessity for you to give up school, but in the fact of your broken home.

You have been, apparently, so taken up with your own disappointment that you haven't stopped to think what this must mean to your mother. If your life seems to have grown confused, what of hers? From your letter I am led to believe that you may have added to your mother's already heavy burden by wailing to high heaven.

At seventeen you must grow up. You must begin to think of the welfare and happiness of others—which is the first sign of emotional maturity. Why don't you put your arm around your mother's shoulders some night soon and say something like, "I'm afraid that I've been selfish and not very understanding, but that's all over. Don't you worry about me. I'm going to be all right and help you to be all right, too."

Since you want to study art and design, find a job in an advertising agency, or on a magazine staff. You will be surprised to discover how priceless this actual experience will prove to be. Then, enroll in some good night school.

I truly believe that determination and enterprise will win for an ambitious girl everything her heart desires if she has a modicum of ability and a fighting heart.

Claudette Colbert



I discovered a New "Spring Tonic"



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I was tired of my own dull, drab-looking, "winter" hair. And pretty discouraged, too. Until that wonderful day when I heard about Nestle Colorinse from my beauty shop girl.



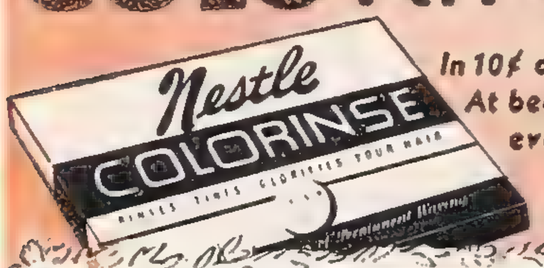
"Colorinse, gives your hair the richer, warmer color it needs," she said. "Why don't you try it?" I couldn't resist her suggestion and how thrilled I was! For Colorinse gave my hair richer color—a soft satiny sheen and beautiful sparkling highlights. And I made another discovery, too—



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Nestle HAIRLAC

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here I am in the South Pacific, sick with worry, but unable to talk it over with my buddies for fear of ridicule. So I decided to unburden myself to you.

I have been married three years to a beautiful girl whom I adore. We have a lovely little girl two years old. We were happily married, I thought. I wasn't making much money and every once in awhile I felt so downhearted I would go down to a little bar and get plastered, then go home and beat up my wife.

I wouldn't know anything about it until the next morning and then I could shoot myself with disgust. I joined the Army, figuring they would make a man of me and I think I have made progress.

While I was taking my basic training, I wrote regularly. Still, I noticed that my wife's letters cooled off after I had been away awhile. So when I got a furlough, I went home in a hurry. She was sweet, but kind of strange. She was sort of complimentary about my progress, but in a sad sort of way.

When I went back to camp I wrote every day but got no reply. Finally I saved a little extra money and called long distance and she was fine, but said she hadn't been feeling very well.

Then I was shipped out without getting to see her. Finally I received a letter saying she was going to have a baby. I'm not one to be skeptical, but the amount of time since I have seen her just isn't right. Shall I forgive my wife and skip it, or divorce her? Should I demand custody of my little girl and this other baby?

Corp. Amos S.

Dear Mr. S:

One of the most interesting sentences in your letter was this: "Shall I forgive my wife and skip it, or divorce her?"

You freely admit that you spent badly needed earnings at bars because you were discouraged. What about your wife at home with a small baby? Don't you imagine she was discouraged, too? You admit that you beat her. Did you imagine that she enjoyed such treatment?

Your wife may have made little outward fuss over your behavior, but it is likely that a tide of resentment arose in her soul and penetrated every cell of her being. She may well be the quiet type whose anger at last breaks open flood gates and devastates her entire life.

It would seem that the only way for you to reach some sort of an understanding would be for you to write and ask her to unburden herself to you. Ask whether there is another man and if there is, ask her to tell you as much as possible about the manner of her meeting him, and what happened thereafter.

It may be that your wife is still in love with you, but that—in a curious way that some women have—she has been seeking a way in which to get even with you. If you still love her as much as you say you do, and if you can look upon this child as your own—never distinguishing between it and the other child—it may be that the two of you can work out postwar plans that will be satisfactory.

Try to establish understanding between you. But don't speak of forgiveness until you, yourself, have been forgiven.

Claudette Colbert

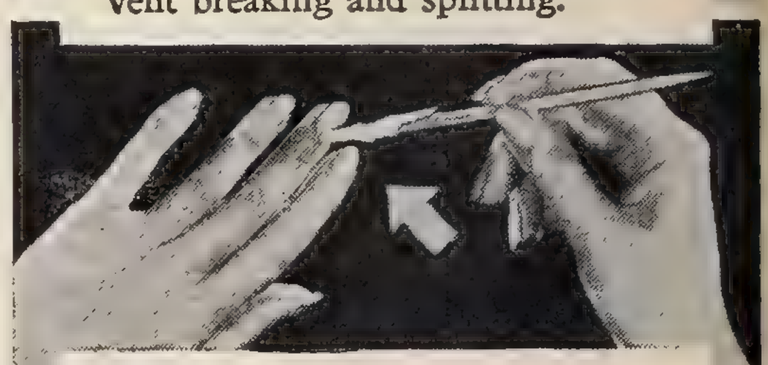
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the wife of a service man who is now in action and I have a problem that is causing me much unhappiness. I have been going to movies once a week; and after the movie I've been stopping in at a night club for a sandwich and a beer.

My family say that I am very wrong in this. They accuse me of being unfair to my husband by talking to other men. I believe there is no harm in talking. I work all week, and one night out is all



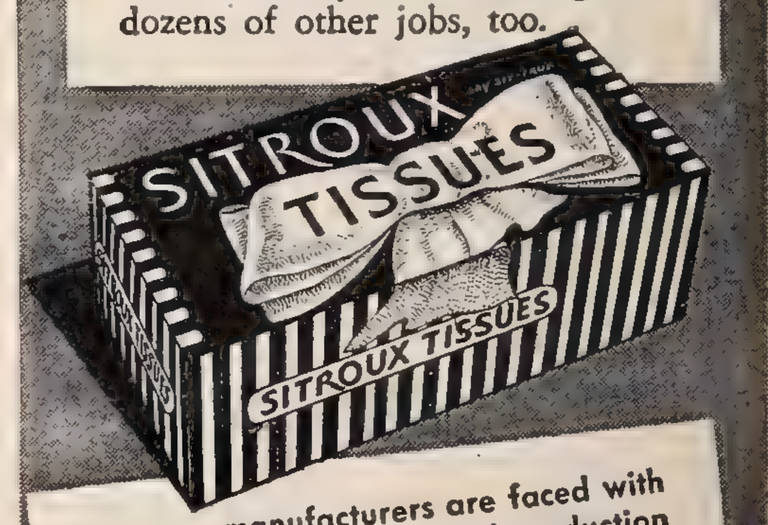
After removing polish . . . *round* nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter, Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—never *waste* precious Sitroux Tissues!*)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

I want. I know a lot of service wives who do the same. We are young and we don't want to get overgrown with moss.

I love music, soft lights, people laughing and having a good time, and where else can you find all those things put together except in a bar? I would appreciate it if you would express yourself so that I can show it to my critics.

Mrs. Luther C.

Dear Mrs. C:

I'm afraid that showing my answer to your friends won't establish the principle you have in mind. Even if you weren't married to a man overseas, it seems to me that you would be doing yourself a vast disservice to go unescorted into night clubs. Your lone presence in such a place of amusement is a tacit invitation for every wolf there to try to pick you up.

Suppose your husband should arrive unexpectedly some night—how would you like to have him stroll into that bar and find you talking to some strange man whose name you don't even know?

If there are other service wives who, as you say, are hungering for a certain amount of social life during the absence of their men overseas, why don't you women form a club?

I think the only safe rule of conduct for a service wife is this: Do nothing that you wouldn't want to tell fully and freely to your husband either in a letter or face-to-face when he returns.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you think it is a disgrace for me to write to a Japanese-American soldier?

I am a paper carrier and have been since all our carriers were called into service. Four of us girls handle the distribution now. This boy, Tom, worked at the grocery store, which was on my route.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Read This Carefully

You are warm, your clothes are good.
Do you know why?
You live in America!

Picture the people of the war-devastated countries. Most of them have had no clothing, old or new, for from four to eight years! They are going barefoot and without enough clothing to cover their thin bodies.

Will you go to your closet today?

Take every garment you do not truly need and give it to the United National Clothing Collection for War Relief. Your local newspaper will give you further details.

They will be sent to Greece, Yugoslavia, France, Russia, China. . . .

The clothes you have discarded will be a godsend to a needy ally!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

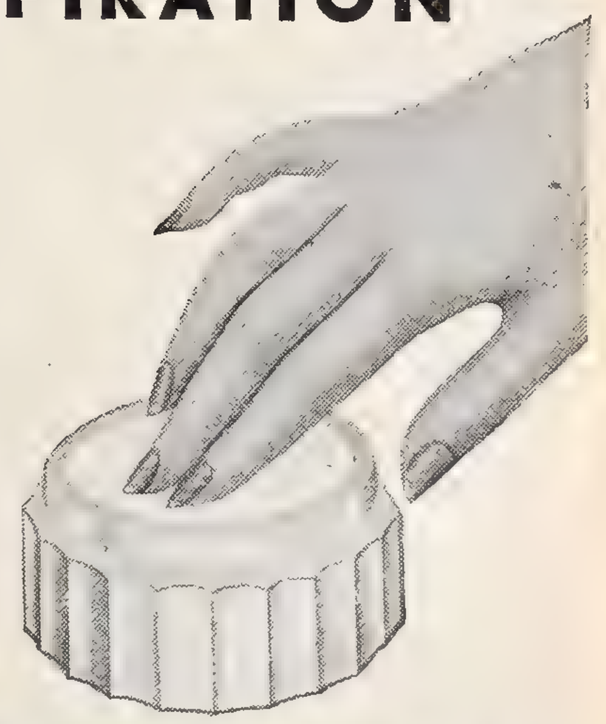


NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ *Plus Tax*

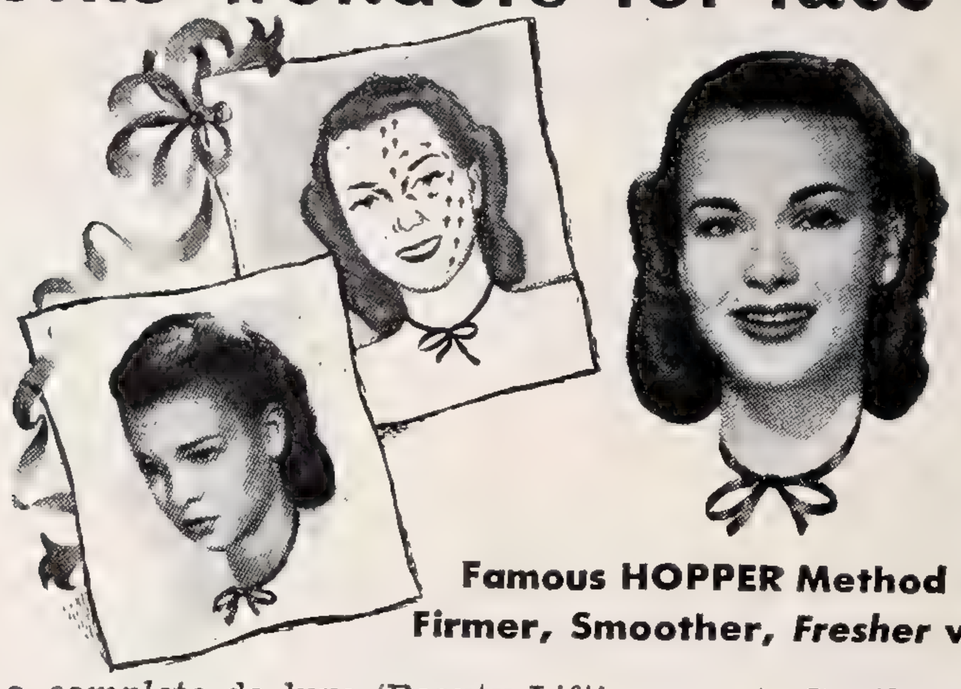
(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

This complete 8-minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck



Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, *Fresher* with Each Treatment!

Here's a *complete* de luxe 'Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream – one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history!

This *homogenized* facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness–after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the *natural* beauty of the skin.

The HOPPER Method—Why It's So *Active*

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an *extra* amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so *evenly*–so *expertly*–leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured – is because it's *homogenized!* Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years.

Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** **HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**



During the hot afternoons I would stop there for a soda or ice cream and we got to be good friends. My bike was always springing a leak, so when that happened Tom would fix it. We got to know each other and were friends for three years.

This summer he was taken into the Army and we have been writing to each other. Right now he is in France, back in action although he was wounded a few months ago and got the Purple Heart.

He says my letters keep him from getting lonesome. Should I keep on writing him, or should I stop because some of the people here think it isn't nice for me to keep up my correspondence with him?

Granella A.

Dear Miss A:

No matter what narrow-minded people say, keep on writing to your friend.

It is quite true that our enemy in the Pacific is the Japanese nation, but it is equally true that our enemy on the western front is the German Reich. If you had met a boy whose parents had been German, who had been born and educated here and had entered the American Army, it wouldn't occur to you to discontinue your correspondence, would it?

Any man, regardless of the birthplace of his parents, who wears the Purple Heart is a fine person to have for a friend. Keep up that friendship.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-nine, brunette, weigh 175. Yes, I'm plump. I have four children—the older boy is in service, the others in a private school, much like an orphanage.

A year ago my hubby said he no longer loved me and put his divorce through. He pays me $50.00 per month and $25.00 for each child. I live in a two-room apartment and work in a dining room. I have become acquainted with a man sixty-two who wants to marry me. He is respectable and considerate, only I can't bear to have him touch me.

I keep thinking of my hubby. He is married now and always wants the children with him for holidays. He sees me about once a month, takes me to dinner and pays me compliments. He says he just married this other lady for business reasons.

I get spells when I cry for hours. Would you advise me to marry my gentleman friend to get companionship? I keep thinking my hubby will come back to me.

Mrs. Elden M.

Dear Mrs. M:

In the first place, I think you should stop crying. I don't mean to be callous but tears accomplish utterly nothing.

In the second place, never marry a man you find physically unattractive. No matter how respectable and considerate a man may be, he will be a cheated husband if you can't bear his caresses.

Why don't you have your children with you? Surely they would be better off in a real home. Why don't you make a determined effort to devote yourself to their welfare? Even if you worked part time, you would be able to give them some taste of the home life to which they are entitled.

It would seem to me that you would be much happier if you would dismiss all thought of your former husband from your mind. Be sure that he didn't marry his present wife for "business purposes." He is saying that only to spare your feelings. However, you are young enough to find another husband and to create a new happiness for yourself if you will shake off the past and walk confidently into the future.

Claudette Colbert

Jack  was handsome . .  Cindy was lonesome . . .

so I  told her my complexion secret



Now she has that Ivory Look . .

why not take this tip for a lovelier complexion?

Start today to get that Ivory Look--a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion. It's easy--with Ivory Soap. Just follow baby's beauty routine. Give up careless cleansings and change to regular, gentle Ivory care.



That's all! You can't buy a purer soap than mild Ivory. It's the sure way to a prettier complexion. Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. And more doctors advise it than all other brands put together!

More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together ...99 44/100% Pure...It Floats

Urgent request from Uncle Sam: Help conserve vital war materials used in making soap. Don't waste Ivory—make every cake do extra work.

THINK OF *Tomorrow's Loveliness*



Today, EVERY day, give your skin special care...the caress of these unique creams—to coax it away from "wayward" periods ...to keep it on the bright beam of beauty...

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA *Creams*

SKIN CREAM ... CLEANSING CREAM

THE MORE glorious your skin and your complexion, the more attention they deserve! Even the loveliest skin at times becomes "wayward"... straying...not all you want it, or all it should be. So think of tomorrow's beauty *today* and trust it to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams—Cleansing Cream for dewy, morning-bright freshness; Skin Cream for night-long beautifying and as a base for smoother make-up. Both provide Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, a friendly, familiar ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream contains softening, smoothing oils, and cholesterol to protect skin moisture. Together, they make skin care a *caress!*



Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream—*Use it at night for prolonged beautifying action; by day as a satin-smooth make-up foundation. Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings—helps skin stay supple, soft. 60¢, plus tax.*

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream—*Luxuriously rich, and tissues off so easily—removing accumulations from openings of outer pores as well as surface dirt and make-up. Your skin feels sparkling-fresh and clean! 60¢, plus tax.*



Velvet Girl

(*Continued from page* 37) worry about her. "I'll never get that way, Mr. Brown. Never! I promise!"

A promise to her is a cross-your-heart affair. As Freddie Wilcox found out recently when they were up at Lake Chelan, Washington, on location for "Hold High The Torch," which was paradise to Elizabeth because it meant working for two months with *Lassie* and a whole menagerie of mountain lions, bobcats, beavers, squirrels and deer.

She loves stories and one day the director was telling her about something highly dramatic, when he was interrupted. He promised to call at her cabin that night and finish it—and didn't. She treated him coolly for three days then, because she couldn't stand it any longer, burst out, "Freddie, why didn't you come the other night? You promised!"

SHE is very serious-minded and super-sensitive, and takes most everything literally as said. Honest-injun clear through.

Recently when a photographer was shooting pictures of her around the house and wanted a shot of her drying dishes, she protested, "Oh please don't take that one. They'll think I *like* drying dishes and kids everywhere will wonder what's wrong with me."

He went ahead and shot it but just when the camera flashed Elizabeth made such a terrible face—to keep it honest—that the still will probably never be used.

Yes—despite her great spiritual qualities—she's still all girl.

Ask her what she doesn't like and you'll get a quickie—"Rice!" Or school work, with the exception of art classes, which she loves.

She has no knowledge of time for in her own Never Never Land there's no such thing as a clock. It's a major operation to get her off to school. An hour is fifteen minutes or a hundred and fifteen. And she doesn't know or care which.

She likes tailored clothes, especially suits and a pearl-gray-colored anything. She goes into a trance over classical music, particularly Chopin. She likes to draw and paint, but fairly lives for Saturdays and Sundays when she and her fifteen-year-old brother Howard go riding at Dupee's stables. Aside from that, all of her time is spent training her own pets. If she weren't an actress, she'd like to be one of three things—a nurse, a jockey, or an animal trainer.

The yen to be the latter came at the age of four when she had her picture made with a chimpanzee at the London zoo. A chore which the chimp usually did with bored mien. One quickie and he wanted the kids out of his way. But when Elizabeth came up for hers, the big chimpanzee turned around and just looked at her thoughtfully, then put both arms around her and hugged her. The Taylors were terrified. Guards came running up and one of them had to hit the chimp with the butt of his gun to make him let her go. Elizabeth thought it was wonderful because the chimpanzee loved her so much. She decided to be an animal trainer.

Headquarters for her Never Never Land is her bedroom with its green chintz drapes, dressing table and bedspread with the long petticoat that's so handy for keeping things out of sight.

Near her bed is Nibbles's little green house, made out of a bed table with a screen over the front of it, inside which he has a little log with real knotholes, where the chipmunk has made a nest by pulling cotton fuzz off the doll blanket Elizabeth gave him and packing the fuzz into the log.

There are twenty-one statues of horses scattered around on the dressing table, bureau and end tables, and pictures of Elizabeth and King Charles on the walls. On the big easel near the window is an almost finished picture of the magnificent horse. "King's easy to draw—he's so pretty," she'll tell you proudly.

A bridle dangles over the lamp bracket on one wall. There's a new tan saddle riding the waste basket over in the corner. Another saddle—"a second-hand one I practice with" is draped over a doll's cradle, with a limp French doll stretched languidly out in the saddle, one limber leg entwined in the stirrup, a surprised look on its chic face.

SOMETIMES in the night her room full of thoroughbreds come to life in her dream world and take to the air, with Elizabeth and King leading them over the jumps of the Grand National in "National Velvet" again.

"She really could have ridden the whole race in the picture, you know," Director Clarence Brown tells you proudly.

She did ride a goodly part of it and took many of the jumps, protesting broken-heartedly the occasional times that real jockeys or stunt men were used.

The double was all set to do the scene where *Velvet* runs into the road in the path of the horse to stop him from running away. "Mr. Brown, don't you think it's dangerous for him to do it?" cried Elizabeth. "He doesn't know Bill. But he knows and loves me and he won't trample me."

The director and Mrs. Taylor finally consented. "Don't worry—he'll stop," Elizabeth said.

King came out in high, the trainer cracked his whip, and the horse reared and tore off down the road, racing towards Elizabeth standing there so calmly at the other end. "There, there. Whoa, King," she said soothingly. He whoaed. To those watching, it seemed to be a personal deal of faith between the horse and the little girl.

Knowing her faith in getting anything "that's right" for her, someone recently asked her if there was anything she'd ever wanted that hadn't come true.

"There is now," she said, her voice trembling a little. "I want King."

It seems there was some talk that the studio might give the horse to her, but her parents and others were afraid the spirited thoroughbred might be too dangerous.

"Oh NO! He wouldn't hurt *me!*" she said, her eyes filling with tears.

Then proving her point, she thought, Elizabeth reminded her mother of the time when she had had her head against King loving him and he'd taken the front of her blouse in his mouth and ripped it. "If he'd wanted to he could have taken my tummy then," she reasoned.

When they try to settle for a different horse, she won't have it.

"If you loved a person and nobody wanted you to and said somebody else was even prettier, you couldn't change," she says. "I don't want King just because he's beautiful. I wouldn't care if he were an old nag. It's just because it's King," she adds.

"If it isn't right for you to have him, you wouldn't want him, would you?" consoles her mother.

"I wouldn't say I didn't—want him," she sobs, "but—"

So as far as Elizabeth is concerned it's all in His lap. There's another postscript on those prayers now. And you may be sure that every night down beside her green chintz bed, Elizabeth and God are going into a huddle again.

THE END



Brunettes take notice: Famous painter shows how to beautify your skin with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

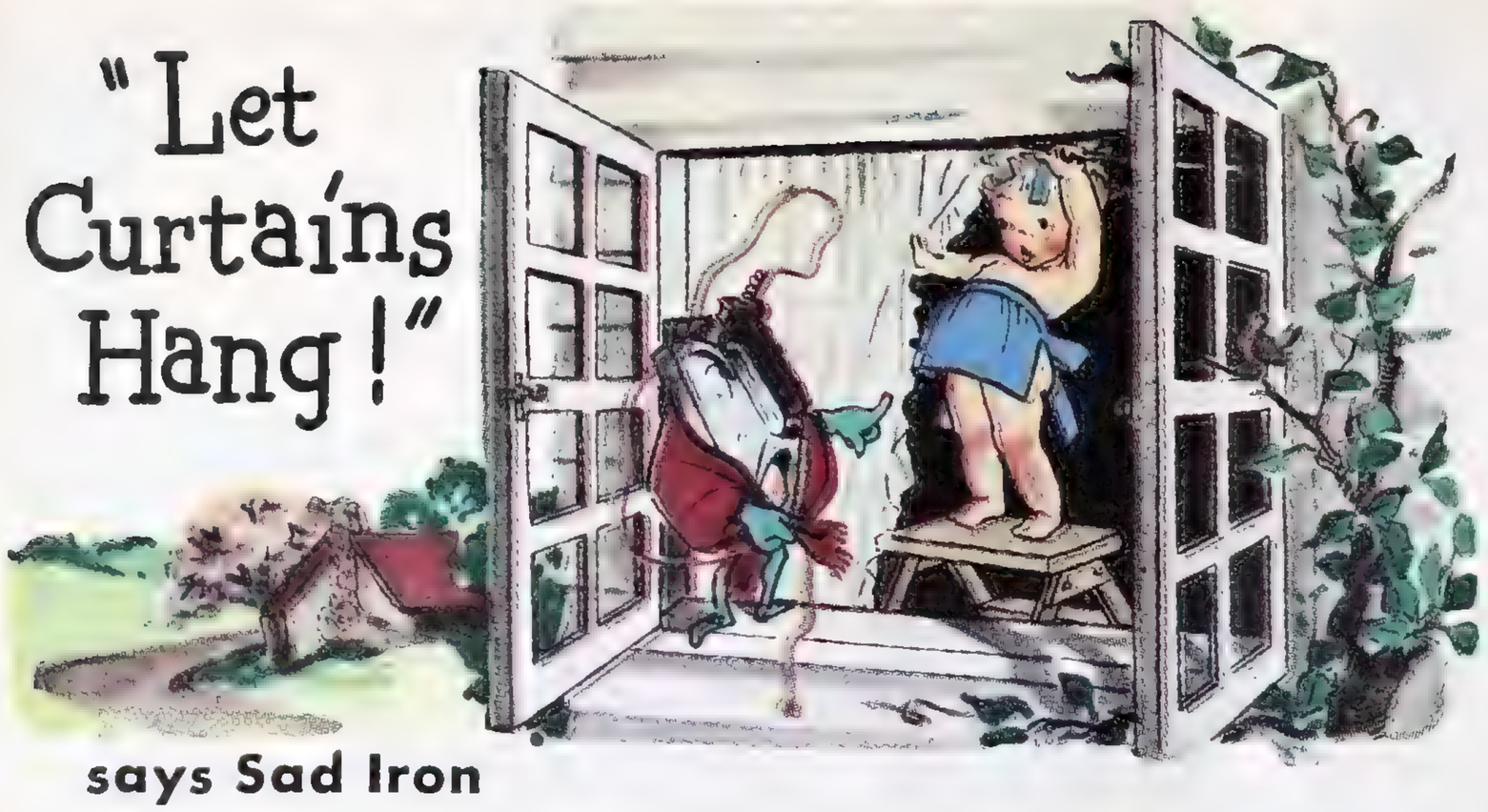
FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

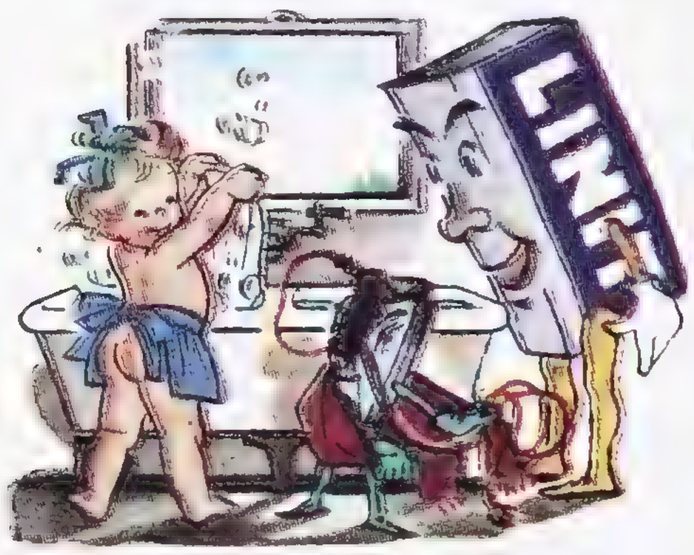
YOU with the dark hair, give your skin a pink-pearl accent with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rose Brunette. *This* is what you've been waiting for . . . dreaming about . . . this rosy radiance in a face powder that goes on like sifted star-dust to help veil tiny blemishes. And it clings for hours and hours. Cashmere Bouquet's "Flower-fresh" shades are keyed to all skin types from an angel-faced blonde to a sultry red-head.

"Let Curtains Hang!"



says Sad Iron

"...it's my iron decision that curtains are silly!
Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."
But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—
The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.

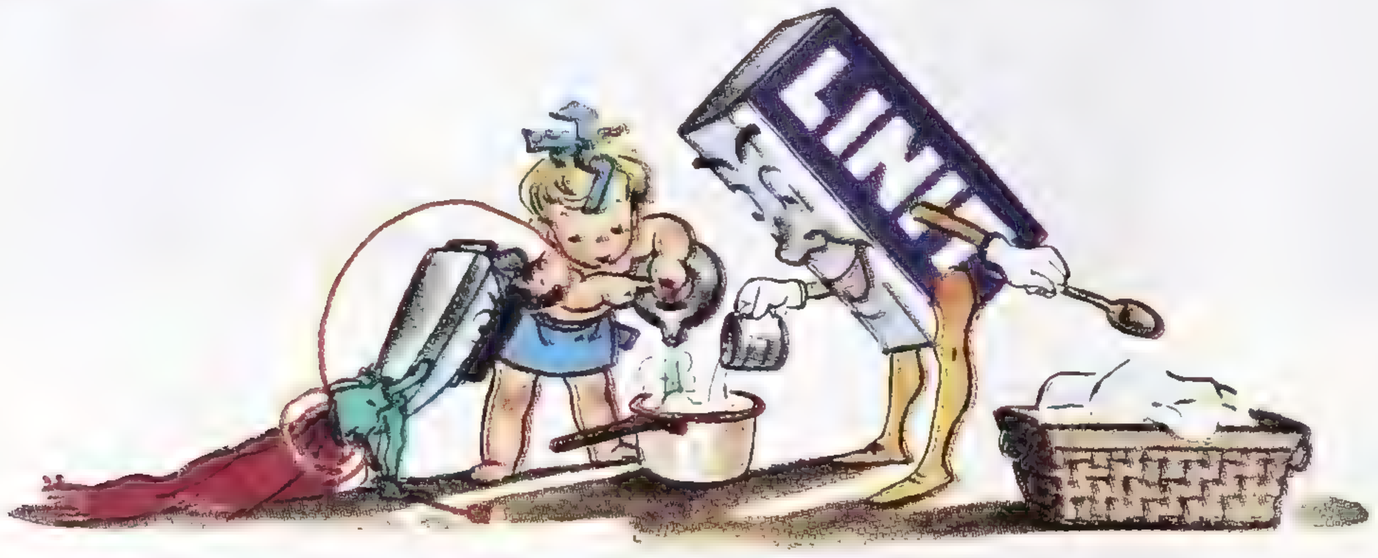


And now

"Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
a curtain's complexion!

Here's how—

"We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.



Quick mix—

"He blends half cupfuls
of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!"

Clicks!

Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!





If *you* have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.

© Corn Products Sales Company

Junior Pin-up

(*Continued from page* 55) good pediatrician and the diet he ordered. They loved her so they wanted the best for her. How could they guess she soon would be taking handsome care of herself?

First Paul Hesse, attracted by the glamour Angela Maxine brought to pigtails, photographed her for magazine covers. Then she played in a government short with James Cagney and did a bit in "Babes On Broadway" with Mickey Rooney. When Metro was searching for a little girl to play in "Journey For Margaret" an office worker remembered the piquancy of a youngster she had seen in "Babes On Broadway." Whereupon the executives re-ran the film and promptly signed Angela Maxine for the plum role.

It was then that Angela Maxine became officially Margaret O'Brien—and a new star—and the pin-up girl of thousands of homesick GIs who write her, "You remind me of my own little girl"—and the inspiration for a certain pursuit plane named "Lost Angel"—and the darling of millions, including those two perfectionists, Charles Laughton and Lionel Barrymore.

"She's the only actress besides my sister Ethel who has brought tears to my eyes in thirty years," Lionel Barrymore tells you. Last Christmas he gave Margaret a little pin of amethysts and seed pearls which once belonged to his grandmother.

"These are crown jewels, in a way," Margaret explains, "because they came from the theater's 'Royal Family.' And they're all the royalty we have in America."

She talks in a gentle voice with a fairly high register. And when she's very interested in what you are saying she will take your hand in a gesture so trusting you remember it for a long, long time.

LATE this winter, when Margaret and her mother and aunt were in New York, we all had breakfast at the Waldorf. Their drawing-room was filled with spring flowers. And there was a bird singing. Margaret had brought it from California and had worried over the size of the tiny cage in which she had carried him until Elsa Maxwell had given her a larger cage whose erstwhile occupant, a parrot that insisted upon cursing in Japanese, had departed.

In one of the bedrooms was Guadaloupe, Margaret's Mexican nurse. She had been a chambermaid in the hotel in Mexico City during the O'Briens' visit there and had looked after Margaret whenever Gladys and Marissa stepped out. Margaret had been entranced by her because, among other things, she bore the same name as the shrine where they made their devotions.

Margaret, wearing a housecoat and pink bunny bedroom slippers, eyed the plate of glazed Danish pastry and waited for her mother to finish what she was saying.

Suddenly, taking advantage of her mother's pause for breath, she announced, "I have a beautiful new nightgown underneath. Could I show it, Mommie, please?"

Her gown was pink satin, shirred fully at the yoke and edged with fine lace. "It's just like a movie star's, isn't it?" she asked, wrinkling her nose with delight. "Just like something Miss Garson would wear."

Margaret had spied the gown, a maternity gown of the new short length, when they had been shopping. The length had convinced her that it was meant for a little girl. And she had pleaded for it.

Breakfast over, Margaret placed an open box of bird seed on the table. "I'll show you," she offered, "how Francesca, my bird, will sit on my finger and nibble at the seeds. Guadaloupe taught me how to take her up gently. At first I did it when it was dark so she wouldn't see my hand coming toward her and be frightened.

"Guadaloupe's teaching me Spanish too. And I'm teaching her English. Auntie taught me to print my name—Margaret—so I can sign pictures and drawings and not be too far behind when I start school."

As she whispered to Francesca before opening the cage, her aunt was telling of a party she had been on the night before and the attractive man who had been her escort.

Margaret suddenly paused. "I do hope you won't marry him, even though he is so nice," she said with gentle firmness. "I want you to marry—*you know who!*"

Marissa laughed. "Margaret wants Fred Wilcox for an uncle-in-law so we'll have Lassie in the family. Mr. Wilcox directs the Lassie pictures, you know."

Francesca stepped daintily onto Margaret's finger, then took to the air.

"Margaret," Mrs. O'Brien said, "while Francesca's flying would you recite 'The Nativity?'"

She was like any mother asking her child to recite. And Margaret, facing us to begin, was like any obedient child. There, however, all similarity ended. As she told the story of the Baby in the manger she wove a spell. We could see the shepherds watching the flocks and the shine of the gifts the wise men carried so carefully. We could hear the wings of the Heavenly Host . . . only they suddenly turned out to be the wings of Francesca trapped in a basket of spring flowers. Margaret rushed over to free her.

"There, Francesca," she whispered. Once again she was a little eight-year-old all concerned about her pet. Her magic gift fell from her like an invisible cloak.

Marissa said, "Francesca goes into her cage much better than you go into your bed, Margaret."

"When we tell Margaret it's bedtime," Gladys smiled, "she suddenly remembers she has to dress her twin dolls, put water in Francesca's dish, finish a drawing."

Margaret grinned. "I dawdle."

AT this point some men arrived to discuss a broadcast for Margaret. Bored with the business conversation she retired to a big secretary and began to draw a nun. Nuns and glamour girls—especially with red hair like Miss Garson—are her specialties. Her drawings are unlike those of most children her age. They show a subtlety of facial expression with a curious consciousness of "good" and "bad."

"I'd draw a glamour girl for you," Margaret offered, "but I don't have the right color crayons." She held up three, enumerating the colors—"black, yellow, brown."

As we were leaving, Gladys O'Brien said, "We know so little of what lies ahead for us. A few months ago Guadaloupe would have thought anyone who told her she was going to leave her sunny native city was crazy. Now she has seen California, travelled across the entire United States, and she stands watching a New York snowstorm. If only we could always remember how quickly life changes we would never feel, as I did when Margaret was born, that life is over. How little I knew of the wonderful things that were ahead."

Again Margaret's soft little hand slipped into ours as she said good-by and presented us with her picture of a nun. "I'll do a glamour girl next time when I have the right crayons," she promised.

Outside the snow was falling thick and fast. Through the white veil loomed the gold and scarlet sign of a five-and-ten-cent store. Here was a clear indication of what should be done. Maybe it seems ridiculous to send a ten-cent box of crayons to a famous movie star. But it isn't, somehow, when she's Angela Maxine O'Brien, so much better known as Margaret.

THE END

Pond's "Sheer-Gauge" powder brings more glamorous color to your skin



Mrs George Jay Gould, Jr.

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Dick Arlen, Sky Rider

(*Continued from page* 53) of the U. S Army Air Corps. One of the closest call Dick has ever had was with Jimmie— when they had to make a forced landing in, of all places, a haystack! Thank to the hay, both of them came out of th incident without a scratch. Wayne Morris who now wears the Distinguished Flying Cross, Andy Devine, Priscilla Lane an Bob Taylor, now a Navy lieutenant, al received their first instruction from Dick

When the government ordered all privately owned flying schools abandoned Dick volunteered as a lecturer and consultant. He sat in a Dallas hotel room fo two months and crammed the whole course into that time. What's more, he passed.

DICK is a one-woman man and seldom plays the field. He usually has one gir at a time and she remains his sole interes until the friendship is over. For the pas year Maggie Kinsella, a society girl from Long Island, has occupied this place in Dick's life and for the first time since he and his wife Jobyna Ralston decided to separate seven years ago, Dick seems definitely interested.

He and Joby have never been divorced They talked over their marriage, knew i couldn't work out, shook hands in good fellowship and parted.

After they parted, Dick took a large ranch in the Valley, the house tastefully decorated, the ranch abundantly stocked He sold it when the war caused a shortage of help, and moved into an apartment, bu that was not to his liking, so he has bought an acre and a half plus a small house out San Fernando way that may be the beginning of a new life for him.

There's an aura of loneliness about him that can't be explained. It reaches out and strikes a responsive chord and yet— it never completes a current. He seems eternally to move alone, to walk alone, to think alone. You never see him or hear him at parties or among crowds of people

"Now I'll see you soon, won't I?" he says. And the heart agrees, but somehow it's a long time before you meet again

Part of the answer may lie in Ricky, or Dick Jr., the son whom he adores and who perforce cannot be part of his daily life since he is Joby's son, too. Ricky is eleven and attends Harvard Military Academy in Hollywood. Occasionally you'll see the two shopping together, usually for a present for the boy's mother. They take trips together, father and son in perfect understanding. He has reasoned Ricky out of many excursions into deviltry.

Once Ricky set fire to a bedspread. Instead of trouncing him, Dick set out to show Ricky he'd been pretty silly, a bit on the stupid side. "Now think it over," Dick said, "and tell me what you think."

For twenty minutes there was quiet in the room. Finally Ricky broke down. "It *was* silly," he admitted. He never played with fire again.

The real love of Dick's life next to his son is his sailboat. Every spare hour he has away from pictures is spent on his boat, painting it, keeping it in shape.

He likes golf and the open air. The air within sound stage walls gives him a feeling of being cramped in. Dick believes this is really why he prefers outdoor pictures.

From Paramount he joined the Pine-Thomas unit and with Chester Morris made a dozen or more fast snappy action pictures. Now he's at Republic, signed to do three pictures a year and, smart business man that he is, Dick makes sure in advance that his pictures are sound and entertaining. On personal appearance tours, or on government flying business he makes it a point to visit the exchange men in

various cities who show his pictures, to get to know them, to have a feeling of making their commodity known to them as a living product. The dividend it pays is terrific.

Oddly enough, his smoothly running career is high-lighted by movies off the beaten path. After "Wings" his next exciting detour was in the sophisticated farce "Three-Cornered Moon" with Claudette Colbert. It was good and so was Dick. And then England sent for him in 1936 and Dick spent eleven months making pictures for Gaumont British and gathering the lovely old rosewood pieces that graced his Encino home and will now go into his new Valley home.

He likes and understands newspapermen because he was once a reporter himself. "If you think you have to print that story," he'll say, "go ahead. You know your job." As a result they seldom print rumors about Arlen. They wait for facts.

For years Leander, his colored valet, has looked after him—a polite and genuinely kind servant who does a little of everything about the place, getting Dick up at 6:30 when he's movie-making, cooking breakfast, looking after his clothes, remaining in the apartment when Dick is off to his boat or on a flying mission.

And Dick is ever thoughtful of Leander, recommending a potato carried in the pocket for his arthritis or an onion for some other ailment. At present Leander is a walking vegetable salad.

HIS eighty-six-year-old mother, Mary Mattemore, who drives her own electric car and raises all sorts of old Ned around St. Paul, is his pride and joy. His stories of her are priceless—of the time she complained bitterly of not being able to see without her glasses, misplaced or lost. Accidentally Dick dropped a twenty-dollar bill on the floor across the room from his mother and before he could reach it, Mary called out, "Don't touch that twenty. I dropped it there this morning."

And there was the town furrier who confided he'd had to give Mrs. Mattemore a new coat. "She brought in the sealskin coat she'd had for fifty years," the furrier told Dick, "and complained it hadn't held up at all."

There's a depth of understanding about Dick that's touching. When it came time for him and his sister and brother to decide whether Mary was either to live with one of them or take a little place in the country, it was Dick who came forth with the suggestion that brought a glow to his mother's young heart: "How would you like to live right down town in the swankiest hotel in St. Paul?" he asked.

If he'd suggested heaven, she couldn't have been happier. And there she lives!

He's a mite proud of his youthful appearance and he has every right to be.

One evening he was sitting in a night spot with his twenty-one-year-old daughter by a former marriage who had come on from the East to visit her dad.

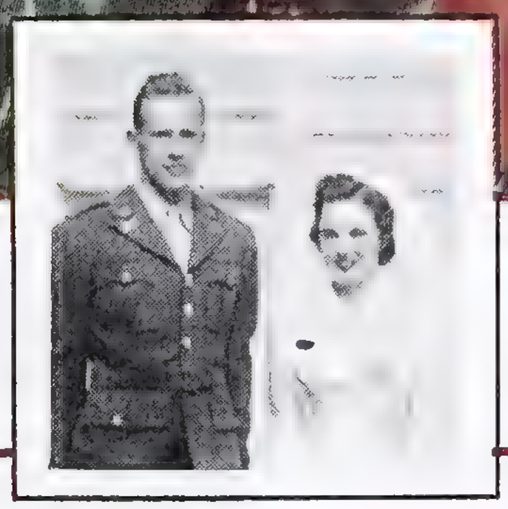
John Wayne passed and stopped, "Why you playful old man you," he kidded Dick, "out with such a young girl." And Dick still can't make Wayne believe it was his daughter.

He gives to others and yet somehow one feels he experiences very little real emotional happiness for himself. Perhaps, if and when he and Joby decide to make their long separation a legal one and he marries again, Dick may then experience a happiness sufficient to round out and complete his life. For certainly it is deserved by a guy who says so simply and earnestly and means it,

"So many nice things happen in Hollywood."

THE END





Says Louise, "Joe tells me I have a sweet-enough-to-kiss complexion with Solitair. No wonder I love it!"

Louise Morton—typical American girl is a receptionist at N. B. C. in Chicago. She's 24—married to Captain Joseph Morton, now in Italy.

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Try and find
a lovelier polish
at any price

Love Song for Judy

(*Continued from page* 41) in pictures. That's all my life. I don't believe I could ever be really happy and fulfilled without it now. But I do want babies awfully."

She took time out then to tell me about her young niece, her sister's little girl, who is five. It must be great fun to have Judy Garland for an aunt. Like every other aunt, Judy told a dozen stories about little Judy, her namesake and godchild, and they were just like all the other cute stories about five-year-old children but you could tell that Judy thought they were something very special indeed—and I liked that.

"So—it has to be somebody that understands about me and my work and thinks it's important and—we have to work together," Judy said. "Vincente is wonderful. He's the most interesting man I've ever known. He knows everything in the world, honestly, it just amazes me—he's read everything and heard every piece of music and been everywhere but you'd never think it just to meet him, he's so quiet and rather shy and always making you laugh. But he puts work first. I don't know yet—maybe it will be right for us. We both know that a marriage can either be the most wonderful thing on earth or it can gum up your whole life and spoil everything, including your work. We—we're thinking it over."

I REMEMBER I went away that day wondering how long two people in love can think about anything and then I realized that perhaps Judy didn't know how much in love she was. Perhaps because it was all so eminently *right*, because everybody at the studio from Papa Mayer down was tickled about it and feeling it was so fine for Judy—perhaps she just couldn't quite believe it. I thought it was a little tough on Mr. Minnelli to have everybody approve of him to such a terrific extent, because girls are very funny about that and sometimes they don't think it is altogether romantic to have fallen in love with a man that the family cheers for. I went away with a feeling that maybe nothing would come of this

WITHOUT ANY QUESTION—

You Elected

TOM DRAKE

Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner this month. Turn to page 42 and you'll see the result. Whose picture do you want to see next in Photoplay? Send the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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in Photoplay

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romance, that maybe it would be smothered by well-wishing friends and family and studio.

But then Judy called me and I went over to lunch. We sat there talking about a lot of things and then Judy picked up the telephone and called the commissary. She was right fussy about Mr. Minnelli's lunch. His coffee had to be hot and were the veal chops nice or had he better have chicken and did they have any cottage cheese salad? There was a great deal of consultation before she decided on the veal chops.

The veal chops came with piping hot coffee and all was set out on the small table under Judy's eye—and she reset it twice and got a little vase of flowers, and stood off and looked at it. We talked some more and still Mr. Minnelli didn't arrive. Judy got up and wrapped a napkin around the hot coffee and peered under the lid at the veal chops. "Do you think they'll be ruined?" she said. "I expect they will. Cold gravy is awful."

AFTER a while she went to the phone and called Mr. Minnelli's office. "He's supposed to be here," she said, with a chuckle. "He never knows what time it is. It's wonderful. He gets interested in his work or something and just forgets everything."

The door burst open and Vincente Minnelli came in talking a mile a minute.

It is very difficult to convey his charm on paper. I thought—but he is very young—very young to be so successful. He can't be so young as Judy of course but—he has that same quality of youth. (As a matter of fact I found out later he is thirty-four.) He's what I call an attractive ugly man—or at least for the first few minutes that was what I thought. Then I decided that he was attractive and then I forgot all about it, and just knew that he was utterly real and unself-conscious and full of that rare enthusiasm for living that makes everything and everybody around him come to life.

He was born in Chicago of Italian parents and his earliest ambition was the theater. So as soon as he could he went to New York and that swift understanding and enthusiasm carried him on a wave into some of the best musical shows New York ever had, as a stage director. Before he was thirty he had done half a dozen of them—and then he came to Hollywood.

The other day in the projection room I saw a picture called "The Clock." It stars Judy Garland and Bob Walker, was written by Paul and Pauline Gallico, adapted to the screen by Robert Nathan and directed by Vincente Minnelli. "The Clock" has a sort of charm and honesty and reality beyond any other picture I have seen in a long time; it has a poignancy that reaches out and touches your heart. It's one of the greatest and most moving love stories I have ever seen on the screen.

When I saw it I couldn't quite explain it—but after I met Vincente Minnelli I could. Also I could understand him better.

"Your lunch is probably cold," Judy said, beaming upon him. "Did you forget about us?"

"Forget?" said Mr. Minnelli, "but, darling, I am quite early. I was over in Cedric Gibbons's office. It seems that I want too many sets. Or they are too expensive or something."

"I expect you got them just the same," said Miss Garland.

"Well yes—I did, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Minnelli. His dark eyes twinkled at her. "I explained about them you see and then he understood how necessary they were."

"Anybody who starts listening to you

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xplaining," said Judy, "is nuts. Eat your unch. Is the coffee hot enough?"

It was stone cold, but Vincente smiled brightly and said it was splendid.

I looked at them and thought they were a very fine pair of typical and representative young Americans. Judy sat in a straight chair with one foot under her. The stiff little white shirtwaist with a severe black bow and the straight tailored skirt of black and white checks gave her a trim, neat look—an oddly feminine look. Minnelli, in worn and sloppy tweeds with a sweater instead of a shirt, sprawled at ease on the big divan, never taking his eyes off her. Every move she made, every word she said, seemed to give him a real and evident delight.

We talked about the dialogue—which is so all-important to pictures. Minnelli said that he was in favor always of as little dialogue as possible. We talked about that classic made by the Army Air Force, "The Memphis Belle," and of the simplicity and power of the real things the crew said to each other in the midst of battle.

"When you see a thing like that," said Vincente Minnelli, "you get on your toes and wonder if even Shakespeare could equal the sheer drama of reality."

They were excited about a concert they had heard with Yehudi Menuhin at his best—and about a new Tommy Dorsey recording—and about house furnishings. Vincente said, "Judy is a very remarkable woman. She knows that chairs should be comfortable to sit in. Oddly enough, very few women know that."

It came over me all of a sudden that here were two people not only very much in love but presenting that oneness, that unity of purpose and intent that is so reassuring. You could see them supplementing each other, supporting each other, maybe fighting once in a while, but meeting shoulder to shoulder the many problems of a Hollywood star's marriage. You could see there would be gaiety and tenderness and maybe pain in their lives—but always that oneness, that unity. So that things would draw them together instead of driving them apart. You felt glad that there was such equality between them, this brilliant young director about whose future everyone is so enthusiastic and the young star everyone loves.

So that the people who love Judy Garland on the screen can all say, as I did—this is right, this is all right—and wish them the happiness and the progress together that I saw so plainly between them.

THE END

Next Month

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PM

100

The Truth about the Academy Awards

(*Continued from page* 25) temperature sc the Academy string-pulling got going good. From 1931 to 1935 M-G-M mopped up the rewards and the wisecrack around Hollywood was, "When you sign with Metro, they hand you the Award."

Consider Metro's sweep in those years: In 1930 Norma Shearer for "The Divorcee," in 1931 Marie Dressler for "Min And Bill" and Lionel Barrymore for "A Free Soul," in 1932 Helen Hayes in "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet" and a special award to Wallace Beery for "The Champ." The other studios got so burned that M-G-M was shut out of the Awards for the next three years, and don't think that was any accident.

The trick is that every guild and union and department in every studio has a designated number of representatives it can send to the Academy nominations meetings. The other studios began pouring their workers out to these meetings seeing that they got there, seeing to it that they voted "right." But equally as the big states of California, Illinois and New York, for example, can swing a national election, no matter how a dozen smaller states may vote, so the "big" studios could still keep control. It wasn't until 1934 that little Columbia got into the winner's circle with the two stars of its picture "It Happened One Night." That was the one and only time before or since that co-stars of a single film have won.

FROM the box-office riot of "It Happened One Night," from the new comedy technique it demonstrated, from the terrific direction and the more than terrific performances, there couldn't possibly be any argument but that it was the best picture of the year. And its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who, incidentally, had been considered "through" up until that moment, were incontestably magnificent. But what was more magnificent was that while the film was Columbia's—the stars were, respectively, Paramount's and M-G-M's! By letting these co-stars win, three studios were made happy. It was really a thing.

The only butterfly in the ointment was a girl from Warner's who had made a film for RKO—Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage."

Well, that was a row as was a row. One of the peculiarities of the Academy voting is that, while actors themselves will acknowledge that comedy technique is actually more difficult than drama technique, these very same actors always spurn comedy performances when they see them and give the most votes to some great hunk of drama.

Gable won in a clean sweep, but the Colbert voters vs. the Davis voters that year were as bitter as the Roosevelt vs Dewey camps in our last election. Friends became enemies, the Misses Colbert and Davis got into a state of iciness toward one another that has never yet been completely thawed out. After it was announced that Miss Colbert was running way ahead in the votes, things were still so hot a second voting was tried. Colbert won that vote, too, but she was so embittered by the controversy, which had gone on through no fault of her own or of Bette's, that she headed for New York and was only snatched back from the train at the last moment and came to the Academy dinner just long enough to take the Oscar and to exit, one second later, in a beautifully tailored suit, right straight out to her car and back to the station.

The next year, 1935, Davis got the Oscar for her much less deserving performance in a mediocre film, "Dangerous," and Victor McLaglen scored with "The Informer" and thereby began two traditions that have kept on ever since. One was what Hollywood calls "the retarded take" on Academy Awards—that is, winning a year later for a performance given only a "nomination" the year before. No one has ever doubted but that Davis actually got her Oscar for her unforgettable *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage," just as seven years later Hollywood felt Joan Fontaine was getting the Oscar for "Rebecca" in 1941 rather than for "Suspicion," which she won it for in 1942.

The other tradition that started back there in 1936 was the fearful one—the effect the Oscar sometimes has had, not of enhancing values—as it had with the winners up to that point—but of marking their virtual disappearance from the top acting spotlight. Victor McLaglen works very rarely these days; the feminine winner of both '36 and '37 is now off the screen, despite her valiant efforts to get any sort of role; the man who won it in '36 like the man who won in '43, finds the going tough, too.

The girl was Luise Rainer and she won both for her work in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth." Paul Muni was the man, for his performance in "The Story Of Louis Pasteur." Paul Lukas, you will recall, was the 1943 winner, of whom more presently. To the defense of Hollywood, it must be said that no more temperamental beings ever snuggled down under a spotlight than Rainer and Muni. Rainer, in fact, was so very temperamental that even the night she was to get her second Academy Award, she got so hard to manage that her long-suffering hairdresser walked out on her and Luise had to take her bows with her hair all bound up in tulle to conceal her very real need of a set.

M-G-M, having again made a sweep that year, 1938, by snagging the masculine award for Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous" (a role, incidentally, that Spence had fought like mad against portraying) and having put Rainer over twice in a row, decided to do likewise—and succeeded—with Tracy, getting him for "Boys Town" (with Missy Davis popping up once more for "Jezebel").

Right there happened a very amusing event. A busy press agent got over-inspired and gave out the news that Spence felt his Oscar didn't belong to him, but to Father Flanagan, the real head of "Boys Town" whom he had impersonated on the screen. The news item went so far as to say that Spence was dispatching the Oscar to the Reverend Father.

It was a lovely thought, the only trouble with it being that Tracy hated it. Who had said, he demanded, that he wanted to give up his Oscar? He hadn't! In vain did the worried press agent point out that he already had one of the things, that they all looked alike that he could, if need be, put the two winning plaques on the one pedestal. No, siree, said Spence. The pleadings went on. Finally Mr. T. yielded to the extent that he said, well, he'd give up this Oscar if they got him a duplicate. By this time too many people were in on the story so it got quieted up and how it came out nobody knows (save Tracy) to this day.

By 1939, when Vivien Leigh got her very just reward for *Scarlett* in "Gone With The Wind" and Robert Donat, equally as justly, was honored for his *Mr. Chips*, such silliness was developing around the Awards that where you were seated at the dinners became much more important than why you were there. Speeches became the



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The look that says plain as day, "Ah, food—bring it on!" Mothers who serve Gerber's get to know that look very well. Because, Gerber's is famous for: **(1)** Extra good taste. **(2)** Cooked the Gerber way by steam to better retain precious minerals and vitamins. **(3)** Uniform, smooth texture. **(4)** Every step in the making laboratory-checked. Do as thousands of mothers do—get Gerber's, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

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My baby is now months old, please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

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See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

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What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** *It softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the *"Patch Test"* Tonight!

See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and *compare!*







Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**

order of the night, speeches that went on and on, speeches given by personages so important in the industry that no one had nerve enough to ask them to shut up, so that it got to be one a. m. before the Awards were presented and half the guests had stolen away home. Even the glamorous and witty Greer Garson, in accepting her Award in 1943, went on for more than an hour while thousands yawned.

It was to escape the nonsense of the seating arrangements and those windy speeches that the Academy (giving the war as an excuse) moved the setting for the prize-giving last year out of a hotel and into the glittering Chinese Theater. Everything went so much more smoothly that it is now doubted that the dinners will ever be restored, and the rewards, last year and this, followed the pattern completely, if you understood your Hollywood. For there were, in 1943, three big pictures up for best: "Casablanca," "The Song Of Bernadette" and "For Whom The Bell Tolls," and nominated, really for all her superb performances in every picture she has ever graced, was Ingrid Bergman, though actually the votes this time said for *Maria* in "Bell." So what happened? "Casablanca" (which is Warner's) got the best picture Award. Jennifer Jones won for *Bernadette* (which meant a score for Twentieth Century-Fox, and also a bow toward David Selznick, who having lost with Ingrid did win with Jennifer.) The male Award? That went to Paul Lukas for his transcendent work in "Watch On The Rhine."

THE Warner people were very happy as they took their Award. Jenny Jones was very cute, excited and smiling. Ingrid Bergman was disappointed and didn't try to hide it. She neither affected nonchalance or phony enthusiasm. "But everyone told me I'd get it," she said over and over, her face pink with embarrassed disappointment. "They told me I would." There was no meanness or jealousy about it—just a display of honest emotion. But Paul Lukas was stern. Visibly he was remembering the thin years he had gone through in Hollywood, the years in which, after his debut as a glamour man at Paramount, he had been told he was too old and couldn't act. He had been forced back to the New York stage where he had got the same role in a Broadway production that he was now being rewarded for in a screen production. He stood there, taking his Oscar, and he told the Academy that. He said, in effect, that he was grateful for his reward, not to Hollywood, but to Broadway.

Katina Paxinou won for Paramount that year as the best featured actress for her wonderful *Pilar* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." She was also acclaimed that night —but she hasn't worked one day since, albeit her siege of poor health did its share toward keeping her off the screen.

And now the Awards of 1944 repeat in many respects the pattern of previous years. Despite the fact that "Wilson" was the year's prestige picture, "Going My Way" was the one that gathered the most votes from Hollywood for its warm appeal. It was written and directed by Leo McCarey, starring Bing Crosby. So McCarey won for the best original screen play and the best direction, Bing won for the best male performance, Barry Fitzgerald, for the best support.

The "Wilson" problem was solved by giving Darryl Zanuck the Award as the year's outstanding producer.

Bergman? Oh, she won for "Gaslight," so they said. But those who know the truth about the Academy Award are convinced it was for *Maria* last year.

THE END

With a Song in His Heart

(*Continued from page* 31) Somehow it's always represented the spirit of Noel to me. This past holiday I sent Bing a copy with a note saying I thought maybe his gang would like it too. I didn't see him for several weeks after that and had forgotten about it, but wasn't surprised to find he hadn't. He came across a room filled with people and said, "About the book . . . Father . . . thanks."

YOU can have only respect for the way in which he's always fulfilled his duties and obligations as a parent. He knows that exacting obedience from children is very important. That children who do obey their fathers and mothers will make finer citizens tomorrow. And he's always demanded and gotten just that. Each of the four is well disciplined, courteous, obedient, refined and yet all boy.

If you were over in Beverly Hills around the Church of the Good Shepherd on Sundays you'd see them all coming up in the station wagon for the 8:30 mass. Bing and his gang, or four "half-backs," as he is wont to say.

In the years that the boys have attended the Parochial school at the St. Charles Church in North Hollywood, they've been just normal kids, seemingly unaware that they are the children of any celebrity. Just boys among the other boys.

Twelve-year-old Gary is just like his father. And proudly so.

This was especially evident in an amusing anecdote that happened three years ago there when the new choir master arrived at St. Charles to pick out children for the choir.

He had all of them assembled together in school and was running them up and down the scales trying them out. Suddenly from one of the boys came a very deep semi-croon that was straining and reaching for the low notes. The choir master almost dropped his hands from the piano at hearing such a strained deep voice coming from a nine-year-old. The child kept on singing like "Deep River."

Suddenly the music master turned around. "Say, kid, you sound just like—" The Sister who was standing nearby interrupted by leaning over and whispering, "That's Gary Crosby."

Gary looked up. The choir master smiled. "I was just going to say that you sound like Bing Crosby," he said.

"I'm a baritone," said Gary proudly, still keeping his voice way down from the usual childish tones. "I've got to be a baritone," he said, matter-of-fact.

It seems to me that Bing has always used good judgment about his business, his voice, his life. Always doing the best job he can do. Taking it all in stride—yet with a measure of dignity and reserve. There's none of the let-tomorrow-take-care-of-itself that has been popularly believed of him. Tomorrow was usually taken care of by him today.

It goes without saying that one with his humble nature could never be otherwise than generous and compassionate for his less fortunate fellow man. Which is best expressed by something I once heard a friend say of him, "You can always count on Bing to carry his weight in everything."

Nobody knows the extent of his good-willing. And Bing himself makes sure that no one ever will. He says nothing. And he's always there carrying his weight.

This is true where affairs of the Church and community are concerned as well. Without fanfare. Always casually in his own way. When they were building the new church in the St. Charles Parish, of which Bing had been a member for years, they decided they needed a new organ for

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!



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the church instead of the old "groan box," as they called it—the old-fashioned pump organ they were using in the old frame church. They knew Bing would buy it if he thought of it and Hal Bock of NBC was delegated as a committee-of-one on the organ deal. That Thursday he went down to the studio where Bing was rehearsing Kraft Music Hall and suggested that it might be nice if he'd buy the organ for the new church.

"Say," said Bing, "that might not be a bad idea. See me next Thursday and I'll talk it over out at the office with Dad and the boys."

His only comment when they thanked him for the organ was to caution, "Now I don't want any publicity about this."

Nobody in the parish said a word. But the next thing they knew some Hollywood columnist had gotten it from the studio some way and was plugging the new church organ with a commercial tie-up. These are things that Bing is very adamant about and always fears. He never wants anything known that he does, but you can always be sure that he carries his weight.

IT SEEMS to me that he was never so happily cast in any picture as the casual, tolerant, happy singing priest of "Going My Way," which showed the human side of religion. Christianity as something that warms and comforts the soul and which is human enough for all to understand. The beauty and reality of the inside of a church instead of the cold forbidding exterior.

In connection with this thought, I'm reminded of a little story in a child's reader that I've almost forgotten, but which goes something like this: The wind and the sun were having an argument about their respective strengths and determined to prove it by finding out which one could take the cloak off of a traveler coming their way. The wind howled and whipped. And the cloak was drawn tighter. The sun came out and shone down, down, warm and kind. And the man removed his cloak to bask in its warmth and kindly comfort.

This to me is "Going My Way" . . . and Bing's portrayal of the priest therein. A warm picture of religion that comforts the heart. As Bing said it in the picture, "For some, religion is sour like the deep notes of the bass. For me, religion is joy like the melody on the treble side of the scale. Religion can be bright . . . bring you closer to happiness."

Yes . . . religion can be simple . . . human . . . and understandable. And that's just the way I see Bing.

Most service men whom I have talked with have seen the picture two or three times and always have these same things to say of Bing. Or a reasonable facsimile to the effect, "I sure would like to know that guy."

Bing had a letter from a Franciscan Father in New York who wrote that a woman who'd been away from the church for twenty-five years came back and got straightened out after seeing "Going My

Roughly Speaking

we'd say you're in for a gay time when the author of "Roughly Speaking," Louise Randall Pierson, tells you about the star who brought it to life on the screen—Rosalind Russell

in June Photoplay

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Way." And that he hoped Bing and all connected with this fine picture will be given an "assist" by the Recording Angel. So do I.

Actually, though there may be some who think so, there's nothing unusual about the people you saw in that film. I've known many priests like Barry Fitzgerald. Unfortunately a lot of churches ride a heavy mortgage. Somehow there seems to be something that's not quite normal about a church that's not in debt. And how many times have all of us heard folks say, "I hope I live long enough to live once in a parish that's out of debt." That's why there are the Barrys . . . who spend sleepless nights worrying about how to raise funds for church debts, new schools, playgrounds, halls and convents.

Yes . . . and I've known others who did the things with music that Bing did too. "Toora Loora Looral" has been my favorite song for thirty years. The priest I first heard sing it had a rich baritone voice that he used to advantage by leading a choral group that he'd gathered from rough little urchins from east of Main Street . . . Mexicans . . . Indians . . . and tough little sons of parents who'd drifted by the way. Guiding them mostly by means of song.

Father O'Malley has made it a little tough on the rest of us. My own niece, for instance, now says of me, "You know, Father, you used to be like Bing. But now you're like Barry Fitzgerald." No, I guess I can't clear that hedge any more.

It's Bing himself who's causing many a heart to soar over other and higher hedges just now. It's a wonderful thing what laughter and song can do when the world needs it most.

THOUGH he must appreciate with justifiable pride the various "Oscars," plaques, or statuettes he's received, we know that still more valuable to him are the awards that spring from the hearts of mothers, wives and sweethearts throughout the nation, and of the country's sons and daughters now overseas. From these homes was he chosen as the movie man of the year. Not with statuettes made of bronze or from a plaster mold. But just simple words and heart-felt thanks that reflect what they all feel way down inside for him. Awards that have to do with the happiness that he has inspired in an unhappy, wobbly world.

These awards come straight from the heart . . . like the words of the service men of whom I spoke . . . "I sure would like to know that guy."

They may come from a sailor in the South Pacific who expressed it in a little poem:

"There are touching scenes on these Islands green.
The most touching I'll venture to say
Was the peaceful trace
On each shipmate's face
When we witnessed "Going My Way."

Or from a corporal in France who comes from Bing's home state of Washington and who wrote his mother after seeing him overseas: "He hasn't changed, Mom, since he used to sit on a stump or old log and croon to us back in the black hills near Olympia when we were working with him in a survey party in 1929."

Or messages that were sent home by boys who would look up from Mass on shipboard, or kneeling in the mud in France, or in a piece of a bombed-out church to find Bing kneeling at their side. "He's sure some heart-doctor, Mom. Came to us just like a hunk of home."

These are the kids of whom Bing said, "You know, Father, it gave me the funniest feeling standing there at the mike looking down into the faces of all those wonderful kids. You get a lump the size of a

Great-great-granddaughter of a Russian Emperor

Striking Nancy Leeds—daughter of the lovely Princess Xenia.
Mother and daughter share direct descent from Russia's imperial family—
and an enthusiasm for America's favorite beauty creams—Pond's.
"My *special* love is the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing
Cream," Nancy says. "Partly because it's so *quick*, but mostly
because it makes my skin look so much smoother and *clearer!*"



"My favorite beauty trick—the 1-Minute Mask" . . . NANCY LEEDS

How to have a smoother, clearer, "new" complexion

Cover your face from chin to forehead (*everything* but your eyes)
with an ermine-white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on for one whole minute. Pond's Vanishing Cream has
"keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves scaly little "chappings"!
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After one minute, tissue off.

The Mask "*re-styles*" your complexion!
Makes it clearer and lighter! Smoother,
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Have a Mask 3 or 4 times weekly!

For *extra-quick powder base* . . . Stroke on
a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—
and *leave it on.* Smooth. Long-lasting!



Get the luscious BIG jar!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon. I have everything arranged just the way you like it."

dozen dog-tags in your throat. They're all winners. Not a photo-finish in the lot."

The "awards" from these boys are still coming in. And from their parents. Mothers who say to Bing, "Thanks for blotting out war from his young eyes for even a little while.

I've had some of these letters, too. From a nephew, Lieut. John Follen . . . a pilot who's been over Germany twenty times. Another from another nephew, J. E. Jordan, RM 2/c, who's doing duty in the Marianas on a vessel that carries 10,000 tons of high octane and ammunition. Loaded for death. He wrote me after seeing "Going My Way," "Did it make us feel good. You know Bing, don't you, Father? I told the other guys that you did and I was practically an admiral on the ship for a little while!"

Yes . . . these are the "awards" that are coming from these boys and from the hearts of mothers, sisters and sweethearts here at home. Thanks to Bing for blotting out war from their minds and hearts if just for a little while.

For in the midst of the baptism of destruction that's going on on battlefronts throughout the world, the song, laughter and voice that is Bing's provide ammunition for the heart.

A good voice is like a good sermon in that it reaches your heart. And Bing's voice is in this sense a very good sermon . . . for it certainly reaches millions of hearts today.

Never were human voices in themselves more important than they are now. For this is the day of voices. There are terrifying voices of hate and greed that shout and rasp and rant. Tyrants who incite and whip men with their voices into mad animals. Voices of war that egg on destruction for all.

There are voices too—important voices—of a different kind. The voice of Pope Pius the Twelfth pleading for world peace. Other voices that inspire for leadership.

Then there is a voice that brings happiness when the world needs it most. A voice like Bing's that relaxes . . . eases tension . . . mends bruised hearts and souls.

In these precarious and heartbreaking times the human heart can well use a stimulant.

And what a wonderful thing for a voice like Bing Crosby's to bring surcease from worry and a musical message that reaches overseas to our gallant men and to their families here. Homey and soothing. That seems to promise peace, restored homes and a better and happier life soon to come.

Yes . . . his voice is for making happiness.

Because of this come awards from hearts that are making Bing Number One in the nation's heart today.

THE END



Gold Medal celebration: Photoplay's Fred Sammis, Award winner Bing Crosby, Macfadden Vice-President Rheinstrom and Paramount Producer Buddy De Sylva

Courage Is a Girl Named Susan

(*Continued from page* 28) when I know I have the love of such a fine boy?

"When they first took me to the Navy Hospital in San Diego there were no nurses for me because they couldn't be spared from the wounded men there. So Dick nursed me every hour of the day and night—never leaving my side. He obtained permission from the Coast Guard, of course. He was so gentle. So thoughtful. But best of all, he was so cheerful, trying to make me think everything would be all right. Now we don't pretend so much to each other—and we are stronger for it."

I noticed even while I talked with her that she winced now and then with the pain and she grows tired easily. She is so completely honest about it that it bothers her that there is a rumor she is completely well and can walk around her room.

"God knows," she said, "I wish it were true. But it is bad that such a false thing should be circulated. Many poor people who hear the talk of my miraculous recovery write to me and ask how it happened so quickly. One woman wrote me that she was the wife of a day-laborer and she had been paralyzed in her side. 'I haven't much money to get good doctors,' she said, 'but I will pay all I can to be cured as you have been.' Of course, I w. te her and told her the truth immediately. I'm sure the columnists who circulated the rumors of my recovery just meant to be helpful. But the truth is better."

She hesitated a moment and I could feel that she was beginning to grow tired. I knew I must be going soon—but she said she wanted to talk a bit longer. "I don't have many visitors," she smiled.

I couldn't help saying, "Darling, miracles sometimes happen."

"I know that," she replied. "My doctor, Dr. Prinzmetal, tells me the same thing and that I may get better. But I know that if I am ever able to walk again—it *will* be a miracle. I'm prepared.

"Most of the time, as I lie here, I go over my blessings and make my plans from them. Many women go through life never knowing real love. I have that. Many girls are frustrated in their careers and never get to touch the hem of their goal. I had a wonderful career—if just for a short time. I have the love of a wonderful mother.

"And friends—I've never known how marvelous they can be until now. Believe me, I would never work for any other studio than M-G-M. If it weren't for them—keeping my salary going all this time—I could not have all this comfort and attention and medical care."

FOR a moment a slight shadow seemed to cross Susie's face. "I would have loved to have had children," she said softly. "You know how I felt when I lost my baby. But later on, Dick and I would love to adopt a baby. They brought a little colored baby for me to hold at the Mercy Hospital—and it was so sweet."

There wasn't anything I could say to that. I've never been so touched in my life. But I did manage, "Susan, I'm not trying to build your morale when I tell you that I happen to know from Louis B. Mayer, himself, that the studio expects you back to make a picture."

"Do you really think I'll ever make another picture?" she asked, just as a child would put the question. "I want to more than anything in the world. But it is wrong for me to dwell on it. There are other places for me besides the screen. Radio I *could* do. I could sell something on those morning programs. Of course, I'm not a very famous actress—but I have a trained voice and I feel I would like to talk to women about things that would help them. The thing I have learned best out of all this is the feeling I want to help other people."

What greater lesson can life teach any of us than to "love thy neighbor as thyself"? This little twenty-three-year-old girl has learned it from hours of pain, from sleepless nights and from days spent trying not to let her husband and mother know of the agony that racked her little body. But through it all she kept the gift of gentle laughter.

Just as I was preparing to leave the telephone rang. It was Dr. Prinzmetal. I answered the phone and heard his laughing voice saying, "Get out of bed, lazybones. You've been in bed long enough." I realized he was kidding Susan, of course, thinking he was talking to her.

"This is Louella Parsons," I said with mock dignity.

"Oh, my Lord!" said the charming physician.

Susan held her sides with laughter. "He's that way all the time," she laughed.

I could hear that laughter following me as I walked down the hall before the automatically-controlled hospital door closed. It was the genuine, real laughter of a twenty-three-year-old girl who had so much in life, lost it, and who had recovered such wonderful new values. As I went away I had the feeling that I wished all troubled, afflicted people could see Susan and talk with her.

For I believe in my heart that in this instance, courage is a girl named Susan.

THE END

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.



Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

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This little lady's brilliant smile is selling Bonds like hot cakes. Smart girl—to know that *super-fine* Pebeco cleans teeth better. "Pebeco doesn't wash right away when you start to clean your teeth," she says. "Stays with your brush and *polishes!*"



What does it? Pebeco Tooth Powder's special combination of polishing agents. *Micro-fine,* non-abrasive—Pebeco particles cling to your teeth—hold onto your toothbrush while you polish. Why wouldn't your teeth be *super*-clean and shining?



Brighten up your smile with Pebeco Powder. See how beautifully your teeth can sparkle . . . how grand and fresh your mouth can feel. Pebeco tastes so minty—so zippy! For a *super-fine* smile, get *super-fine* Pebeco Powder and use it regularly!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS



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Super-fine for Super Shine

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ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

Lee Bowman, Homesteader

(*Continued from page* 52) "Having Wonderful Time" with Ginger Rogers.

Although he didn't know it in those days, there lay ahead of him some excellent footage in "Love Affair" with Irene Dunne, in "Stronger Than Desire" with Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce, in "We Were Dancing" with Norma Shearer, and then with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl," and opposite Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years."

BACK in Cincinnati, his family was still saying—in 1938—that perhaps Lee should have gone on with his law training, after all. Only Lee realized that his reading of Blackstone had always ended with Mr. Bowman dramatizing the court room scenes with himself in some startling role. Probably as a crusading district attorney because of his six-feet-one-inch height, his 175 pounds of athletic prowess, his brownish-topaz eyes, dark hair and crisp mustache.

Or sometimes the family said that perhaps Lee should have followed his early inclination to become a writer. During school he had been singularly successful in English, French and allied subjects. And just consider his ancestors—all statesmen and, until the family moved to Cincinnati, all fighters on the Confederate side. Surely, the family reasoned, Lee could do better than cool his heels out there in that odd coastal city.

But out in Hollywood, people were saying these pleasant things about Lee: That he took his time about making decisions, but that once he had made them his action was incisive and permanent. He never compromised; he did a thing right or not at all. He never accepted a cheap imitation of anything; he waited to acquire the genuine or went without.

One day a friend of Lee's called to ask him to play tennis. When Lee agreed, the friend suggested that Lee call for a girl—a good tennis player—who had also been invited to the racquet session. Her name was Helene Rosson.

Lee complied. When she answered the door he gave her a quick double-o, in the gallant manner of a man meeting a new maid, and decided that she was exceptionally easy on the eyes. This analysis persisted until she got Mr. Bowman on the tennis court, whereupon she practically ruined his eyesight. Trying to return her lightning service was like trying to shake hands with a freshly baked potato. She had a lot of little tricks, too. She could loft one ball limply over the net to draw a man out of position, then scorch the next into the southwest corner. Result of this carnage: Six-love, six-three, six-two, six-love in favor of Miss Rosson.

When Mr. Bowman took the lady home he treated her with great respect. He didn't even ask when he was going to see her again. He *did* ask about that backhand stroke, but he was too weary to pay much attention to the answer. It looked like the end of a beautiful friendship.

Several weeks later the man who had originally asked Lee to call for Helene, telephoned again to say that he had a date with her that evening. Why didn't Lee annex himself a girl friend and make the party a foursome? Lee had been working diligently on his backhand, so he agreed. Besides, very little tennis is played in night clubs except in those spots where there is no egg shortage.

After Lee had danced several times with his date, he asked Helene for the customary courtesy dance. They had circled the floor twice when they stepped apart to exchange an amazed stare. They danced

together beautifully! "You're a surprise," Lee opined. "I didn't know that *any* girl could play tennis and dance too."

After that they saw a good deal of each other. Lee soon reached the stage where he could beat Helene at tennis about fifty per cent of the time, which was more than most of her opponents could do. They had other interests in common also. Both liked to read and discuss the book afterward; both liked horseback riding. When the opera season started, Lee thought it might be a good idea to get cultural and ask Helene to go. She was moderately enthusiastic. "I like light opera and symphony much better," she said frankly. So Lee didn't have to go after all. "Don't you have any faults?" he asked with mock suspicion.

Not until that time when they had reached one of those comfortable junctures in human relationship in which comradeship is taken for granted and a vague sort of future continuance begins to grow in the mind of each, did they have their first serious disagreement. They were playing bridge with friends one evening when Helene observed that she admired the hosts' home very much. She said she could scarcely wait until she had a spacious home of her own.

Lee looked at her as if he glimpsed her for the first time. "You mean you *like* big houses? You mean that, if you married again, you wouldn't want to take an apartment where you'd have all the comforts of a hotel, and none of the responsibilities of owning property?"

"There's only one real way to live," Helene insisted. "That's in a house with plenty of space, surrounded by grounds where one can have some outdoor living in privacy."

"I never want to own anything that I can't pack in a wardrobe trunk and two suitcases," said Lee with finality. "In this business, the only smart guy is the one who can pick up at any time and return to New York."

THEREAFTER, whenever they were together, the question of house versus apartment seemed to sneak into the conversation and destroy the harmony that had been so fine a thing between them. Each realized that the difference of opinion was a serious one; it had to be adjusted before they could think of marriage. Repeatedly they broke up their romance in storms of argument. Weeks, even months, would elapse between dates. Each stood by his principles and the result was misery for both.

And then came the night of February 21, 1940. Lee and Helene had been invited, unbeknownst to the other, to the same party. When Lee entered the long living room and spotted Helene seated across the room talking animatedly to another man, he decided that she looked like ten thousand dollars worth of dreams come true. He strolled over and, with just as much courtesy as the occasion required and no more, snatched her away from the other man and marched her into the library for a talk.

End of talk: They opened a low casement window, stepped into the soggy garden and dashed, giggling, to Lee's car. It was a frightful night—typical of California's dewy season. Fog blotted out all incidental landscape beyond ten feet of the car and the rain came down with a persistence that suggested the vacation presence of Niagara Falls in Hollywood.

As the three-day marriage law was then in effect in California, they drove to Tia Juana and there discovered that Tia Juana also had a three-day interim law. With chattering teeth and dampened spirits they went to the nearest cantina to glower at their luck over a steaming cup of coffee.

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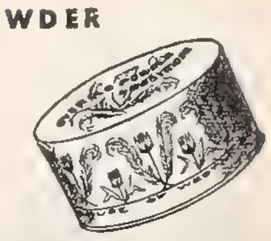


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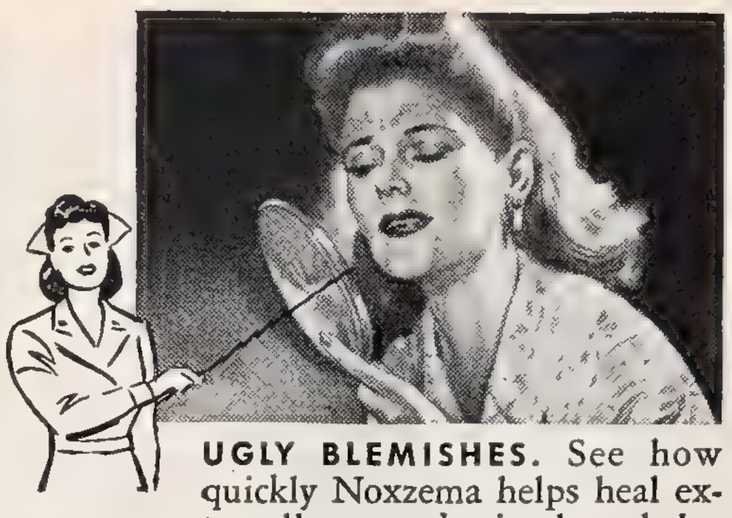
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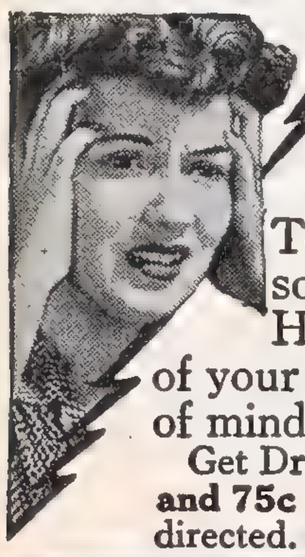
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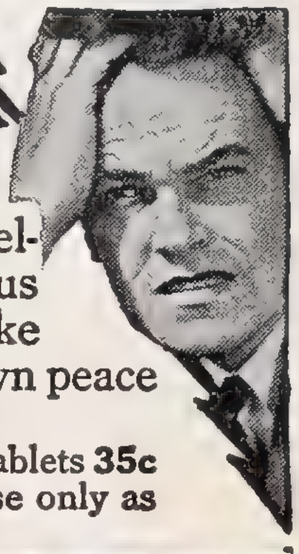
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All natives of Tia Juana are alert to newcomers and instantly classify them as either mere tourists, mere drinkers, those who have come down for the races, or those who have rushed down to be married. A soft-eyed boy in the cantina studied Lee and Helene, and pigeon-holed them. Then he sidled up to their table. "You drive down to marry?" he said behind a smile as white as moonlight on water.

They nodded glumly. "My father is Justice of Peace in Tecate, a town not too far away," he continued. "No three-day law in Tecate. You come with me—si?"

SO the three of them started, in the deluge, for Tecate. They turned off the main highway almost at once and sloughed down a road little better than a quagmire. Luckily Lee's tires were new so the tread was almost as effective as football cleats. Even so they swerved and swayed, pounded up hills that no self-respecting goat would have tried to climb, and shot down into valleys running hub-deep in silt as thick as chocolate-colored cream of wheat. To this day they don't know how, exactly, but they did reach Tecate. The excited boy roused his father from sleep.

By candle-light, in an ornate Mexican living room against whose roof the rain droned a wedding march, Lee and Helene were married in Spanish, a language neither of them spoke. When time for their responses came, the boy pointed to Lee. "You say, 'Si,'" he ordered.

"Oh sure. Si. Si." complied Lee.

Then the boy repeated the performance with Helene.

The magistrate finished the service with a flowery speech complete with gestures; Mr. and Mrs. Bowman tipped him lavishly, and left. It was 4:30 in the morning. Their guide returned to Tia Juana with them, but Lee and Helene tendered their regrets when he wanted them to be his guest for breakfast. They went on to San Diego. Lee needed a shave and Helene said her hair was probably a fright, but their happiness was so apparent that other early breakfasters looked at them, then smiled indulgently.

Thereafter they set up housekeeping in a house that Helene had selected. Lee's career progressed rapidly in the right direction so that his visions of returning to the New York stage evanesced. In late 1943 Mr. Lucien Lee Bowman, III, arrived, much to the pride and delight of his father who carries seven pictures of the chubby young man in a folder about the size of two air mail stamps. And in June, 1944, the Bowmans bought their first house.

Between scenes at Columbia for "Tonight And Every Night" Lee rushed around town with Helene, making arrangements with repairmen, arguing with decorators, and periodically wielding a paint brush and putty knife himself. Apropos of his athletic ability, there should be a popular movement started to get Lee Bowman cast in some role in which it is not necessary for him to appear in a single night club sequence.

Although Lee appears suave, dapper and the owner of a drawing-room tan in his pictures, in person he is a big bronzed man who wears tweeds with authority. Seen by the casual observer who did not recognize him, Lee would probably be labeled a brainy, but humorous, doctor, lawyer or advertising executive who had just returned from a rugged, muscle-building trip into the wilds.

He also looks like a man who is happy to get to his new home, having been converted completely to the idea that an apartment may be nice for everyone else on earth, but the Bowmans must live in a house.

THE END

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 17) chances and say—no marriage. Know why? Because we think Anne is in love, has been in love for some time, and will continue to be in love with Dick Derr, now a navigator with the Air Transport Command flying the Gold Coast. Dick was Anne's first real beau when he was an actor at Twentieth and our hunch is—he's still top man.

Does Charlie McCarthy have a new stepmother or doesn't he? At this moment it looks as if Edgar Bergen will finally leap into benediction. The lady's name is Frances Westerman, a New York Powers model, and just like every other couple they've had their spats and reconciliations and misunderstandings. In fact, Charlie could do a take-off on Edgar's telephonic wooing and unwooing that should be a classic.

Donna Reed is dating her old beau, Lieut. Bill Ryan, whom she knew as a student at L. A. City College, while her ex-husband, make-up man Bill Tuttle, is courting Louise Allbritton. Music isn't the only thing that goes round and round in Hollywood.

That Parsons Hospitality: We had supper with Lana Turner and Turhan Bey at Louella Parsons's cocktail party and exchanged a lot of personal (yeah, personal) chit chat. We took along Lieut. Ted Tewksbury whom producer Walter Wanger mistook for Tyrone Power and so did the boys parking the cars. They even asked the embarrassed navy officer for his autograph.

It was old home week for Cal and Walter Pidgeon, who hadn't glimpsed each other in a long time. Greer Garson was all aglow after winning Photoplay's Gold Medal. And Maria Montez in a hat of blue roses had to tell Lieut. Tewksbury all about her husband in Paris, of course. Edgar Bergen was there without Charlie, and Junie Allyson couldn't get over it. John Payne and Gloria De Haven popped in and out fairly beaming. We complimented Bob Young on his role in "The Enchanted Cottage" and unlike a blasé movie star he said, "Hey, say that so my wife can hear it." Pretty nice. And speaking of wonderful hostesses you just can't beat Louella.

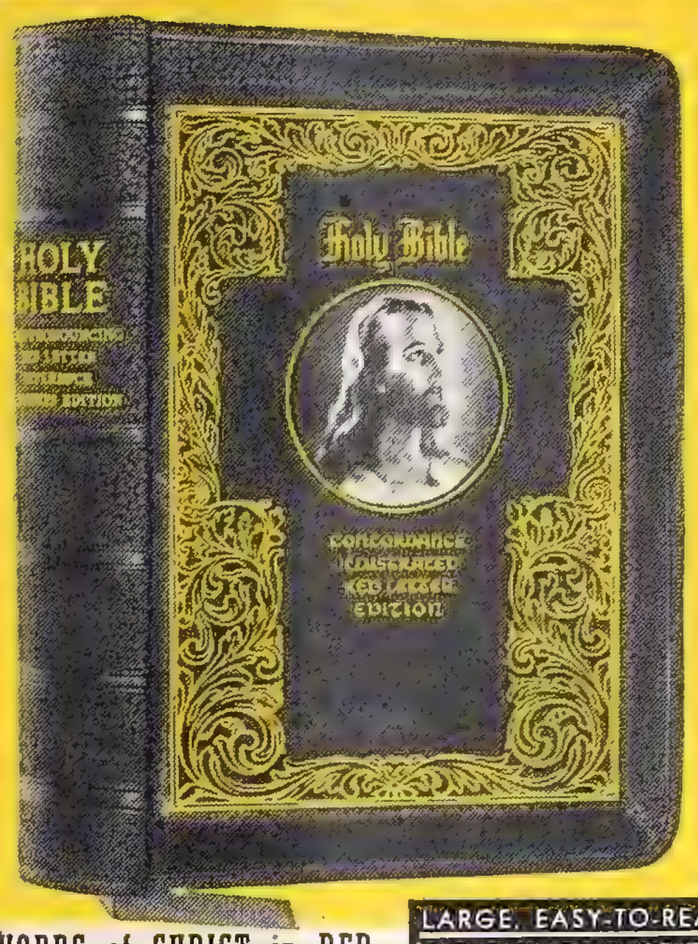
Off the Record: Sonny Tufts and the husband of a big feminine star almost said it with fists in a Hollywood late spot—and Hollywood almost had another headline "bout" . . . Everyone at Paramount is raving over blonde little Joan Caulfield, said to be terrific in "Miss Susie Slagle" which stars Veronica Lake. They'll bet you it will make a star of Joan . . . Another find in that picture is Billy de Wolf, headed for the top as a comedian. You should hear Dotty Lamour and others rave about his talents . . . June Haver is around and about with Dr. John Dizik mostly—but Cal knows that her heart lies over the ocean . . . George Brent is liable to be a bridegroom by the time you read this. The gal—Janet Michaels. They've been going together on and off for so long. . . .

Co-incidence Worth Noting: That Kay Francis and Connie Bennett, both of whom rose to stardom and movieland's positively top salaries at the same time a few years ago and then almost disappeared from the screen, are now back in Hollywood and both resuming their careers not only before the cameras, but as producers! Connie is boss where Gregory Ratoff is directing "Paris, Underground" in which she also stars. And her portable dressing room is also her "office"—and it's plenty chic. Connie and her almost ex-husband Gilbert Roland don't even bother to speak when they come face to face these days!

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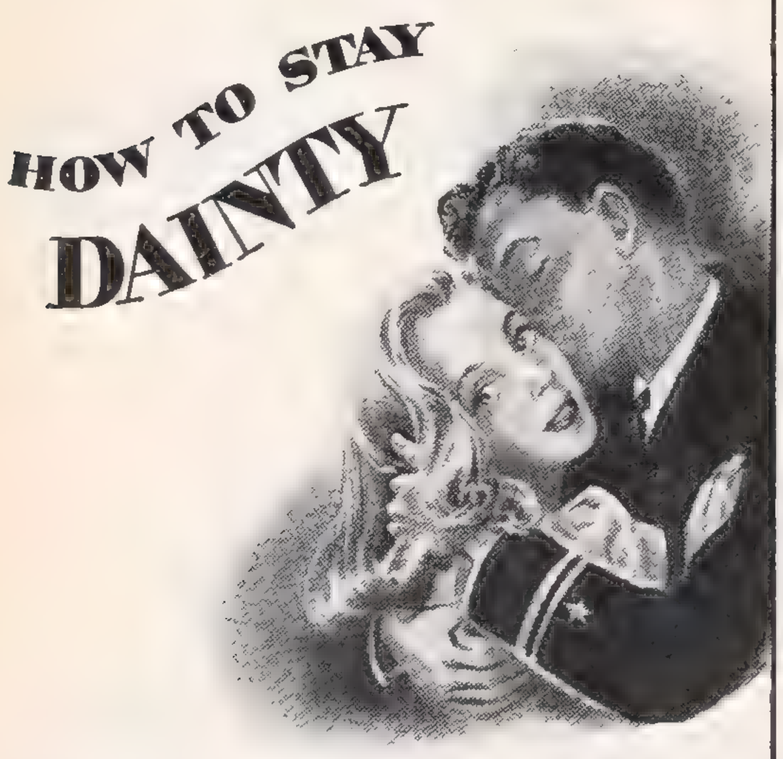
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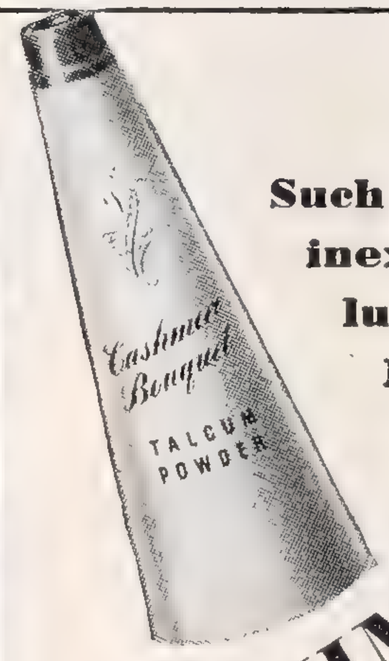
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Cal dropped in on one of these famous whiz-dings the other evening, and found everyone smacking his lips over a punch bowl. Well, of course, we had to sample the ingredients of the flowing bowl, and found it so good we asked Marjorie for the recipe to pass on to you who may want to whip it up for your service-men guests. Marjorie calls it Pink Party Punch, which is kind of purty, isn't it?

Pink Party Punch

¾ cup sugar or honey
1 cup water
8 strips lemon peel.
3-inch stick cinnamon
12 whole cloves
1½ cups orange juice
¾ cup lemon juice
1 bottle claret
2 cups carbonated water

Boil sugar (or honey), water, lemon peel, cinnamon, cloves together for five minutes. Strain, cool, and add orange juice, lemon juice, claret and carbonated water. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Float thin slices of orange and lemon on top. Makes 2 quarts, or 16 to 20 servings of sparkling punch.

By the way, Marjorie says those separation rumors between her and Jack are false, and after nine years of marriage they are still happy.

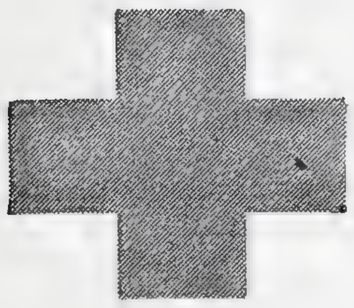
Waxing the Comics: Our invitation to the Command Performance read 9:30 p.m. but the show didn't really get under way until 9:40, as Frank Sinatra was busy over on Dinah Shore's program. When it did get going, friends, you couldn't buy a show like that for five cool millions and yet every week Hollywood stars give their time rehearsing hour upon hour for a request radio program for the boys overseas.

This was a special night however, for the boys had requested a *Dick Tracy* show with stars taking the parts of the various comic strip characters. And how's this for a line-up: Bing Crosby as *Tracy,* Bob Hope as *Flattop,* Frank Sinatra as *Shaky,* Dinah Shore as *Tess Trueheart,* Frank Morgan as *Vitamin Flintheart,* Jimmy Durante as the *Mole,* the Andrews Sisters as the *Summer Sisters,* Cass Daily as *Gravel Gertie,* Judy Garland as *Snowflake,* Jerry Colonna as the *Chief?* From the western front to the Philippines, in remote bases over the world, on ships at sea, in hospitals and at the very fronts, the boys will hear this side-splitting show—one of 125 such programs that have been made exclusively for them.

"Heavens, but I'm nervous," Hope screamed from the stage, which, of course, was ridiculous. The script, highly seasoned, brought roars of laughter from the invitational audience. The actors kidded Bing's baldness, Frankie's slenderness and Hope's weight. At one point Bing produced a picture of Hope clad only in long underwear which was passed among the audience to Hope's open-mouthed astonishment. First time Cal ever saw Bob stopped. Frank Morgan in a horrible fur coat exactly like *Vitamin's,* and carrying the usual cigaret holder, was a riot. At one point they altered Durante's script and the look on his face as he read the risque line was so paralyzing neither Hope nor Crosby could continue for five minutes. What an evening!

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Just try **the Juelene System** for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen . . . if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now — **today!**

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Our Customers Participate in Lovely Gifts

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 64)

$1.00 PRIZE
Critically Speaking

AN English film critic recently reviewed the following American motion pictures and these were his comments:

"Cobra Woman": "Little can be said about it except that the mountain has the privilege of belching when it is dissatisfied; something that the well-bred critic must not do."

"The Seventh Cross": "It's about as cheerful as a foggy morning in November."

"Marriage Is A Private Affair": "A smart, up-to-the-minute serio-comedy with Lana Turner giving a sensitive performance and faced with a choice between romance and stability."

"Kiss The Bride Goodbye": "A bedroom farce of the same old pattern which deserves to be muffled in eiderdowns."

J. Clifford Johnson,
Flushing, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Bouquet for Bacall

THERE is no similarity between Lauren Bacall and anyone else. She is a contradiction to all one expects of a star.

Here is a girl too lanky and too skinny, yet she reeks of that unmentionable quality known as sex appeal. Her hair is stringy and multi-colored, and you wish yours were that way too. Her first appearance is in the role of a wench who pretends no scruples. The money she needed she stole. The kisses she wanted, she took. Her clothes were suggestive and her manner fresh. She had no noticeable virtues and in spite of all this, her role was sympathetic. You left the theater wishing every picture you saw had a Bacall.

Harriet Anthony,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Brickbat for Bacall

EVERYONE seems smitten with this new alluring, husky-voiced siren, Lauren Bacall. That is, everyone but me.

After her appearance in "To Have And Have Not," this Aleutian Island was upset with talk about her lascivious glances, snake-like walk and liquor-baritone voice. But to me, she is nothing but an automaton who has been driven by her director incessantly, repeating the same scene time and again until, parrot-like, she can repeat the dialogue and walk through the part according to the cameraman's specifications.

Beauty, of course, is a gift of God. Even the studio's talented make-up men were unable to offer her as little more than a taller, skinnier variation of the Veronica Lake type. Her sudden piercing of the hearts of critics, GI's and civvies is beyond me. Personally, they can place her back on Vogue's cover, where I never noticed her and undoubtedly never would have.

Cpl. Joe Vine,
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Here Comes the Team

BOUQUETS for Bing! Hurrahs for Hutton! Together they are my sunshine, my cocktail, my vitamins! If you're low on laughter, weary of worry and tired of tears, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY to see "Here Come The Waves."

If the scene in which Bing ribs The Voice doesn't lift you, if Hutton, that de-

lightful daffy-dilly, doesn't infect you with her madness, then, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY to your doctor for a transfusion because you're sinking fast!

More of the same, please, Crosby and Hutton! Together, you're merry, you're mad, you're marvelous! Yea, Team!

Mrs. Preston Chapman,
Montgomery, Ala.

$1.00 PRIZE
Confusion

I MUST confess I'm all confused,
And not a little bit amused.
Hollywood's full of such shenanigans!
Is Annie "Sheridan" or "Hannagan"?
Why keep Bendix in those B's?
Can't Lorre be a "funny man," please?
How about Bette? Will she wed?
Are De Haven's tresses blonde or red?
Who'll be the modern "Valentino"?
And why the numerous trips to Reno?!!
I'm bewildered and I'm all at sea—
Will someone please enlighten me?

Mrs. E. Vespi,
Dolgeville, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

I VISITED France via Photoplay.

While he was laid low by the ravages of disease contracted in the mud and cold of the "Battle for Germany," Pfc. William G. Murphy Jr. of Omaha, Nebraska, wrote to his dad: "Ralph Foral came to visit me here in the hospital the other day. No—he wasn't actually here. I was lying in my bed reading Photoplay and came across a letter Ralph had written to the editor, relating a story about Bing Crosby's coming to Omaha. Gee, I got a kick out of it. And the rest of the fellows here in the other beds did too. I related some of the good times we all had with Ralph and really it seemed like he was right here."

Just think, Photoplay took me half-way around the world to bring cheer and comfort to one of our boys.

Ralph Foral,
Omaha, Neb.

FOR the first time in a long time Ralph Bellamy has been given a difficult role to prove his ability and he did that—and then some—in "A Guest In The House."

As the lovable, happy-go-lucky artist, Ralph was truly superb. I'll wager he put out one of the year's best jobs of acting in this magnificent portrayal. Which means they've been letting him go to pot instead of giving him the meaty roles he can so effortlessly sink his teeth into.

Doris Miller Billick,
Alexandria, La.

RECENTLY I got into M-G-M where I watched some scenes on the set of "Weekend At The Waldorf" in which Van Johnson stars. I met him and he is swell! He talked to me for quite a while and when he found I was from Texas he kidded me about being "another one of those Texas beauties." You couldn't be around him two minutes without being his fan for life!

Violett Foerster,
Cisco, Tex.

JIMMY DURANTE has definitely put the "more" in "morale." In "Music For Millions" he does a series of portrayals that are hard to beat. His emotion when little Margaret O'Brien tells him he is handsome is worthy of a great actor. Many an actor with a handsomer face would do well to have that sequence run over and over for him so that he could perhaps come somewhere near the perfect performance Jimmy gave.

Jeanette Illion,
Newark, N. J.



Your daughter *wants to know* but hates to ask...

about these intimate physical facts

IT'S your sacred duty to instruct your daughter how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. It may spare her years of unhappiness in her married life ahead. But *first*—make sure *your own* information is just as modern, up-to-date as it can be! And it WILL BE if you tell her how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.*

Smart Young Brides No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations

Certainly no well informed mother would tell her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned, homemade mixtures. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* Zonite.

Yet despite its great strength—Zonite is *non-poisonous*, non-irritating, *non-burning*. It positively contains no creosote, phenol or mercurial ingredients. No carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury. You can use Zonite as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Zonite *instantly* destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It is so *powerfully effective* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! Zonite instantly kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy Zonite today at any drugstore. One of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered!

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feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-U, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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City_____ State_____

Anybody can see FIBS are easy to use!



Any woman who chooses Tampons can tell at a glance the tampon that is bound to be *easy to insert:*



It's FIBS*, of course, with the smooth, gently tapered ends . . . so very different from any other leading tampon you've ever tried in the past.

No need to take anybody's word for it. Your own eyes tell you it MUST be so. Your first experience with FIBS *proves* it's so!

FIBS are "quilted," too!

For gentler comfort, for greater safety in *internal* protection, Fibs are "quilted" to prevent any danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes.

Besides, Fibs *don't fluff up* to uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

The next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 18)

✓✓ Keep Your Powder Dry (M-G-M)

HERE'S that WAC picture you've been waiting for and it's not bad at all—rather entertaining and enlightening for that matter. Frankly, we enjoyed it, trite though it was. But who cares about that with Lana Turner, Laraine Day and Susan Peters—a trio of beauties who enlist together, endure together, work together and finally graduate together.

Lana gives a nicely shaded performance as the wealthy play girl who enlists merely to gain her inheritance but who becomes a woman and a patriot through it all. Susan Peters has a less impressive role as the even-tempered member of the trio who attempts to keep peace between Lana and the overly bumptious Laraine, the all-knowing member of the group who has a thankless role but she turns it into a welcome one through sheer ability.

Agnes Moorehead is good as the commanding officer and Bill Johnson as the flippant captain registers strongly.

The training these girls go through is interesting enough, at least to us, but the added story and added beauty renders it all to the good. We think you'll agree.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

✓✓ The Picture Of Dorian Gray (M-G-M)

YOU will be repelled, mystified, or fascinated—but you will not remain indifferent to this incredible story by Oscar Wilde.

Hurd Hatfield, the beautiful young man whose portrait gradually takes on his complete degradation of body and soul while he himself remains untouched by age and disease throughout the years, gives a finished coldness to his role. People will want to know about this young man.

George Sanders, wit and cynic, mouths his lines, deliciously Wilde-ish, or recites them with such unwarranted rapidity it is almost impossible to understand them. Angela Lansbury haunts the memory with a velvety smooth performance, and Lowell Gilmore is excellent as the painter. Donna Reed is gracious, lovely and charming.

We feel the picture would have been immeasurably improved had the audience been permitted to behold the gradual decadence of young *Dorian Gray* (Hatfield) on canvas rather than facing the complete and horrifying reflection. Perhaps then the revulsion would not have been so keen.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the kiddies.

✓✓ God Is My Co-Pilot (Warners)

THE interesting points concerning this picture are these. It's a factual story based on the life, hopes and ambitions of a real man, Col. Scott Morgan, as written in his book "God Is My Co-Pilot." It gives Dennis Morgan the chance he deserves. The story is full of action and emotion and gives one the feeling he's seeing for the first time the inside story of some strictly inside events.

Good performances are the rule not the exception, and next to Morgan we hail Raymond Massey who plays Gen. Chennault, Alan Hale as the priest, "Big Mike," and Andrea King as Morgan's wife.

It's become a fact that when good war pictures are made, Warners makes 'em.

Your Reviewer Says: Action with a heartbeat.

For Clearer, Whiter, Smoother Skin



Try just one jar of **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM.** It contains a special ingredient which bleaches sallow tan, dull dark skin. Even stubborn freckles lighten and fade. Your skin grows clearer, whiter, brighter, your coloring lovelier. That's not all. **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** helps you to a firmer, smoother skin, one that really looks younger. Get your jar of **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today. Just follow directions.



Startle your skin to fresher loveliness with **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT.** Temporarily contracts loose surface skin, reduces prominence of premature fine lines and wrinkles.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER EASE PERIODIC PAIN

This Way. They take 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Siegert's famous Angostura Bitters in a little water hot or cold. It's pleasant to take, helps ease the pain of difficult days—and is not habit-forming. Get Angostura at your druggist's.



Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY...

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

NEVER TRIED MIDOL?

It's my "periodic pick-up!"



This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active . . . enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And *trust* these effective tablets; Midol's comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pick-up." Ask for Midol at any drugstore.

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES



Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

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WAGNER

KOMB-KLEANED SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

✓ Thunderhead, Son Of Flicka (20th Century-Fox)

GOOD NEWS we have for those who enjoyed the story of *Flicka,* for in this sequel we have an even better story, pictorially and dramatically. The white horse *Thunderhead,* a magnificent and amazingly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors. *Thunderhead's* thrilling battle to death with the white stallion that has been raiding the mares is one of the best of its kind ever seen on the screen.

Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves *Thunderhead,* and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents, are swell, but the honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show.

Your Reviewer Says: It will hold your interest.

See My Lawyer (Universal)

IT WAS a long dry spell between the laughs, believe us. In fact, one customer went out for a gulp of water and never did come back. Too bad, too, for no one can be funnier than Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson with the right material. But their humor is the madly insane kind and should be written by people wearing straight jackets and not California slacks.

Anyway the thing has to do with the boys trying to antagonize night club patrons to help break their contract to leave for Hollywood, only the boys end up the club owners and the resultant lawsuit is one of those things that happen in nightmares after too many stingers.

Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as poor but ambitious lawyers mixed up in the deal. Grace McDonald, Franklin Pangborn and everybody at Universal got into the act but it still remained mediocre stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Another like this and they'll see *my* lawyer.

✓ Circumstantial Evidence (20th Century-Fox)

AT LAST Michael O'Shea has a role fit to his particular build, and the results are good. Of course Lloyd Nolan, that ace of performers, doesn't do any harm to the picture, either, remember—nor does little Billy Cummings whose new gift axe lands his father, O'Shea, in prison. Three persons testify they saw O'Shea wield the murder weapon and only at the very last moment do the witnesses realize they have testified to something they thought they saw.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Enchanted Cottage

God Is My Co-Pilot

Best Performances

Dorothy McGuire in "The Enchanted Cottage"

Robert Young in "The Enchanted Cottage"

Dennis Morgan in "God Is My Co-Pilot"

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!



They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of *being* tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peaches and cream complexion and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost	37 lbs.
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Abdomen	7" less
Hips	6¾" less
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"My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start."

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Ansil Fults is just one of more than 190,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send for the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Success Course. Just paste coupon on a penny postal.

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Please send me the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.



Subtle Charm . .

"In international circles, charm, good manners and perfect grooming go hand in hand," says Princess Romanovsky. "And nothing adds so much to the subtle charm of a woman as the fragrance she uses. I use Djer-Kiss perfume because it is so *young*, so enchantingly lovely, and in such exquisite taste"



Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By Kerkoff

Trudy Marshall, Ruth Ford, Reed Hadley and John Elderedge bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story.

Your Reviewer Says: Seeing is not always believing, remember.

✓ The Body Snatcher (RKO)

BROTHER, check your hair at the door lest it rise right off your head and go sailing away, for here's a horror number that would scare a totem pole into splinters.

Boris Karloff, who snatches dead bodies (if some aren't dead Boris sees to it they get that way) for the medical school of Henry Daniell seems to us more horribly wonderful than ever.

Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the harassed young medical student who eventually gets embroiled in the unholy mess. And, oh yes, Bela Lugosi creeps in and out for a quick boo or two. Edith Atwater, Rita Corday, Sharyn Moffett and Donna Lee are nice people in one heck of a mess. But it's Karloff and Daniell who really make the picture for our money.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a swell scare 'em show.

✓ Frisco Sal (Universal)

"FRISCO SAL" is one of those strange mix-ups mostly about Turhan Bey and ducks stuffed with oranges. Susanna Foster who plays *Sal* comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the Nineties in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan's cafe. Her persistence finally wins her a place as singer in the cafe of Turhan, who falls in love with her. His rival Alan Curtis is burned up and sets out to kill Bey when—but we leave the climax to you and don't go trying to give it back to us, either.

What we want to know is—why are excellent performers involved in such stories? Susanna, Turhan, Curtis as well as Andy Devine and Thomas Gomez are better than the material provided, that we promise. Only Bey seems to override the trite story with that certain something the boy definitely has.

Your Reviewer Says: Good music, good food, good feuding.

Docks of New York (Monogram)

THE Dead End Kids (who will have us dead on both ends if they don't stop it) are now known among the landed gentry as the East Side Kids and what's the difference? Leo Gorcey still talks Tent' Avenue fish peddler and what's all this about jools and Bolgarian royalty and canes with daggers?

What romance can leak into the ridiculous plot is carried on by Gloria Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. (his papa was prettier). Betty Blythe is *Mrs. Darcy, Huntz Hall* is the only member remaining of the original kids besides Gorcey. Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are the new additions.

Your Reviewer Says: This here pitcher is no good.

✓ Strange Illusion (PRC)

CALL it supernatural or call it time in reverse, or what you will, but it does happen to people — warning through dreams, we mean. It happens here to young James Lydon while on vacation,

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says Paula Stone

FAMOUS ON SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO

"My lips stay lovely hours longer without retouching... That's why Don Juan is tops with me."

4 beauty extras:

See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Raspberry, rich, glowing, or Number 5, medium red, flattering, youthful looking. Other shades, too.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada also.

DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

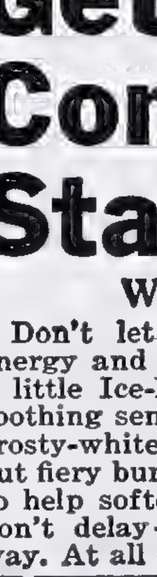
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Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Rub on a little Ice-Mint and feel the blissfully cool and soothing sensation of comfort that follows, as this frosty-white medicinal cream goes to work driving out fiery burning and aching tiredness. Grand, too, to help soften up painful corns and callouses. So don't delay—get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. At all druggists.

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It's an utterly different way to treat perspiration problems! So quick and easy—just pat underarms once with tiny, perfumed pad—that's all! Instantly, perspiration is controlled; underarm odor prevented —and protection lasts up to 7 days* depending on you and the weather. Kinder to clothes, too—just follow directions and it's safe for even delicate silks and rayons.

Economical—35 Pads In Jar
At your drug or department store



5 DAY UNDERARM PADS



SCALP ODOR—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. *He's* gone.

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—*and not know it.*

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

Don't take a chance—and risk losing romance. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You can get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKERS *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. 25c and 60c. All druggists. Ask for

SAYMAN SALVE

who through a nightmare perceives that something concerning his father's death was amiss, unnatural, with still more trouble to come.

Returning to his home he finds a man similar to the one of his dreams in his mother's home and with the warning too strong within to be ignored, he seeks the aid of Regis Toomey, a doctor friend, and step by step the man's past unfolds for them until finally his scheme of wealth grabbing is laid bare.

Warren William is very good as "the dream man come true," Regis Toomey splendid as the doctor, Charles Arnt capable as the nasty psychiatrist, Sally Eilers we enjoyed more than we have in a long time. Lydon holds up his end very well, too.

The photographing of a mood, as it were, has been accomplished with fair success, and furnishes some good moments of suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad at all.

Fog Island (PRC)

AN ex-convict, George Zucco to be exact, sits in his lone abode on a fog-bound island and broods on his ex-partners whom he fancied railroaded him to prison. So, to get even, he invites the lot to visit him and each accepts hoping to find the hoard of gold Zucco is thought to have hidden away. So what happens? Panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally everybody goes down to the cellar and tries to kill each other to death. Some do, too.

No, we're not kidding. It happened, we're sorry to report, before our very eyes.

Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan, Veda Ann Borg, Sharon Douglas, Ian Keith and Jacqueline DeWitt are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Why weren't the writers killed, too?

The Man Who Walked Alone (PRC)

NOT too hard to take is this story of a discharged overseas veteran who thumbs a ride into the town he adopted through a buddy overseas. The ride lands him, and the girl who gives him a lift, in jail on a stolen car charge and later back they go to the hoosegow for breaking into a mansion.

Of course it turns out that the car and the mansion really belong to his jail buddy, Kay Aldridge, who not only has a pretty face but a pretty sense of humor, let it be noted. The lad, David O'Brien, looked good to us too. What do you think?

Isobel Randolph, Ruth Lee, Guinn Williams and several others cover the plot territory and very nicely at that.

Your Reviewer Says: Good-natured little thing.

The Chicago Kid (Republic)

WITH Red Barry, crime becomes a habit, and even after the reasons for his rebellion against society have been proven false, he keeps right on going in the direction of the hot seat which makes us rise to ask—was that trip necessary?

You see, Red believed his father was railroaded into prison by Otto Kruger. So, in order to seek revenge, he worms his way into Kruger's accounting firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Kruger's daughter Lynne Roberts, gets Kruger in a nasty fix and then learns his daddy was



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20 luxurious minutes with the world's finest cigarette tobaccos

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Made of the world's choicest tobaccos . . . perfectly blended and rolled. Each Longfellow gives you 20 to 25 minutes of complete luxury.

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THIS MAY BE THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR PRESENT LAXATIVE!



Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

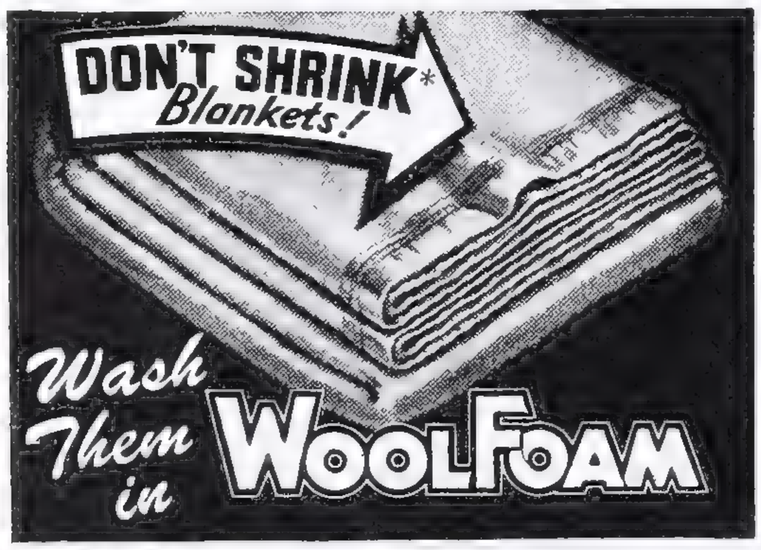
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a bad number after all. So, as twilight creeps over the distant hills we bid good-by to Red and sail off into the sunset hoping never to land on these shores again.

Your Reviewer Says: What went on there behind us?

Crime, Inc. (PRC)

TOM NEAL is the wonder boy of this wonder story (wonder how it got on the screen?) whose book exposing a crime corporation eventually breaks up the gang and gets the girl in his arms. Which is the hard way to get a woman, methinks. Whistling is simpler—ask any sailor.

Based on experiences of Martin Mooney, a crime reporter, the story has too many ins and outs and, it seems to us, gangsters are a bit old hat these days. For some reason we can't get our mind off boys who tote guns through jungles and foreign lands to care about these social misfits.

Martha Tilton sings right through this shooting epic which seems so—well, there's a time for everything, isn't there?

Your Reviewer Says: Too many gangsters.

✓ Delightfully Dangerous (Rogers-U.A.)

THIS is neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good in spots if you like spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her burlesque performer sister, Constance Moore.

When Jane, who believes her sister a big Broadway star, discovers the truth, she turns to Ralph Bellamy, Broadway producer, for help. She gets it, he gets trouble and before it's over the stripper gets him.

Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers attempt to inject a little life into the tale. Morton Gould and his band offer several good numbers, Jane sings rather well and Miss Moore does a good burley bump.

Your Reviewer Says: From Burley to B'way.

A Song For Miss Julie (Republic)

NOT so good, peoples, not so good. It tells the story of two New York playwrights who invade an old Southern manse in order to get material on its former song-writer occupant for a play.

What the Southern ancestors keep from the Northerners is the fact that the old boy was quite a cut-up in his day, but you know how news like that gets about.

Shirley Ross plays an ex-fan dancer, wife of Barton Hepburn, one of the writers. The other is played by Roger Clark. Cheryl Walker, Elizabeth Risdon and Jane Farrar have good roles. But even the dancing of Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin fail to give it a lift.

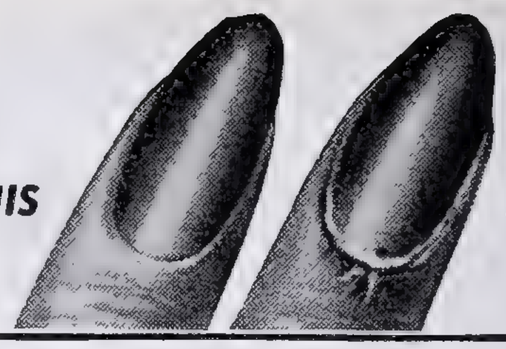
Your Reviewer Says: Wish it were better.

G.I. Honeymoon (Monogram)

IT'S the old story of the bride and groom who can't get together for that honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the groom has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. The train sequences are funny in spots with most of the happy yappiness provided by Frank Jenks, to our mind, a very funny man.

Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the frightfully frustrated groom.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar story.



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Gold Medal Lady

(*Continued from page* 27) notices and the more discriminating among her audiences remembered a human performance by an actress they did not know, who wasn't too glamorous by the ordinary standards. After which Greer remained idle and watched the Garbos and Crawfords and Hepburns walk off with the very roles upon which she had set her heart. It was not easy for her during that first long, lonely, idle year. She was British and strange to our ways. She neither danced nor sang nor posed for leg art—so both her opportunities and her publicity were limited. The fact that her mother, a very pretty woman with pink cheeks and white hair, was with her proved her salvation. "During that disappointing and disillusioning and humiliating period," Greer said, "it was my mother who kept me alive."

It was, I think, the deep hurt Greer knew at this time that resulted in her engagement to an important producer. She found his admiration and adoration warming. But whenever the question of marriage arose one or both of them hesitated. Perhaps he knew that at this point Greer first sought the career—just beginning—for which she had waited so long.

The other day when I lunched with Greer this producer also was with us. And although his heart, like Greer's, now belongs to another, it is evident they enjoy such a friendship as a man and woman are rarely able to salvage from a broken engagement.

KATHARINE HEPBURN called upon Greer that day too. We were regaling each other with reminiscences of our days together in the Noel Coward plays when there was a knock at the door and Katie asked, "May I come in?"

"Of course!" called Greer. She has the lilt in her voice that blesses those with natural gaiety. Whereupon Katie, looking delightful and sweet in old slacks—*you* tell *me* how she does it—joined us for dessert and coffee.

May I come in? That request from Katie Hepburn in itself shows Greer's position. Stars aren't given to calling on each other at the studio. Katie especially. However, she adores Greer and Greer adores her.

"I'd love to do musical comedy," Greer told me that day after Katie and the producer had left and we sat talking. "On the stage or in pictures—preferably in pictures . . . Much as I long to do a stage play I'll admit I get a little frightened at the thought of returning to the theater.

"And I suppose it's sheer nonsense for me to think about a musical anyway. I'm not a dancer. . . ."

I laughed. That very morning on the set of "Valley Of Decision" Greer, playing a little urchin, had done the best kick and tap step I have ever seen. She's wonderfully facile, instantly responsive to anything that goes on around her. If she had music and dancing on her set she would be right in there holding her own.

Greer's dressing room is in Star's Row, very definitely top of the walk and red-velvet-carpeted. It is here that the biggest Metro stars have their beautiful little houses which comprise sitting room, bedroom and bath. Greer's little house features the greens that are so becoming to her and boasts every manner of contrivance including a radio and steam bath.

Looking about this dressing-room house I'm sure Greer thinks to herself, "Can this be I?" For while she hoped for moderate success in America I doubt she ever dreamed of the wealth, fame and honor that is hers today.

I'm also sure she never dared dream she would be as happy as she is today—loved



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by and in love with Richard Ney whom she so fondly calls "my long-legged husband." If she were a pretentious person, if she didn't have a full sense of values, if she didn't remember her life in the English theater and realize that there but for the grace of God and the perspicacity of Louis B. Mayer she might be still, she probably would have avoided Richard Ney when she first found him attractive. She might very well have felt this young man, headed for war and possessed of no such name as she had on the screen, would not be a suitable husband for her. However, she did nothing of the kind. She knew he was in love with her. And she allowed herself to fall in love with him. She had not gotten ahead in pictures by being played as a favorite. She had earned her way, proved her worth. She was in a position to marry whom she wished, when and how. And with all her heart she wished to marry Richard.

Last summer when Richard was home on furlough it was great to see him and Greer together. They have the same wonderful humor about everything, including themselves. They have the same gift for enjoying whatever comes their way whether it be tea at a little stand at the beach or a great symphony. It is downright exciting to see them laughing and loving and playing together.

Greer rarely talks about Richard in the war. It's only occasionally she says anything to tell you how deeply she feels his absence or how eternally concerned she is for his safety. Recently, when the headlines told of daring Naval activity in the Pacific, Greer's face grew a little sad as she said, "My Richard was in danger."

I told her, "Our Navy's good, Greer!"

She smiled. "I know it is! Anyway I'm glad my husband's a sailor! I come from a sailor country!"

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splendid fighting men have made Manila ours again she plans to go there. She knows it is the only way she will see Richard again for a long time.

"Elsa," Greer said to me the other day, apropos of nothing except things she must have been thinking a lot about, "you've always worked hard. But you've always had fun too. That's important! Before I get very old I want to take time off and have fun. . . ."

"I don't think you'll have the slightest obstacle placed in your way," I assured her. "Your boss, Louis B. Mayer, is a very understanding man and very kind to his stars—because he loves them. In fact, I think he's one of the few big producers who does love those who work for him. You've made good—completely. I know he will arrange your schedule so you can have whatever free time you wish."

Eagerly she said, "I'll come to New York when I've finished this picture and we'll have fun together, you and I. You'll be in New York then, Elsa . . . That will be only a short holiday, of course. I'll need a longer one when I go to Manila. And a still longer one when the war's over—and Richard and I can go away together."

I suspect she wants to show Richard her native England. Everything that's important to them, everything they've ever enjoyed, they want to share.

Here's to Photoplay's lovely Gold Medal Lady! And here's to her long-legged husband. If possible he will be even prouder than she is of the beautiful medal in its velvet case which stands on the long table in the Ney drawing room, shining in the sunshine that pours in through the long mullioned windows and symbolizing the American public's choice of Greer Garson as the most popular actress of 1944.

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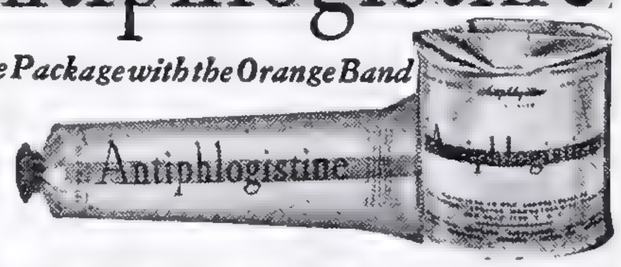
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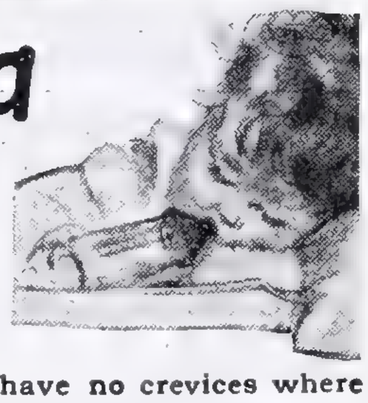


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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 23*)

✓✓*NATIONAL VELVET*—M-G-M: A picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family is this story about a little girl, Elizabeth Taylor, who wins a horse in a lottery and enters him in the Grand National. Elizabeth is a wonderfully talented youngster, Mickey Rooney as the homeless kid is terrific, and Donald Crisp, Angela Lansbury, Anne Revere and Jackie Jenkins are all so good. (Mar.)

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—M-G-M: Laurel and Hardy are still going strong after all these years, and this time they get involved in political intrigue, attempted assassinations and kidnapping charges. They have good company in their boy-monarch foolery in the persons of Henry O'Neil, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. (Feb.)

✓✓*OBJECTIVE BURMA*—Warners: Based on an actual event in the horror of jungle warfare in the South Pacific, this is an exciting story told with no false heroics. Errol Flynn has been considerably tamed in his war-winning antics, Jim Brown does his best job to date, and William Prince, Henry Hull, John Alvin, George Tobias and Dick Erdman all turn in meritorious performances. (Apr.)

✓*PAN AMERICANA*—RKO: Phillip Terry, magazine photographer, Audrey Long and Eve Arden go off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature. Robert Benchley is the foreign editor of the magazine and as amusing as always. It's full of love and romance and there's a lot of laughs and color. (Apr.)

✓✓*PRACTICALLY YOURS*—Paramount: A thoroughly delightful and enjoyable comedy reunites Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another hit. Fred as the returned hero who finds himself, through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he isn't even fond of, and Claudette as the unwanted fiancee, give bang-up performances. Gil Lamb and Mikhail Rasumny are both so very funny. (Mar.)

✓✓*ROUGHLY SPEAKING*—Warners: Louise Randall Pierson's widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. The picture is overlong, but there's charm galore in the episodic story of the often comic trials, tribulations and predicaments of Roz and her five children. Jack Carson is magnificent and Rosalind has never been better. (Apr.)

✓*SHE GETS HER MAN*—Universal: Even in this corny picture, Joan Davis is so very funny that you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. She's hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens, and you can just imagine Joan as a detective. William Gargan and Leon Errol add to the fun. (Apr.)

✓*SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS*—20th Century-Fox: A typical Technicolor musical, with Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda and Phil Silvers inheriting a rundown southern plantation which is taken over by Sgt. Michael O'Shea for army wives who cavort all over the place. Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set and the tunes are pretty, but on the whole its just an average movie. (Feb.)

✓✓*SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER*—20th Century-Fox: Anne Baxter is head of a family consisting of irresponsible Charles Winninger, two small brothers and a little sister who live on a Florida houseboat. When they decide to have a soldier to dinner, he turns out to be John Hodiak and the picture turns into a charming story. Anne Revere is very good as the meddlesome widow. (Mar.)

✓*SUSPECT, THE*—Universal: You'll like and sympathize with murderer Charles Laughton, who kills his first wife and then marries Ella Raines, only to have the past catch up with him. Stanley C. Ridges is the relentless inspector, Dean Harens is Laughton's son, and both Ella and Laughton give fine performances. (Mar.)

SWING HOSTESS—PRC. Martha Tilton makes her debut as an actress-singer, and puts over her songs in fine style. The story has to do with a juke-box operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and it takes a lot of time before it gets all straightened out. (Feb.)

✓*THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH*—Monogram: The timely theme of this story on infantile paralysis deals with the work of Army doctors with the disease as applied to soldiers on battlefronts. Gale Storm is suddenly stricken with polio and John Mack Brown is the Army major who helps her regain her health. The cast is splendid, including Conrad Nagel, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Mary Boland. (Mar.)

THIN MAN GOES HOME, THE—M-G-M: This long-awaited renewal of the series proves very disappointing in all departments, including the performances of Myrna Loy, William Powell, and *Asta*. Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport are Powell's parents, and the suspects are Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames, Anne Revere. (Feb.)

✓✓✓*THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO*—M-G-M: Told with sincerity, integrity, simplicity and authority, this picture of Doolittle's first bombing of Tokyo is a great one. Van Johnson as Ted Lawson proves himself a fine actor, and Phyllis Thaxter as his wife is a charming, gracious actress.

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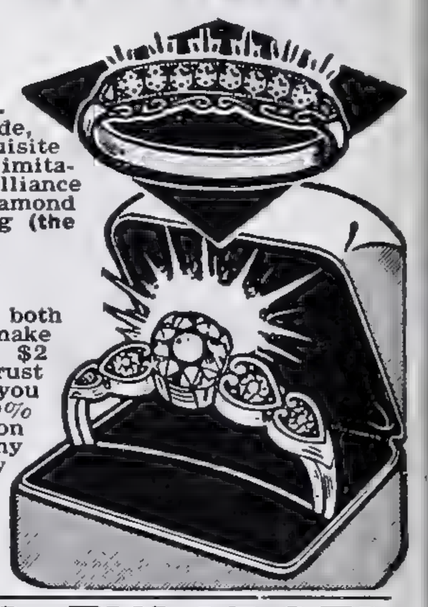
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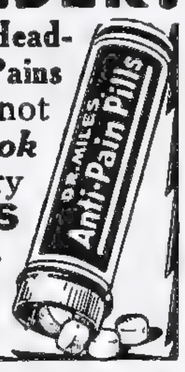
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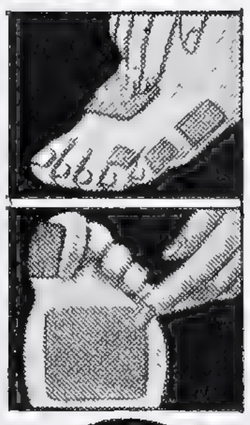
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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

Spencer Tracy plays Doolittle with strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The suspense created throughout the picture is terrific. (Feb.)

✓*THIS MAN'S NAVY*—M-G-M: The story that surrounds the activities of the blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews, and other vital duties, tells of the experiences of Wallace Beery, assigned to training young recruits. Tom Drake is his protegee who joins the service, Jan Clayton is the girl, and James Gleason is Beery's skeptical pal. (Apr.)

✓*THREE CABALLEROS, THE*—Walt Disney-RKO: Three Disney characters, American Donald Duck, Brazilian Joe Carioca and Mexican Panchito, visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Disney's pencil out of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Lesser-United Artists: Babies are all over the place in this wartime problem story, even right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins, Helen Broderick the maiden aunt, and Arthur Lake, Jeff Donnell, Cheryl Walker and William Terry keep the plot whizzing. (Feb.)

✓✓*TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT*—Warners: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall, whose performance is so intriguing it has Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the running. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Martinique, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

✓✓*TOGETHER AGAIN*—Columbia: Irene Dunne is a small-town mayor who goes to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. So the sculptor turns out to be Charles Boyer, who follows her back home, captures the fancy of her step-daughter, Mona Freeman, and things happen in all directions. Charles Coburn is cute as her father-in-law. (Feb.)

✓✓*TOMORROW, THE WORLD*—Lester Cowan-UA: Skippy Homeier from Germany comes into the American home of Fredric March, bringing with him all the hatred and trickery of his Nazi upbringing, and sets out to break up the home and community. In Skippy's interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth we see clearly the future of the Germans and the drastic measures necessary to stop it. With Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field and Joan Carroll. (Mar.)

✓✓*TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT*—Columbia: A musical which tells the story of a London theater that stayed open during the bombing raids, this is different, appealing and warming, adorned with Rita Hayworth's beauty and enhanced with the amazing dancing of Marc Platt. Lee Bowman is very handsome as Rita's pilot beau, and Janet Blair is fair as Rita's best friend. (Apr.)

✓✓*TOWN WENT WILD, THE*—PRC: A crackerjack story full of surprises and cozy laughter, with Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors. When it appears that Horton's son, Freddie Bartholomew, and Tully's son, James Lydon, may have gotten switched at their birth, the town really goes wild. Especially as Freddie wants to marry Tully's daughter, who may now be his sister. (Feb.)

✓✓✓*TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, A*—20th Century-Fox: Here is everything—tenderness, pathos, reality, humor. Dorothy McGuire is *Mama,* growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty; Peggy Ann Garner seems to feel every ache and sorrow of *Francie;* Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent *Johnny,* a man of weakness and charm; and Joan Blondell as *Aunt Cissy,* Ted Donaldson, Lloyd Nolan and James Gleason offer gems of performances. (Apr.)

UNSEEN, THE—Paramount: Joel McCrea hires Gail Russell to take care of his two young children, but strange, mysterious goings-on occur in the neighborhood and right in his own home. The story's so garbled and the mystery so mysterious that you'll never quite figure it out. Herbert Marshall is McCrea's doctor friend. (Apr.)

✓*VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE*—Warners: Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark are soldiers on furlough who plunge headlong into romance, Dennis with Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match, and Dane with Faye Emerson Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen for two years. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

✓*WHAT A BLONDE*—RKO: Leon Errol as a harassed man with five chorus girls living in his house is very funny at times as the share-your-car-driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband whose wife returns unexpectedly. It's a silly story but it grows fairly comical as it progresses along. (Apr.)

✓✓*WINGED VICTORY*—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining, almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our Air Force. The story begins with three boys, Lon McCallister, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels entering the Air Force, preceeding through basic training, on their ultimate destinations. All the boys in the picture are members of the Air Corps, and there are too many splendid performances and touching moments to list. It's an American triumph. (Feb.)

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Your Spring Look . . . Thumbs down, says Hollywood, on exaggerated mouths, heavily made-up eyes, black-red lipsticks and nail polishes. For beauty headquarters advocate a return to naturalness this spring. Your lipstick is pinker, softer, or a truer red. You look scrubbed and sweet, not siren-ish. You look young, almost child-like, in shorter, neater hair styles. You wield your hairbrush lustily for high lights. You revel in fresh air for roses in your cheeks. You weed out the fussy details of clothes and apply your make-up lightly to put the emphasis on a blossom-lovely you.



Beauty in blossom—Barbara Britton, appearing in Paramount's "The Virginian"

Dainty as a Flower . . . "To look fresh as rain, dainty as white lilacs," says lovely Barbara Britton, "I like to use lots of soap and suds each day. Scrubbing brightens, helps skin to flower transparency." And so it does, but most skins need a good cream or lotion, too, to keep them petal-soft. With more fun in the sun ahead for you, keep legs free of fuzz with a good depilatory or hair-remover stone. For you'll be wearing leg make-up soon and legs must look and be smooth. Be vigilant about underarm odor—even more than ever—for, unchecked, it's fatal to charm. *Every* girl needs a good anti-perspirant or deodorant which she uses religiously because the sudsiest bath won't protect you for long. Apply cuticle remover to your elbows now and then before you scrub them well. This will help to slough off the dead, dark skin and it will make your elbows whiter and smoother.

May-time Finery . . . And Barbara Britton adds: "Clothes must be flower-fresh too—from the skin out, for wilted clothes, like wilted flowers are never pretty." Make a fetish of tubbing the tubbables—*often*, keeping white touches white. Rotate your costumes, pressing them between public appearances. Strive for the crisp look in clothes . . . blouses, frilly collars, jabots, snowy fabric gloves. Keep sachets pinned to clothes hangers, dot them through your bureau drawers. Call a perfect cologne or light floral type perfume to the aid of your springtime loveliness. An air of daintiness must surround you.

* * *

Here's a good trick: After your first swim of the season, roll up your damp locks on gay ribbons and tie the bows where all can see. Your hair will dry in soft curls and you'll look cute to boot. Cunning, too, as you toddle off to bed.

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford

Casts of Current Pictures

BODY SNATCHER, THE—RKO: *Cabman Gray,* Boris Karloff; *Donald Fetes,* Russell Wade; *Dr. MacFarlane,* Henry Daniell; *Meg Cameron,* Edith Atwater; *Mrs. Marsh,* Rita Corday; *Joseph,* Bela Lugosi; *Georgina,* Sharyn Moffett; *Mrs. McBride,* Mary Gordon; *Gilchrist,* Carl Kent; *Richards,* Robert Clarke; *Street Singer,* Donna Lee.

CHICAGO KID, THE—Republic: *Joe Ferrell,* Donald Barry; *John Mitchell,* Otto Kruger; *Mike Thurber,* Tom Powers; *Chris Mitchell,* Lynne Roberts; *Bill Mitchell,* Henry Daniels; *Squeak,* Chick Chandler; *Chief Rogers,* Joseph Crehan; *Pinky,* Jay Novello; *Carter,* Paul Harvey; *The Warden,* Addison Richards; *Al,* Kenne Duncan.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—20th Century-Fox: *Joe Reynolds,* Michael O'Shea; *Sam Lord,* Lloyd Nolan; *Agnes Hannon,* Trudy Marshall; *Pat,* Billy Cummings; *Mrs. Simms,* Ruth Ford; *Prosecutor,* Reed Hadley; *Marty Hannon,* Roy Roberts; *Freddy Hanlon,* Scotty Beckett; *Lefty,* Leon Tyler; *Fatso,* Marvin Davis; *Murray White,* Harry McKim; *Red,* Hugh Maguire; *Bolger,* Byron Foulger; *Pete,* William Frambes; *Bolger's Wife,* Dorothy Adams; *Judge White,* John Eldredge; *Mike,* Eddie Marr; *Andrews,* Charles Cane; *Doctor,* Edward Earle; *Warden,* Selmer Jackson; *Chairman,* William B. Davidson; *Governor Hanlon,* John Hamilton; *Kenny,* Ben Welden; *Willie,* Jerry Mickelsen; *Cleary,* Ralph Dunn; *Kate Lord,* Lynn Whitney; *Policeman,* Ray Teal; *Detective,* Thomas Jackson.

CRIME, INC.—PRC: *Tony Marlow,* Leo Carrillo; *Jim Riley,* Tom Neal; *Betty Van Cleve,* Martha Tilton; *Pat Coyle,* Lionel Atwill; *Wayne Clark,* Grant Mitchell; *Captain Ferrone,* Sheldon Leonard; *Commissioner Collins,* Harry Shannon; *Bugs Kelly,* Danny Morton; *Trixie Waters,* Virginia Vale; *Dixon,* Don Beddoe; *Barry North,* George Meeker; *Lucas,* Rod Rogers; *Sgt. Hayes,* Ed Cronley; *Stecker,* Jack Gordon; *Convict,* Monk Friedman.

DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS — Rogers-UA: *Cheryl Williams,* Jane Powell; *Arthur Hale,* Ralph Bellamy; *Josephine Williams,* Constance Moore; *Morton Gould and his Orchestra,* Morton Gould and his Orch.; *Jeffers,* Arthur Treacher; *Hannah,* Louise Beavers; *Molly,* Ruth Tobey; *Mrs. Jones,* Ruth Robinson; *Professor Bremond,* Andre Charlot; *Nadine,* Shirley Hunter Williams.

DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Monogram: *Muggs,* Leo Gorcey; *Glimpy,* Huntz Hall; *Skinny,* Billy Benedict; *Danny,* Bud Gorman; *Saundra,* Gloria Pope; *Marty,* Carlyle Blackwell, Jr.; *Naclet,* George Meeker; *Mrs. Darcy,* Betty Blythe; *Cap't Jacobs,* Pierre Watkin; *Millie,* Joy Reese; *Compeau,* Cy Kendall; *Patriot,* Maurice St. Clair.

ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE—RKO: *Laura Pennington,* Dorothy McGuire; *Oliver Bradford,* Robert Young; *John Hillgrove,* Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Minnett,* Mildred Natwick; *Violet Price,* Spring Byington; *Frederick Price,* Richard Gaines; *Beatrice Alexander,* Hillary Brooke; *Danny Stanton,* Alec Englander.

FOG ISLAND—PRC: *Leo Grainger,* George Zucco; *Alec Ritchfield,* Lionel Atwill; *Kavanaugh,* Jerome Cowan; *Gail,* Sharon Douglas; *Sylvia,* Veda Ann Borg; *Jeff,* John Whitney; *Emiline Bronson,* Jacqueline DeWitt; *Dr. Lake,* Ian Keith; *Allerton,* George Lloyd.

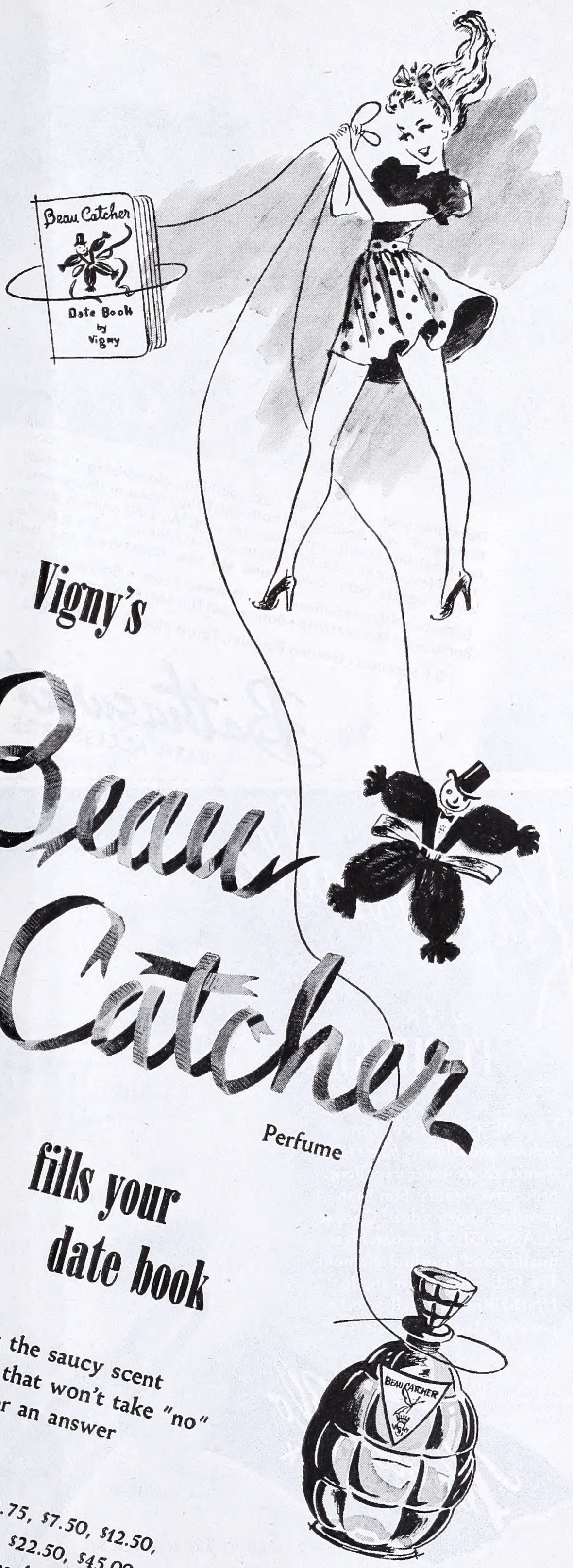
FRISCO SAL—Universal: *Sally,* Susanna Foster; *Dude,* Turhan Bey; *Rio,* Alan Curtis; *Bunny,* Andy Devine; *Mickey,* Colette Lyons; *Dan,* Thomas Gomez; *Doc,* Samuel Hinds; *Hallelujah,* Fuzzy Knight; *Judge,* George Lloyd; *McKinney,* Ernie Adams.

G. I. HONEYMOON—Monogram: *Ann,* Gale Storm; *Bob,* Peter Cookson; *Flo,* Arline Judge; *Blubber,* Frank Jenks; *Ace,* Jerome Cowan; *Lavinia,* Virginia Brissac; *Lt. Randall,* Ralph Lewis; *Jonas,* Earl Hodgins; *Mrs. Barton,* Ruth Lee; *Rev. Horace,* Andrew Tombes; *Col. Smith,* Jonathan Hale; *Mrs. Smith,* Lois Austin; *Maj. Brown,* John Valentine; *Mrs. Brown,* Claire Whitney; *Capt. Stein,* Frank Stevens; *Sgt. Harrigan,* Jack Overman

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT—Warners: *Col. Robert L. Scott,* Dennis Morgan; *Gen. Chennault,* Raymond Massey; *Johnny Petach,* Dane Clark; *Big Mike,* Alan Hale; *Catherine Scott,* Andrea King; *Tex Hill,* John Ridgely; *Col. Cooper,* Stanley Ridges; *Rector,* Craig Stevens; *Bob Neal,* Warren Douglas; *Sgt. Balzridge,* Steven Richards; *Pvt. Motley,* Chas. Smith; *Col. Haynes,* Minor Watson; *Tokyo Joe,* Richard Loo; *Sgt. Aalconen,* Murray Alper; *Lt. Sharp,* Joe Allen; *Chinese Captain,* Frank Tang; *Lt. Horner,* Paul Brook; *Lt. Wilson,* John Miles; *John Allison,* Bernie Sell; *Dr. Reynolds,* William Forrest; *Frank Schiel,* Danny Dowling; *Jap radio announcer,* Phillip Ahn.

IT'S A PLEASURE—International: *Chris Linden,* Sonja Henie; *Don Martin,* Michael O'Shea; *Buzz Fletcher,* Bill Johnson; *Gale Fletcher,* Marie McDonald; *Bill,* Gus Schilling; *Wilma,* Iris Adrian; *Loni,* Cheryl Walker; *Cricket,* Peggy O'Neill; *Jack Weimar,* Arthur Loft; *Maid,* Alyce Fleming; *Miss Linden's Dancing Partner,* Don Loper.

IT'S IN THE BAG—Skirball-UA: *Fred Floogle,* Fred Allen; *Jack Benny,* Himself; *William Bendix,* Himself; *Eve Floogle,* Binnie Barnes; *Parker,* Robert Benchley; *Psychiatrist,* Jerry Colonna; *Pike,* John Carradine; *Marion,* Gloria Pope; *Perry,* William Terry; *Mrs. Nussbaum,* Minerva Pious; *Homer,* Dickie Tyler; *Detective Sully,* Sidney Toler; *Hotel*







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MAN WHO WALKED ALONE, THE—PRC: *Cpl. Marion Scott,* David OBrien; *Wilhelmina Hammond,* Kay Aldridge; *Wiggins,* Walter Catlett; *Champ,* Guinn Williams.

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE—M-G-M: *Lord Henry Wotton,* George Sanders; *Dorian Gray,* Hurd Hatfield; *Gladys Hallward,* Donna Reed; *Sibyl Vane,* Angela Lansbury; *David Stone,* Peter Lawford; *Basil Hallward,* Lowell Gilmore; *James Vane,* Richard Fraser; *Allen Campbell,* Douglas Walton; *Adrian Singleton,* Morton Lowry; *Sir Robert Bentley,* Miles Mander; *Mrs. Vane,* Lydia Bilbrook; *Lady Agatha,* Mary Forbes; *Sir Thomas,* Robert Greig; *Duchess,* Moyna Macgill; *Malvolio Jones, Chairman,* Billy Bevan; *Young French Woman,* Renie Carson; *Kate,* Lillian Bond.

SEE MY LAWYER—Universal: *Olsen and Johnson,* Themselves; *Charles Rodman,* Alan Curtis; *Arthur Lane,* Noah Beery, Jr.; *Joe Wilson,* Richard Benedict; *Otis Fillmore,* Ed Brophy; *Sally Rosenfield,* Lee Patrick; *Willie,* Stanley Clements; *Betty Wilson,* Grace McDonald; *Mrs. Fillmore,* Mary Gordon; *Yvette,* Herself.

SONG FOR MISS JULIE, A—Republic: *Valerie,* Shirley Ross; *George Kimbac,* Barton Hepburn; *Marcelle,* Cheryl Walker; *Steve,* Roger Clark; *Julie,* Jane Farrar; *Mrs. Charteris,* Elizabeth Risdon; *Eliza,* Lillian Randolph; *Pete,* Peter Garey; *Mrs. Calhoun,* Rene Riano; *John Firbank,* Harry Crocker; *The Roberto's,* The Roberto's; *Vivian Fay,* Vivian Fay.

STRANGE ILLUSION—PRC: *Paul Cartwright,* James Lydon; *Brett Curtis,* Warren William; *Virginia Cartwright,* Sally Eilers; *Dr. Vincent,* Regis Toomey; *Professor Muhlbach,* Charles Arnt; *Benjamin,* George H. Reed; *Dorothy Cartwright,* Jayne Hazard; *George,* Jimmy Clark; *Lydia,* Mary McLeod; *Armstrong,* Pierre Watkin; *Mr. Allen,* John Hamilton; *Miss Farber,* Sonja Sorel; *Mac, Game Warden,* Vic Potel.

THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA—20th Century-Fox: *Ken McLaughlin,* Roddy McDowall; *Rob McLaughlin,* Preston Foster; *Nelle,* Rita Johnson; *Gus,* James Bell; *Hildy,* Diana Hale; *Major Harris,* Charleton Young; *Mr. Sargent,* Ralph Sanford; *Tim,* Robert Filmer; *Dr. Hicks,* Alan Bridge.

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